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Saturday Review

JANUARY 22, 1972 50¢

DOES ECONOMICS IGNORE YOU?

A REPORT ON THE REALITIES AND FANTASIES OF MEN AND MONEY PRESENTED WITH THE COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

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We helped the black magazine that's helping black businessmen.

Black Enterprise Magazine is read by leading black businessmen, professionals, and business-oriented students. Chase Manhattan invested in this magazine when it first began and continues to serve its financial needs.

Primarily geared to helping its readers solve their business problems, the magazine also gives information on management techniques, guidelines for training, and identifies job opportunities.

Each issue devotes one story to the how's and why's one business became a success. And then analyzes how and why another business failed.

Black Enterprise is operating in the black. It has a controlled circulation of more than 100,000. And in its first year, its advertising revenues are almost a million dollars. But more importantly, the magazine has helped other black businesses get into the black.

A good motive for change is the profit motive.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
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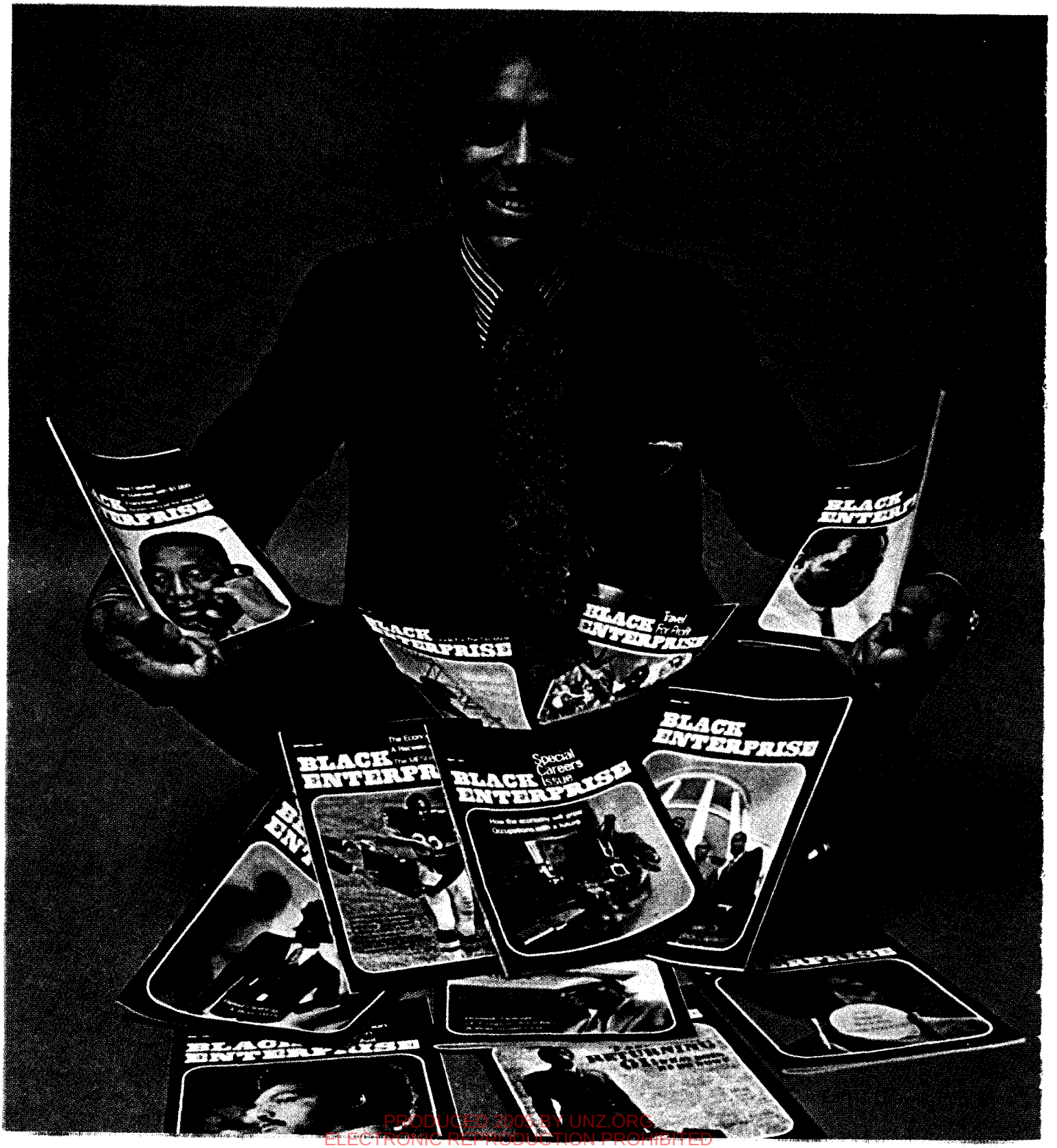

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Whatever became of what's-his-face?

The impressive doors yawn wide. A young man still in his twenties, bright and enthusiastic, resumé in hand, walks in. The doors close, and swallowed within the corporate yawn, he becomes quietly anonymous.

Multiply the scene by the thousands each year. Engrave a company, or governmental, or educational or institutional name on the doors. Cast the principal players as male or female, black or white, young or not-so-young; it doesn't seem to matter very much.

Because in a very short time they all begin to look and act anonymous anyway.

Sure, our young man was out to lick the world when he was hired, but that was before he knew he had to lick the organization first.

If the organization is rigid with inflexibilities and staffed with supervisors who know how to say no but not yes, he is likely to seek a more invigorating climate. Worse yet, he may just give up, keep his eyes open and mouth shut, and begin twenty years of payments on a little retirement cottage.

It doesn't have to be that way.

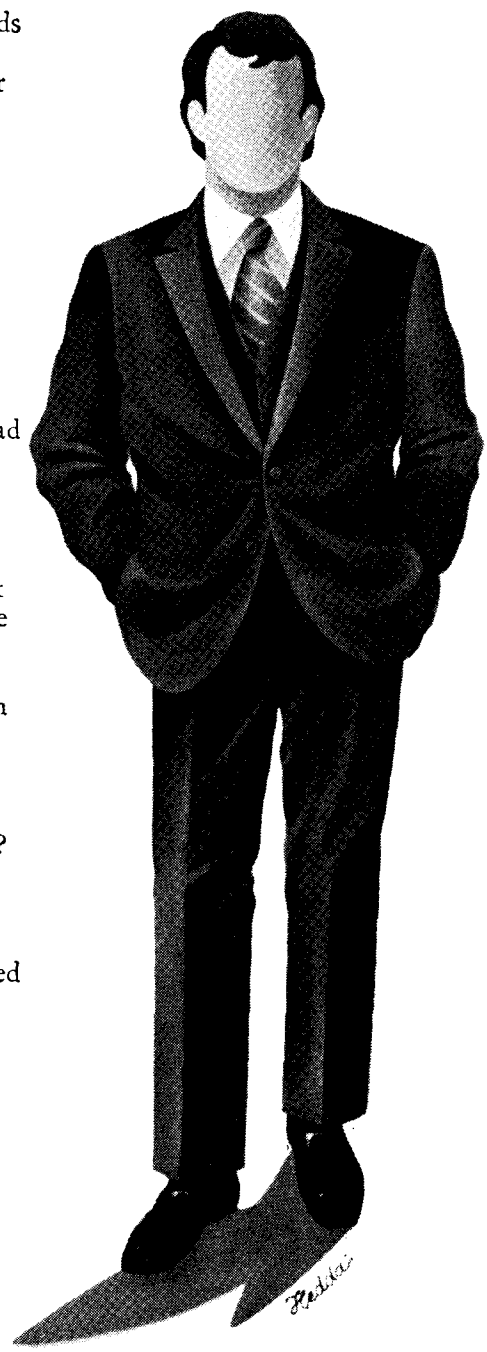
Must every organization undergo corporate hardening of the arteries? Not so, we say.

Preventive medicine starts with something as basic as respect for the worth of the individual, practiced as well as preached.

When Harvey's promotion opens up a slot, we don't look for a replica of Harvey to plug in. (Because who, in all the world, is exactly like Harvey?)

Corporate life can be beautiful.

We start by defining the job objectives. Then we give the job, along with plenty of latitude in achieving those objectives, to the individual whose skills, experience, character, and *attitude* most impress us.



The way he sets about getting results, we have reasoned, ought to be no less his responsibility than the results themselves. Given enough freedom and flexibility, he may do a few great things that Harvey never thought of. Or reject a few unnecessary things that Harvey always did.

It's not just good works, it's good business.

We think there's nothing that motivates people quite as effectively as treating them as individuals whose ideas are important.

When our people invent a fantastic new product such as videotape, it doesn't happen by accident. When they invent a lightweight adhesive strong enough to replace rivets in an airplane, it's not by chance.

It's because they are as dedicated to their company, their jobs and the spirit of discovery, as we are dedicated to the principle of individual worth.

Everybody wins.

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(Advertisement)

At eighteen—wearing her best red dress and carrying a suitcase filled with fifty bars of soap, twenty tubes of toothpaste, and a copy of a Gregorian hymn book—Nancy Henderson left her home in Iowa to enter the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary just outside Philadelphia. It seemed to her then that "I had been marked for the convent from the moment I was conceived. I imagined the vocation carved on my soul. Nothing could make it wear away." Nothing, that is, except six years of convent life.

OUT OF THE CURTAINED WORLD is the story of those years—a time which began in joy and dedication to the idea of work as a missionary in Africa, and ended in deep psychological conflict which brought the author to the edge of a breakdown. Nancy Henderson writes movingly of the excitement of the early days as a postulant and later as a novice. Periods of prayer and thought helped the young novice to develop intellectually and emotionally, but as she came closer to the time of final vows, the daily routine of penance and correction became unbearable. She tells how she attempted to bring more progressive ways to the Convent; how she slowly, painfully became disillusioned with her role; and how she made the difficult decision to forsake the religious life.

Nancy Henderson left the convent to study and teach philosophy. An interesting change of vocations for the girl with the soap, toothpaste, and hymn book. And she's written an interesting book about what brought about that change.

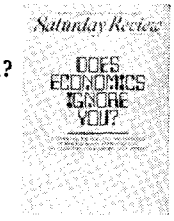
L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

OUT OF THE CURTAINED WORLD ($6.95), by Nancy Henderson, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located in The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

January 22, 1972

Saturday Review

Cover stories begin on page 33
Does Economics Ignore You?
A Report on the Realities and Fantasies of Men and Money Presented with the Committee for Economic Development



IDEAS

EDITORIAL

22 While There's Still Time
by Richard L. Tobin

Does Economics Ignore You?
33 Introduction
34 Wanted: A More Human, Less Dismal Science
by Leonard Silk
36 Post-Post-Keynes: The Shattered Synthesis
by Daniel R. Fusfeld
40 Phase II: Casting Light on Economic Power
by Robert Lekachman
46 An Unsimple Matter of Choice
by Marc J. Roberts
47 New Maths and Old Sterilities
by Robert A. Solo
50 Is Economics Obsolete? No, Underemployed
by Charles L. Schultze
59 SR's Businessman of the Year
by Richard L. Tobin

BOOKS

61 Gamble in the Andes for Democratic Marxism
by Dan Kurzman, an essay review of "The Chilean Revolution" by Régis Debray and "Holocaust or Hemispheric Co-op" by William O. Douglas
61 Index of Books Reviewed
64 Book Forum: Letters from Readers
70 Pick of the Paperbacks
by Rollene W. Saal

THE ARTS

DANCE

9 Walter Terry mines the New York Public Library's dance archives.

MUSIC

19 Irving Kolodin considers Bruckner's "Unfinished."

THEATER

24 Henry Hewes reviews "There's One in Every Marriage."

MOVIES

26 Hollis Alpert appraises "Such Good Friends" and "Made for Each Other."

TRAVEL

15 David Butwin reflects on Amtrak's new image.

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head
6 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest
8 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds
10 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio
20 Nicholas G. Balint: As Others See Us
23 Letters to the Editor
25 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

GAMES

60 Literary Crypt
67 Your Literary I.Q.
69 Wit Twister
84 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1972

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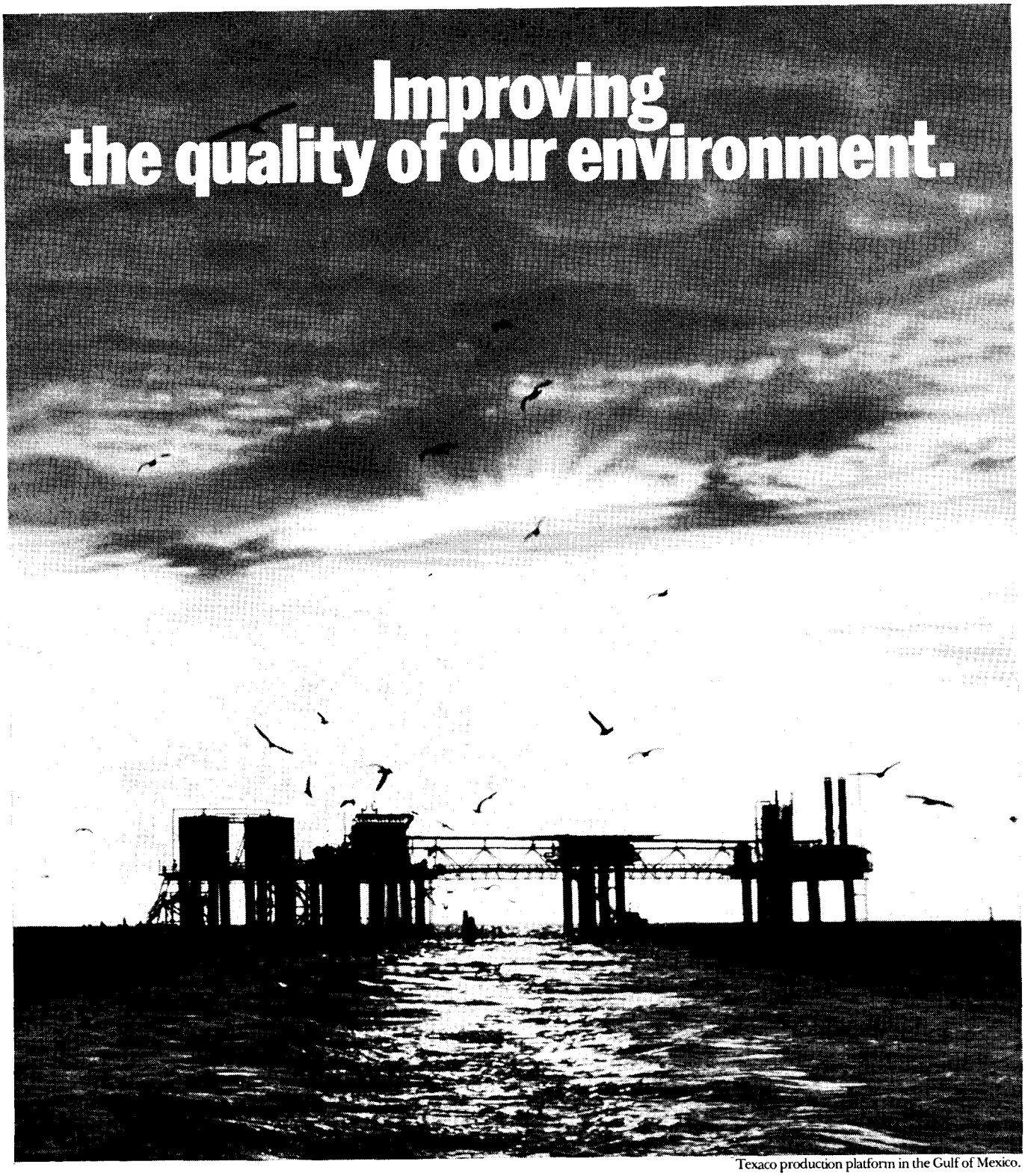

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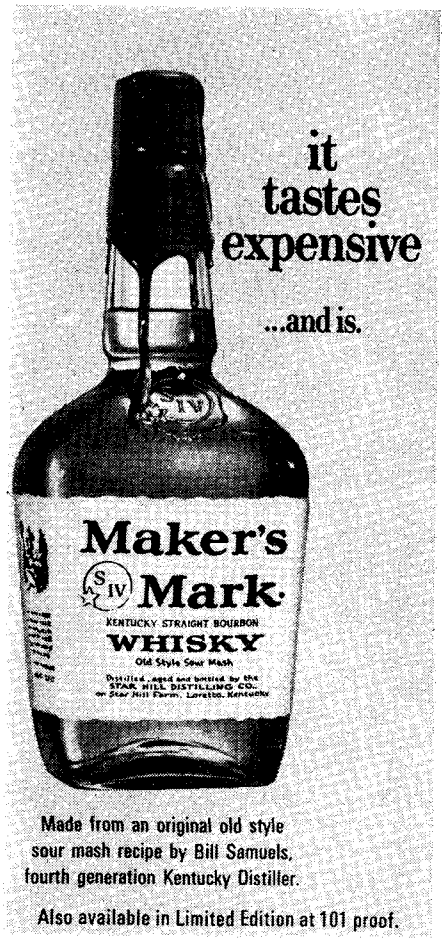
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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Polls

For many years I've been busy rehearsing my answers to a pollster if and when I'm ever stopped and asked my views on a question concerning the state of our country. I've been collecting data for any possible question. As our mores and goals and global involvements have changed, I've updated and reconstructed my opinions so that they will appear as pearls of wisdom. No pollster will ever find me floundering. My opinions are definitely opinionated. This is not to say that I don't respect opinions contrary to mine. I do respect them; I just don't like them. This is also not to say that my answers are the cure that will wind the world down. But I can promise they won't make it any sicker.

The trouble is I have never been polled. Have you? Since the polls began many, many Presidents ago, no pollsters have ever stopped me on the street to tap the fount of my colossal knowledge. They would never get an equivocal answer if they ever asked me.

I used to console myself with the thought that I was never stopped because I don't look like the average man in the street. (Or because I don't look like the average woman in the street. No letters, please.) However, of late, their failure to gather my opinions has become a source of irritation.

Of the 1,472, or the 1,619, persons asked each time (it's never a round figure), wouldn't you think that after so many years I would have been polled at least once? Either it's because they're always polling the same people, or it's because I'm unlucky. I never won a lottery, or an Irish Sweepstakes, or at bingo, and once even four aces didn't stand up for me in a stud poker game. Beaten by a straight flush.

The flush of my irritability grew perceptibly when I read in the mid-November Gallup poll that 1,503 persons (see what I mean?) were asked this question: "What do you think is the most important problem facing this country today?" The published result showed that 41 per cent answered that the big problem was the economy, only 15 per cent said it was the war, and only one person in four said it was unemployment.

I don't know how a pollster operates, never having been a pollee, but if he had asked me that question and insisted on a choice-of-one answer, he would not have got it. I don't know whether a pollster has time to stand around and debate with 1,503 people, but I would have been compelled to point out that his question was palpably unfair. Like this:

"Your question is palpably unfair. If, as you say, the poll so far shows most of the people have picked the economy as our big problem, didn't the economy go awry because of the billions still being spent on the war?"

He says: "Then, sir, your opinion is that the war is our big—"

"Not by itself. You're not listening. Don't forget, you stopped me, I didn't stop you. And as for unemployment, doesn't employment depend on the economy, which, as I just pointed out, is interlocked with the war?"

"Oh, then your answer is that unemployment is the big—"

"You're misinterpreting again. Have you forgotten the big issue of the last election, the youth problem—the demonstrations, the gatherings of hundreds of thousands of young people in Washington? Do you think that problem has been resolved?"

"Oh, but that's quieted down now, sir. Nobody says that's the big problem now, sir."

"That's what *you* think. But I have it on a most reliable source close to my typewriter that John Mitchell, who is handling our President's election campaign, is worried about it. At a private conference he was overheard to say to the President, 'We got a lot of votes last time because the kids came to Washington and rioted. People turned away from them. But lately they've all quieted down. We used to get two hundred thousand youngsters coming here to raise hell. But the last time they came here, we had two thousand National Guardsmen and two thousand Regular Army men on the alert, and only about four hundred kids showed up. Made us look silly. We have to think up something to provoke them. Can't you have Spiro make one of his alliterative altercative addresses to get them fired up? Because those kids are sneaky. I don't trust them.'"

"Sir, I don't have all day to talk to you. You're the one thousand five hundred third person I've polled. We've got to go to press. Shall I put you down as saying youth is the big problem?"

"It's not youth alone. It's a combination—pollution, day care, racial strife, the Washington Redskins, drugs, crime. I'm not one of your average men in the street. I have definite opinions on everything, and I simply cannot separate one problem from any other."

"Okay," he said. "Cut! Print that!"

And he printed it: "UNDECIDED"

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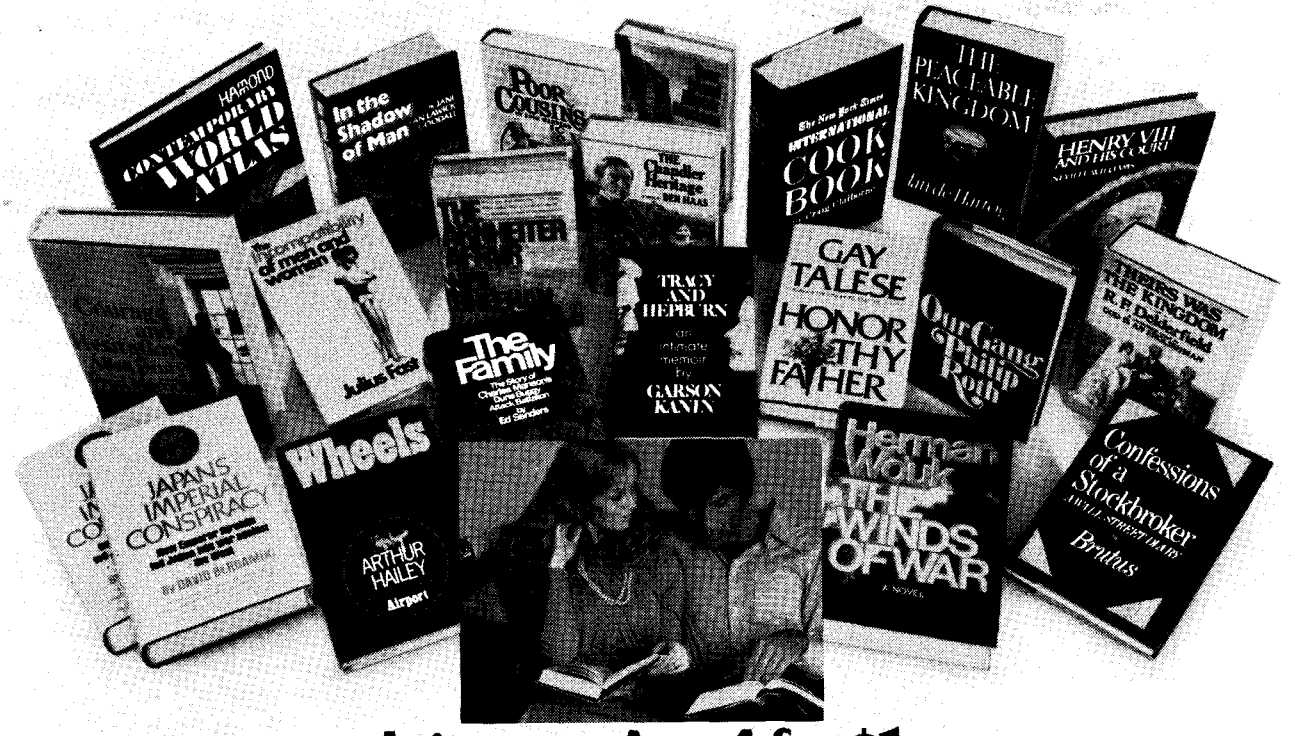

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Ode to Lolly

(In a recent magazine article photographer-designer Cecil Beaton revealed that he had conducted a tempestuous love affair with Greta Garbo thirty years ago in New York City.)

Golly, how I miss you, Lolly,
and your first exclusive.
Remember when I wrote and asked,
"Why is Garbo so elusive?"
And you replied (May 1942 *Modern Screen*)
that
Garbo had this thing with Mauritz Stiller,
who discovered her in Sweden and
was the only man to thrill her.

Oh, Lolly, in that home for fading nitrate stock,
I'm so sorry you didn't know then
that she was having an affair with
Cecil Beaton.

They were very merry, they were very weary,
They were embracing on Park Avenue, deary.

And while they indulged in this wild carouser,
we foolishly believed that Garbo ate carrots
with Gaylord Hauser or
listened to records with Stokowski and
always spoke fondly of her Dad and
mourned the troubles Johnny Gilbert had.

Well, while we swallowed this pack of lies,
Cecil and Greta made goo-goo eyes.

Golly, I'm glad you're not here to see, Lolly
in that home for celluloid that can't be spliced,
It's a cruel fate that you are not able to give advice
as the world discovers
It wasn't
Dad, Johnny,
Leo, Gay, or Maury
It was
CECIL BEATON, Lolly.

Jane Appleton

Manny and Minnie

(An intimate memoir . . . after reading another intimate memoir)

The past is a poorly put-together mish-mash of ill-organized, semidigested impressions. A book is that, too, sometimes.

That's why I want to share with you my memories of Manny and Minnie. Manny was Spencer Tracy's chauffeur; Minnie was Katharine Hepburn's hairdresser. I knew them well during my years of unemployment in Hollywood; years when I hobnobbed with the seamy nobodies and underpaid hired help of the film colony; years when I was—as Essie, Dorothy Parker's cleaning woman, once said to me—"a maggot on the soft underbelly of Hollywood."

Manny and Minnie were private people; their relationship was stormy, sunny, windy, arid, chocolate-sweet, chicory-bitter. Its peaks and valleys were known only to intimates like me and George Cukor's gardener.

That's why I'm blowing the whistle on them now.

*****

Manny. A small man, compact at the steering wheel, reliable on left turns, the best pedestrian-scarer on Wilshire Boulevard. Oscar—Rochelle Hudson's chauffeur—once said to me, as we siphoned in some free air at the Vine Street Esso station, "Manny don't get the credit he deserves, the way he can make an old lady hop across a boulevard."

Not many people know that Manny's full name was Amanuensis.

*****

Minnie. Volatile, pickle-thin, Episcopalian, coarse-tongued, North Dakota-bred, beauty-parlor destined since childhood by her own iron-willed mother.

She and I are lolling around Musso and Frank's on Hollywood Boulevard, eating flannel cakes at the counter with Bessie, Jean Arthur's laundress.

"I never knew Katharine Hepburn *had* a hairdresser," I say.

"Yah," Minnie says.

"What's this 'yah'?" I say. "What are you, a Nazi spy?"

Minnie shoots me that look that means "yer gonna get flannel cakes across the mush, you don't shut up."

"Yah," she says.

Way she talked. Short. Concise. No verbs. Hard as hell to understand sometimes.

*****

1942. I've just been fired at Paramount. I'm sitting in the sun outside our Fountain Avenue bungalow, playing gin with Manny, Minnie, and Mamie, Darryl Zanuck's boxing instructor's wife's manicurist. My wife, Justine, is inside, mopping the floor.

Manny thrusts his prognathous chin over my wrists, trying to peek at my cards, then eyes me with the quizzical, slightly contemptuous expression I've come to know so well. "Why don't you go out and look for a job?" he asks.

"I'm waiting to get drafted, so I can write *Call Me Mister*," I say.

A weak payoff, but it gets my credits in. Right?

*****

Years pass: hit years, flop years, war and peace years. 1966. Manny can still do eighty going up Mulholland Drive, but the freeways have cut into pedestrian-scaring. Fewer old ladies on the boulevards now, too. Most of them are out on the road on their Hondas.

"Avon calling" is in, and Afros are on the horizon, but Minnie's position in hair remains secure. The skinny kid who started on Broadway in '33 as a pompadour-puffer is still on top.

One day we're standing outside a Santa Monica bookstore with Cary Grant's podiatrist. "Know something?" I muse. "Maybe you kids ought to write a book about your bosses."

Next thing I know, Manny has clouted me on the head with a copy of *Beloved Infidel* and Minnie has creamed me with a remaindered copy of Dagmar Godowsky's autobiography.

"Too much Hollywood junk published already," says Manny.

"Yah," says Minnie.

They drove off to Culver City in Minnie's jalopy to watch MGM being auctioned off, and I never saw them again.

Way it goes.

Arnold M. Auerbach

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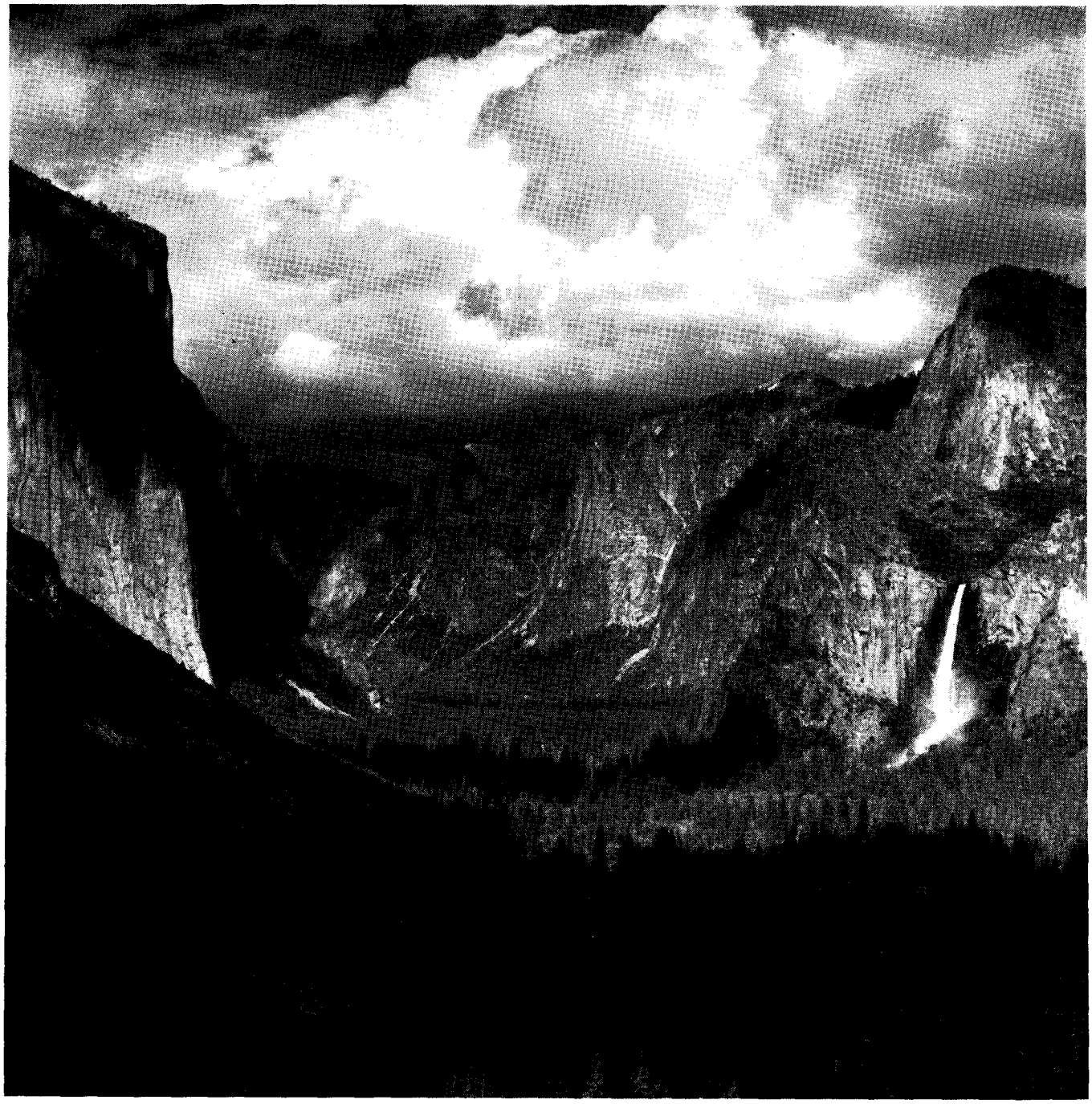

If America dies, where will we bury it?

We are doctors of medicine. Naturally, we care about the health of your body.

But we care, too, about the health of the body of land you live on.

America's body is not well. Its condition is critical. Suddenly the words "ecology" and "pollution" are in the air. People seem worried. But we hope their worry isn't just another passing fad.

A sick environment can make people sick. It can undo everything a doctor works for.

Polluted air can damage the eyes, aggravate lung diseases, actually cause death during long episodes of heavy pollution.

Polluted water can infect plant, animal, marine *and* human life.

Noise pollution can cause deafness, may produce ulcers and hypertension.

The list of depressing entries on our environment's health chart goes on and on.

In fact, disease induced by the environment now costs us $38 billion a year. That bill will go up. If we don't nurse our environment back to health.

How to do the job? We at the American Medical Association worry about it. But we want *everyone* to worry. Because *everyone* is going to have to help get the job done.

There's no use our trying to keep people well in a dead land.

For a free booklet on environment and health, write: American Medical Association, Box E, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

America's Doctors of Medicine

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Rule of the Week concerned Washington, D.C. It came from David Rawls, who found it in the New York *Post*.

The usual rules for the background sessions allow reporters to write what they are told, identifying the source only as "white horse officials."

The bad guys, we presume, ride black horses. On the sports front, the Reverend Wayne North of the First United Methodist Church spotted the following in the Detroit *Free Press*:

Florida State, the nation's No. 2 passing team, meets Arizona State, No. 3 in total offense, in Monday afternoon's inaugural Fiesta Bowl.

A hellout crowd of more than 50,000 is expected. . . .

Hope they yelled like heck. Finally, Professor Delbert Marshall of Kansas State came upon this one in the Hays (Kansas) *Daily News*:

Air Midwest, commuter air carrier, begins non-stop round-trip service between Salina and Kansas City Jan. 3. . . .

Frights will be made by a Beechcraft 99A, Jet-Prop airplane.

If it gets too bad, we suppose they can beach it.

The ancient and honorable PEN Club devotes its current quarterly to new writers. It also leads its issue with an essay drawn from a forthcoming book, *The End of Intelligent Writing*, by Richard Kostelanetz. Mr. Kostelanetz's thesis is that of all sociological categories in North American writing, the young are the most neglected. "Of the more than forty under-thirty-five writers I recently selected for a highly discriminating anthology," he wrote, "no publisher had released books by more than two of them, and more than half have never had their books commercially released."

Mr. Kostelanetz also wrote, "We are not likely to trust writers over forty and under sixty-five." Since we ourselves fell into the almost exact middle of this, we wondered, when we met the amiable, bearded Mr. Kostelanetz, if he would trust us with an interview.

"Not entirely," he said quickly. "But I'll give you this." He handed us a six-page mimeographed biography entitled "Self-Portrait." We noted, however, that although it called Mr. Kostelanetz "among the most versatile and productive writers of the still-under-thirty generation," the "Self-Portrait" was dated 1969 and Mr. Kostelanetz was now thirty-one. Was that, we asked, why he had raised his limits to not trusting people over forty?

"I don't keep to it absolutely," he said. "The man who had the greatest influence on me was S. Foster Damon, who taught creative writing at Brown and introduced Blake to America. He died last week. He was already in his sixties when I met him. But in general, as I wrote in my essay, envious older writers tend to imagine the most successful of us as resembling rock stars, surrounded by nubile groupies. All bearded longhairs, you know, look alike in certain eyes."

We admitted it, but queried whether "nubile groupies" also looked alike. "Their literary division," he said, "is scarcely populous." Are you, we asked, married? "Please delete marriage," he said. "Which, incidentally, is what I wrote *Who's Who*." Are you, we continued, any relation to André Kostelanetz? "No comment," he said. We did learn, however, that André is his uncle. We asked Richard whether he regarded himself as a critic, a poet, a journalist, or a novelist.

"No comment," he replied. "Editors, you know," he continued, "don't know what I am, either. They don't understand how I can be all those things at once. Old Boy exclusionists don't understand enthusiasms."

Wondering whether we were, in his eyes, an Old Boy who didn't understand "oh boy," we asked what age he regarded as over the hill for editors. "I feel," he said reflectively, "that thirty-eight is a cutoff time for my own enthusiasm. On the other hand, my best editor is forty-eight. Harvey Shapiro. He's generous—but he's very glum."

Mr. Kostelanetz, who lives in New York's East Village, has on his wall a list of the great books published in his lifetime—among them Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*, Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death*, and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's *Vision in Motion*. He named as "the most successful of us" Thomas Pynchon, Renata Adler, and Joyce Carol Oates—others "untypically conspicuous," he said, were Richard Goldstein, Ed Sanders, Michael Crichton, and Tom Clark. "But," he continued, "for nearly every individual of great talent there is a scandalous lack of recognition for others—people like, among others, N. W. Pritchard, Frank Chin, Dan Graham, Richard Meltzer, David Shapiro, and G. S. Gravenson."

We noted a large lack of women writers, but decided to pass it by. "Even now," Mr. Kostelanetz continued, "the best of us seem disinclined to emulate the self-promotional and organizational vulgarities of certain predecessors."

We also passed this by. But how, we asked, if they couldn't get published, did they get by? "One way," Mr. Kostelanetz said, "is to publish ourselves. For example, together with Henry Korn, I started a magazine called *Assembly*. What we do is to assemble other writers' unpublishable stuff. They send us four copies of anything they want and we bind them alphabetically. We also give a booby prize to the contribution that would most likely be published elsewhere. I give them three copies and then let the book stores sell the rest. They sell for $2.50."

Mr. Kostelanetz also publishes his own poems. "I got so tired of making photostats of them," he told us, "that about a year ago I put about sixty of them together and had them printed for $200. I sell them for $2 a copy."

How many, we asked, did he sell of these? "A hundred or so," he replied. "I can't really tell, because I give them away. It's my favorite book to give away when I'm invited to dinner. It's only the second one-man collection of visual poetry, you know."

What, we asked, is visual poetry? "Visual poetry," he said, "is the enlargement of language. My stuff tends to be iconographic." He gave us an example: the word "nymphomania" written down and out on the page. "Someone," he explained, "would look at it and say you've made it in the shape of the word, and that visually it turns on the 'o'. On the other hand, somebody else would notice other resonances, such as the word 'man' in both legs."

We decided not to pursue it further. We told him we would call him when we finished the article. "Don't call me in the morning," he said. Why not? we asked. "I don't get up until eleven," he said. Why don't you get up until eleven? we asked. "Because," he said, "I don't go to bed until four." Why don't you go earlier, we suggested. "Because," he said, "I can't get to sleep before four."

It was, we decided, sort of like a visual interview.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1971)

(JEAN-FRANCOIS) REVEL:
WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS

The fact remains that America is the first country in which, during a war, the opponents have been strong enough to effect a change in the long-standing principle according to which national expediency justifies any act.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Buried (?) Treasure

The Dance Collection of the New York Public Library—it now ranks as a "Division" along with the music and theater collections—is the greatest dance archives in the world. It is not old, not like the Bibliothèque in Paris, and it started very modestly in 1944 as a few folders of material in the Music Division. In 1948, Genevieve Oswald became the dance curator. In a tiny corner of the library she could—and did—literally sit on the entire dance collection. Today she presides over 28,000 books, 8,000 librettos, 80,000 manuscripts, 200,000 photographs, 450 original drawings and stage designs, 5,500 lithographs and engravings, 4,500 playbills and posters, 70,000 programs, more than one million feet of movie film, 450 oral history tapes, 2,000 scrapbooks, and 200,000 clippings.

The Dance Collection is housed in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. But unless money is raised, it will only be housed there. No visitors will be allowed. Funds have been running out for all of these research libraries. Private monies are needed, since neither the city nor the state fully supports these fabulous services. Visitors from other lands simply do not understand such governmental negligence. A writer from abroad, awed by the incredible riches of the Dance Collection, could not believe that it might have to shut down. "Surely your government would not permit that to happen. Ah, but then you don't have a king who cares, do you?"

"Who uses the Dance Collection?" you may well ask. Authors of books. I found clues to the very first dancing *sur les pointes* there, not in London or Paris or Copenhagen. Natalia Makarova, newly come to us from the Soviet Union, studied films of ballets unknown in Russia in order to prepare herself for a new way of dancing. Many members of Britain's Royal Ballet find in the New World treasures of ballet history that they cannot find in the Old World. There are worshipers of Fonteyn or Nureyev who come to sigh over their pictures. And there are sad, shy, even shabby beings who ask to see the great Nijinsky collection just to partake of beauty and, in passing, to find therapy.

To save this incredible Dance Collection, which contains material ranging from Ben Jonson's own copy of the very first (1581) of all ballets, *Le Ballet Comique de la Reine* (*Royne* in Old French), through the captivating lithographs of the Romantic Age of Ballet, to the weirdest of avant-garde dance records, a Gala of Galas is being held January 24 at the City Center 55th Street Theater to raise money to keep the collection available to the public. Tickets are going for $100 (and less), and stars of ballet (imported and native), of modern dance, of the avant-garde, of music and lighting and design are lending their talents to the cause. I shall not mention the names at this time, but the desire to contribute to the survival of the Dance Collection is everywhere, even among anonymous dance students in schools scattered across the United States.

How wonderful it is to visit the collection. You will see an exhibition in photos, costumes, and jewelry of Ted Shawn's fabulous sixty-year career as he looked back over eighty birthdays; lovely lithographs of Taglioni, Grisi, Grahn, Cerrito, Ellsler from the Romantic Age of the 1830s and '40s; movies of Argentinita and Pavlova and Ruth St. Denis and even Isadora Duncan, all dead; microfilms of data from around the world; great private collections provided by St. Denis and Shawn (600,000 items), by Walter Toscanini, by Hanya Holm and Humphrey-Weidman and La Meri, and by today's young dance creators.

Not every year can there be a gala to save the Dance Collection or other galas to keep the other great collections open. The Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center is not just a musty, dusty repository of old things. It is life through the arts. It would take only a pittance of what governments spend on transitory surveys to ensure the future of these collections, which serve not just New York but the world. Perhaps we could borrow a king who cares.

Chalon's lithograph of Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, Lucile Grahn, and Fanny Cerrito in Jules Perrot's "Pas de Quatre"—a treasure in the Dance Collection.

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

And Now a Word from . . .

Were a television network to give us a fine Christmas story without burying it under a snowfall of irritating commercials, the occasion would leave behind a memory in which the good and the beautiful coincided with the reality of the event. CBS missed such an opportunity when it almost spoiled one's experience of viewing *The Homecoming: A Christmas Story*. Shown over a two-hour period, this exceptionally sensitive and affecting tale of a 1933 Christmas Eve in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia was peppered with approximately two dozen commercials pitching a variety of products including a toilet bowl cleaner, a nasal spray, an indigestion reliever, and a deodorant soap. Castigating the networks for too many commercials is, as S. J. Perelman was wont to say, like "flogging a dead cat." They never pay attention, and even complainers tire of singing the same song. Yet occasionally the chronic pain becomes acute, and speaking out is imperative.

In time, the memory of the commercials vanishes and only the recollection of the story remains; the good and beautiful muffle the real. That's what Christmas itself is all about—a momentary mystification or a fleeting resurgence of a millennial dream. *The Homecoming: A Christmas Story*, which Earl Hammer, Jr., adapted from his autobiographical novel, was selective in recalling a Christmas Eve in the life of the Waltons, a poor, closely knit rural family of mother, father, two grandparents, seven brothers and sisters, and a cow. Part of the charm of the drama was its evocation of radio in the days of the Depression, with the voices of Will Rogers, Babe Ruth, and Fibber McGee and Molly brought into the Walton living room. Grandpa (Edgar Bergen) and the children gathered around the radio and laughed at the Fibber and Molly repartee. They heard news, weather, and accident reports on the radio—but no commercials.

Radio had its commercials, of course, though not quite as many as television, but the author screened them out. Perhaps in the same manner he screened out of his nostalgic story other truths that may have qualified his good and beautiful memories. Of the latter there was a bountiful share. While the Waltons waited in their simple but cozy house on a picturesque farm for the father to return from his work in a city fifty miles away, the virtues of a family that exhibited the very best of what Charles Reich has named the Consciousness I tradition were unfolded with simplicity, dignity, credibility, and an understated warmth. The more we grew to like the Waltons, the greater became our anxiety that the father, traveling on icy roads, might not make it home before midnight—or worse, might have been the man killed in the bus accident announced over the radio.

The tale was told as a memoir by a now successful writer, then a fifteen-year-old boy who aspired to write but hid his secret thoughts in a journal, reluctant to disappoint his father, who wanted him to learn a trade.

The mantle of love and goodwill spread over the Waltons also covered a local Robin Hood who stole turkeys from a produce company to give to poor, deserving families. It blanketed the Baldwin sisters, rich old ladies who lived in a big but lonely house; and it fell lightly over a Negro preacher and his flock, celebrating the Nativity in a crude church in the woods. The only meanie in the whole play was the local sheriff, determined to lock up the rustic Robin Hood on Christmas Eve. The father came home in the end, with presents for all. Hard times, he said, were over; he had quit his faraway job and would farm again. The voices of all the family, calling good night to one another as the camera zoomed slowly away from the snow-covered, picture-postcard house at the foot of Walton Mountain, breathed a moving benediction on the good and the beautiful and the considerably real.

Sentimental, yes. But, as perfectly cast and directed by Fielder Cook, not banal. A less sensitive touch would have ruined the whole affair. The children were not cloying (a prodigious achievement for a television director), and there were genuinely moving performances by the mother (Patricia Neal) and the boy (Richard Thomas).

CBS introduced the program as a "family presentation," and the network seems to have begun a tradition of quality dramas in the Christmas spirit. Last year, there was *J. T.*, about a black boy and an alley cat in Harlem (directed by Robert Young); this year, in a rural setting, the quality was maintained. In both cases, a tender tale about real people, entrusted to a gifted director with taste, came up a winner. Let us hope that, if it presents a third next Christmas, CBS will spare the commercials. We could then remember the good and beautiful without the necessity of muting the real.

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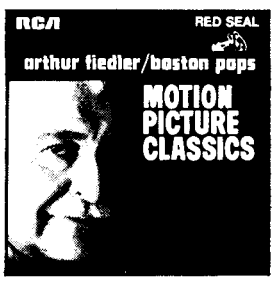

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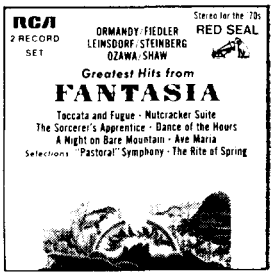

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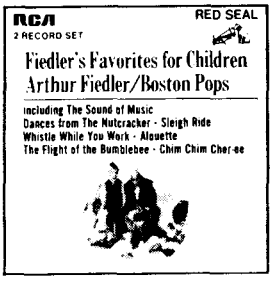
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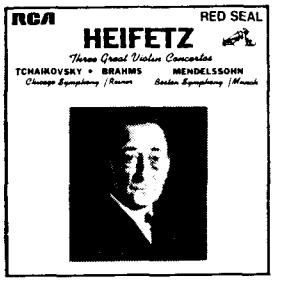

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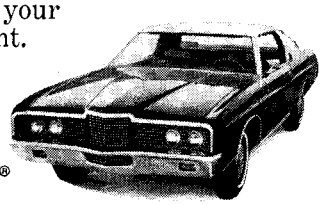

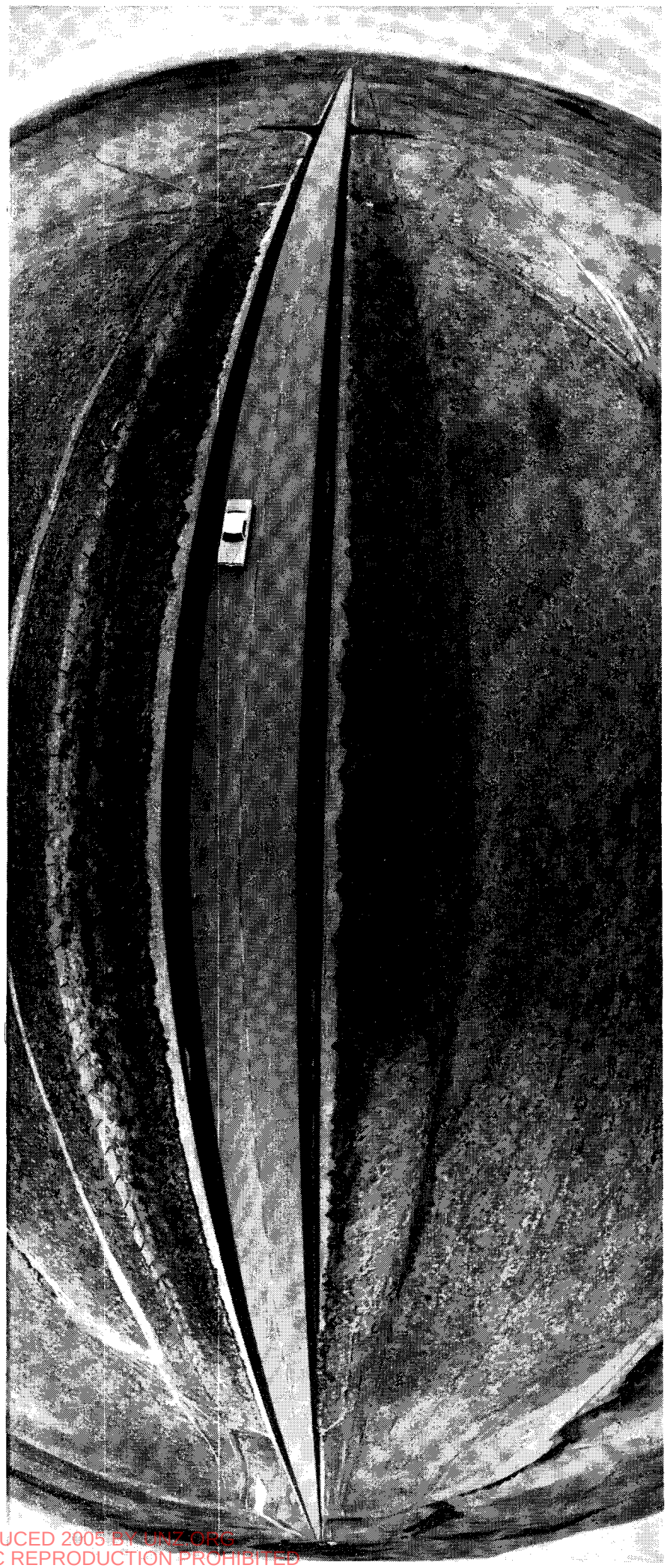

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David Butwin

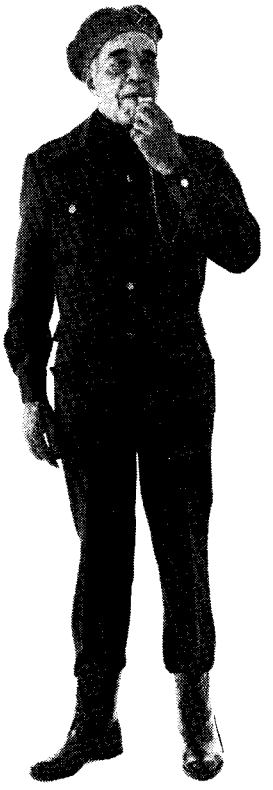
Back on the Track—II: Ballad of the Red Berets

Under the glare of strobe lights, backed by a banjo band playing "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," Amtrak trotted out a new line of uniforms the other day at New York's Pennsylvania Station. It was the latest in a series of moves to streamline the tattered, archaic, long abused American railroad system, which was taken over last May by Amtrak, the National Railroad Passenger Corporation.

"We are changing the image of railroads—and not just surface appearances," announced Harold Graham, Amtrak's vice president for marketing, as if to remind the scores of curious bystanders in the main concourse that one flight below, on the tracks, a lot of hissing, grime-streaked trains needed some improving too. Conspicuous by his absence from the style show was Amtrak's president and chairman of the board, Roger Lewis. He had stayed in Washington to help push through a bill authorizing $170-million, which Amtrak desperately needs to revive the passenger train.

Railroading, one of America's most tradition-bound institutions, hadn't appreciably altered employees' uniforms since 1908. Even after the crack Metroliner was rolled out in 1969 on the Washington-New York run, the conductors kept coming down the aisle in the same old baggy dark suits and stiff-visored hats, a style borrowed sixty years earlier from the U.S. midshipman uniform. Amtrak's new outfits, in the corporate red, white, and blue, somehow combine riverboat gambler, foreign legionnaire, and space explorer. Conductors, for instance, will wear blue Norfolk-cut jackets with red saddle stitching over a blue-and-white striped shirt and red tie and a large leather pouch hanging from a broad belt. If that getup sounds like a departure, the others are even further out.

Gone will be the familiar redcap look—and good riddance. In bygone days the sight of a redcap may have meant a strong back on the way, but in recent years it had come to represent, for many, a stamp of servitude. Instead of hiring models to show off the new uniforms, Amtrak used its own personnel. When redcap Nat Schomberg strolled out in the 1972 outfit, he couldn't help looking a little sheepish; the whistles and gasps didn't make him feel less so. From bottom to top, he wore black paratrooper boots, a broad-belted two-piece suit, a long-chained whistle, a red turtleneck shirt, and, replacing the red cap, a red beret with the Amtrak arrow insigne. "Gosh, I don't know about this," he said later. "It's going to take some getting used to."



In beret and boots, Nat Schomberg says good riddance to the redcap look.

Amtrak, of course, couldn't enter the new era without sex appeal. Accordingly, three young women fresh out of Continental Airlines training school, which has just graduated its first class of railroad hostesses, displayed the new passenger representative uniforms, complete with hot pants and slit skirts for those long evenings on the *Florida Special*. The new corporation obviously has attractive selling points or it couldn't have lured Virginia (Tiki) Lewis, a tall, lovely twenty-three-year-old black woman, from her former job as social secretary for Hugh Hefner in Chicago's Playboy Mansion. "When I was small," said Tiki, "my mother used to take me everywhere by train, but then the service got so bad we had to fly or drive. Now I want to see the trains come back. I'll never forget them."

Amtrak's inventory of 1,240 cars, most of them built in the Fifties during a last rush of industriousness, will be given a new suit of clothes in 1972. After displaying the uniforms—which will appear on the Boston-New York-Washington axis this month and elsewhere later in the year—Amtrak herded newsmen down to the track level to see the first customized lounge cars. Rushed eastward for the occasion from a company shop in Omaha, the reconverted cars bore the new corporate exterior design—shining silver with red, white, and blue stripes racing down the sides. One official up from Washington uttered a private "Ugh" at first sight. He felt the new design would have looked more appropriate on a carnival kiddieland train. No such pronouncements were voiced inside the lounge car. "We didn't do anything radical," said Bob Bengtsson, the chief designer, who flew out from Washington to Omaha and rode the coach to New York, applying last-minute touches along the way. "Most of the old cars just have lousy color schemes. Usually apple-green for some reason. And mirrors. Mirrors everywhere."

Perhaps the best commentary on the decline and fall of American railroads came in a question a young television reporter put to Bengtsson: "How did these cars use to look?" She wasn't the only one aboard who hadn't grown up with the *Broadway Limited* and the *Twentieth Century*. This car, slated for duty on the *Florida Special*, which runs south each day during the winter, had lost its mirrors and apple-green skin in favor of plush blue-and-charcoal seats, freshly carpeted floor, spruced-up bar at one end, and four strategically placed television screens, all now showing the same pro football highlights. There will also be movies and, in areas of sharp reception, regular TV programs. By spring, Amtrak hopes to have 200 cars—sleepers, diners, coaches—out of the shop and on the tracks.

Graham pulled on his mustache proudly as he worked his way through the crowded car. Every favorable response Amtrak earns is a direct reflection on his leadership. He has undergone trying periods before, most notably at Pan American. It was his job to get Pan Am's first (and therefore the world's first) 747s into operation, and for a time snafus threatened to do in the Jumbo. Once the difficulties were smoothed out, Graham began to scout for other battles. He found one at Amtrak.

Graham divides rail service into three categories—short hauls of 200 to 400 miles, on which trains must compete with airlines; overnight runs of 800 miles, which must provide food, comfort, lack of turmoil, and a good night's sleep in order to win back passengers; and long hauls geared more for vacationers than practical travelers. "This last area has great untapped potential," said Graham. "I can see the long hauls fitting in with student travel, early retirement, longer union vacations, and, in general, people with

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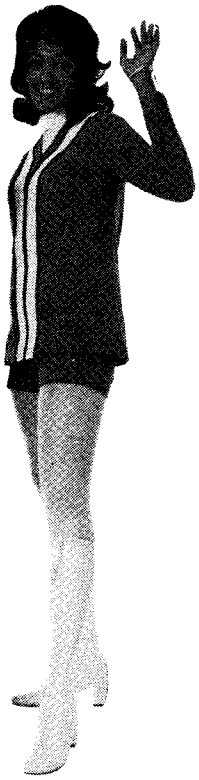

Passenger rep Tiki Lewis left a job at Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion.

added affluence." His visions began to soar. "What we want is for people to *participate*. I think we'll be putting in 'happy hours' on some trains. I'd like to strip a few cars and make them into rolling hostels with triple-decker bunks so a kid could bring his bedroll and backpack and travel out West. We could feed 'em mess-kit style out of a modified baggage car. They could get off, go biking and hiking for two days, and get back on the train. We could make it into a two-week package. They could ride back nonstop all night. Maybe we'll have a beer keg on board."

America's preference for the automobile stands in the way of Amtrak's winning back long-distance rail business. More than four out of five travelers drive their own cars between cities. "Still, I think the great distances of this country are a deterrent to long drives," Graham went on. "Dad's a basket case by the time he gets out to Yellowstone from the East. This summer we'll put on some packages so a family can take the train out, then pick up a rental car in Denver, ride around, toot up to the parks, and take the train home from Denver.

"What else? Well, we'll put menus in every car so people won't shy away from eating just because they think it's too expensive. That's always been a problem on trains. Some people won't even set foot in a dining car. We'll offer cut-rate meals, but even the gourmet stuff won't run too high. We don't intend to make any money off food."

If only Tony Haswell had been listening. Haswell, a wealthy Chicago lawyer and a lifelong rail buff, is perhaps the leading watchdog of American passenger train operations. He is chairman and founder of the National Association of Railroad Passengers (NARP for short), a Washington-based organization dedicated to saving and revitalizing passenger trains. NARP had been invited to the style show and lounge-car demonstration at Pennsylvania Station but chose not to send a representative. Haswell, for one, had to be in Washington to watch the progress of the $170-million Amtrak bill. He might not have sent an envoy anyway. He thinks Amtrak could find better ways to spend its time and money.

"I see ten or twelve things ahead of new uniforms on the priority list," Haswell said by telephone from Chicago a few days later. "Amtrak has to speed up the schedule, improve the tracks and roadbeds, perfect the reservations and information systems, get employees to be more interested and courteous. I think uniforms are a wonderful idea—if the rest of the product is already waiting." Haswell, just off the *Broadway Limited* from Washington, a fifteen-hour run, went on: "Service has greatly improved, but when Amtrak took over, things were so abysmally bad that any improvement would stand out. To go out and get the jet passenger, they have to do a lot more. They should have a separate lounge and club car for first-class passengers instead of one big lounge for everyone. They ought to wash the windows in the morning so that when people walk into the dining car they aren't looking out through a film of dirt. There should be free newspapers along the way. And there are still little defects in the electrical equipment."

NARP is seeking to add to the Amtrak bill amendments that would give the corporation much broader powers. "We want assurance that passenger trains have preference over freight trains," Haswell said. "Now a line will hold up a train or put it on a sidetrack to let the freight through. This is practiced most outrageously on the Southern Pacific from New Orleans to Los Angeles. They have a horrible on-time record. Some of the tracks and roadbeds in the Midwest are in terrible shape. Detroit-Chicago, Cincinnati-Indianapolis-Chicago, St. Louis-Chicago are all deteriorating. I say Amtrak is defaulting if it discontinues service through Cleveland. It should be a major hub. And Chicago-Los Angeles service should be operated through southern Arizona, where the market is, not merely through the northern part of the state."

(On the same track, the Interstate Commerce Commission recently issued

Conductor Ed Motte has finally shed the 1908 midshipman-style uniform.

regulations requiring railroads to run all intercity passenger trains on time, to keep them clean, and to provide facilities to make rides convenient and comfortable. The board recommended that passenger trains have priority over freight trains, that they run no more than fifteen minutes behind schedule for every 500 miles, and that cash rebates be granted to passengers for inadequate service. Passengers would receive up to 50 per cent of the ticket price if the train were more than four hours late or if reservations weren't met. At the same time, a passenger would have to pay up to $25 if he failed to cancel reservations.)

Graham and his staff in Washington don't dispute any of Haswell's points. But they feel that no matter how much Amtrak improves performance, equipment, and service, the public will not be lured back to the trains unless certain frills and comforts are also restored. Proof, they say, is the Metroliner, which is getting better all the time and attracting bigger loads. Gradually the crack electrified special—which tests out with the fastest trains in the world—is trimming precious minutes from the New York-Washington schedule. Now the one-stop run is down to 2:52. You can still fly in less time, including trips to and from airports, but one of these days the Metroliner will catch up.

Yet this pride of American passenger trains still runs into snags. On a recent rainy Monday its 5 p.m. one-stop to New York was delayed when a coal

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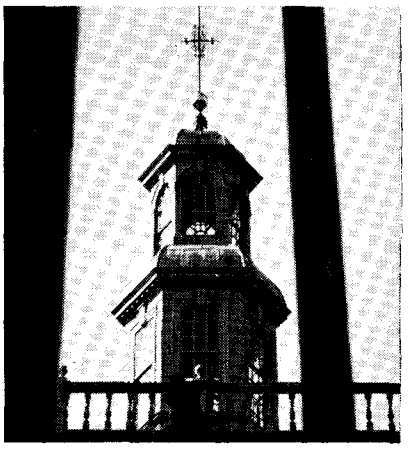
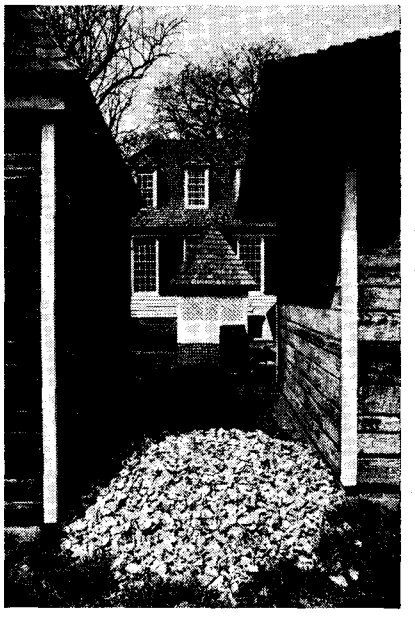
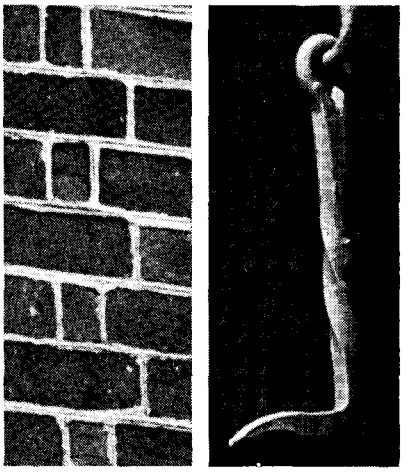
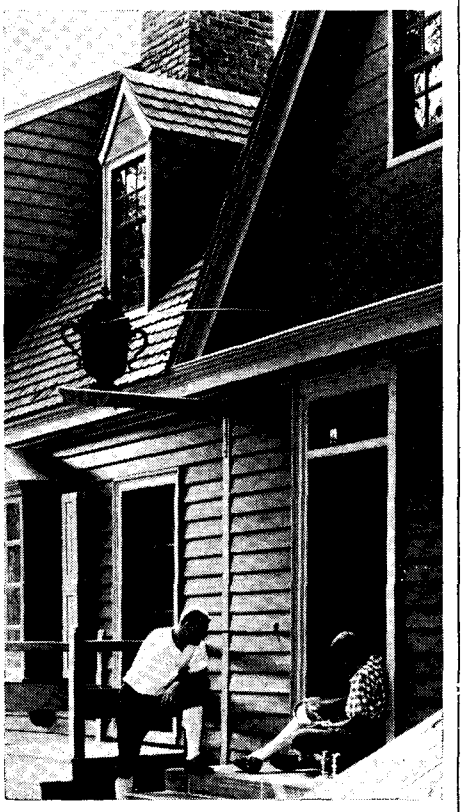
car was reported off the track a few miles out of Washington. Later, as attendants were preparing dinner in the club car, a short circuit in the ovens necessitated a brief stop near Wilmington. A club car seat costs $27.40, $1.40 more than a tourist-class air ticket, but for that price you get a separate swivel chair, constant service, and a coziness unmatched on planes. You may also get nonstop conversation from the woman in the next seat who can't find anything positive to say about the train but who admits she is distracted by the prospect of seeing her eye doctor the next day. Listening further, you learn she is the wife of a Washington trial lawyer who is currently defending Al Capp on a morals charge in Wisconsin. You won't learn that much on a sixty-minute shuttle flight.

Nor will you find anyone aloft quite like engineer Arthur Bahr, who sits up front in a tiny cubicle pushing and pulling levers and trying to make up lost time through the rain to New York. He looks a lot like *All in the Family*'s Archie Bunker, even down to the little green hat perched on his head. And his nickname is Artie. For a while the speedometer clocks 106, but on the approach to New York Bahr has to slow down. "We were following a local for quite a while or we'd be on time," he says. "Looks like I'm going to miss my own train out to New Jersey tonight." Rain spatters the two-foot-square window in front of the engineer, who is wearing a yellow shirt, green sweater, and dark slacks. When the new Amtrak uniforms are adopted, engineers will still have the option of wearing their own clothes—what Bahr calls his "Sunday suit."

"Artie's a five-star engineer—as high as he can get," says conductor Bill Budd, who wears the 1908 midshipman uniform. Artie Bahr removes his hat, flips on a light in the cabin, and talks on. "I'm with the company fifty years. Since 1921. I ran the *Broadway Limited, Congress, Silver Star,* and *Meteor.* This here train is the best one in the country, but it came too late for me." He pulls a lever, and the eerie sound of a train whistle—hardly changed in fifty years—blares through the rainy darkness. "I have to blow the horn before we go through the tunnel," he explains. "Anyway, like I was saying, I'll work till June thirtieth, and then I have to leave the company. It's a pension problem. I'm sixty-six."

Hot pants. Red berets. Microwave ovens. Hostels on wheels. Big changes are in store for American passenger trains if Amtrak survives the early going. And one of the biggest changes will be the disappearance of men like Artie Bahr.

(This is the second of two articles.)

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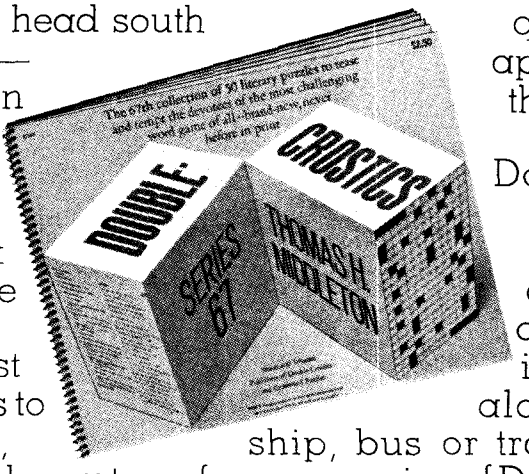

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Bruckner's "Unfinished"; Soprano from Poland

In art, as in life, opposites may sometimes attract. Even if the attributes are organically polar, inner magnetism can result in an equatorial affinity, as was the case with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski's interpretation of the Bruckner Ninth Symphony as guest conductor of The Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall.

With his own Minnesota Orchestra, the tall, lean Skrowaczewski, something of an ascetic in appearance, has defined his tonal preferences as equally abstemious. How then could he possibly contrive a match of means for the last symphony of Anton Bruckner, a composer celebrated for indulgent tastes in sonorities, climaxes, and other vibratory matter?

The answer was contained not so much in the work or its interpreter as in the instrument on which the outcome depended. Celebrated no little itself for voluptuous sonorities and aural opulence, The Philadelphia Orchestra, when full-blown, has been known to give Bruckner a glut rather than merely a sufficiency of sound.

This time, however, the elements-in-opposition were so effectively supervised by Skrowaczewski that the scales were balanced, not tipped. This was the kind of Bruckner that flowed rather than oozed, strode but did not plod, rejoiced without being effusive.

It was of some advantage that the symphony was the Ninth rather than one of its predecessors. Were musical terminology a product of reason rather than chance, Bruckner's Ninth could as readily be named the "Unfinished" as Schubert's Eighth. It, too, was left incomplete at the composer's death, and it ends with one of his most sublime slow movements. As Bruckner rarely evolved a finale to fulfill the promise of the preceding movements, death saved him from perhaps marring what is his finest symphonic construction.

As is well known to the Minneapolis public to whom he has become familiar over a decade, Skrowaczewski is a musician who combines an aristocracy of taste characteristic of Polish predecessors from Chopin to Rubinstein with a scholarship typical of his generation. When he was first being heard under the late George Szell's sponsorship in the early Sixties, the mixture of elements was as yet unfixed. Now he has added insights to instincts and produced a musical impulse as suitable to the Mozart A-major Symphony (No. 29), with which the program began, as to the Bruckner, with which it ended.

The latest Polish performer to challenge judgment in terms of the national characteristics defined by Skrowaczewski is Halina Lukomska, a soprano who made her New York debut with the Philharmonic under the direction of Karel Ancerl. Much of her prior identity has been as a performer of twentieth-century music, including a recording of *Pli selon pli* by the Philharmonic's music director, Pierre Boulez. Mme. Lukomska did not deign to make her first New York appearance wholly as a nonvocalist or as an interpreter of antivocal music. She went, rather, to the extreme of Mozartean purity, contained in his motet "Exsultate, jubilate," written at seventeen when the already much-experienced composer was very pure indeed.

Even students may venture the final "Alleluia" in the misguided belief that it is a vocalise. But it takes a consummate artist to challenge all three of its sections and leave an impression of something more than roulades. By her beautifully phrased, artfully articulated performance, Mme. Lukomska gave warning that she is well on the way to becoming such an artist.

Despite some initial unsteadiness, Mme. Lukomska's voice is one of uncommon character. It is not a source of conventionally matched pearl-shaped tones or of heart-rending vibrato; but the sound she disposes is strong, admirably focused, and produced with the kind of forward resonance that makes for clean articulation of complicated passages. Add to this the superior kind of musicianship befitting a composer's wife (her husband is Augustyn Bloch) and it was altogether apparent why the applause for her Mozart was led by the most discriminating portion of her audience—the musicians seated on the stage around her.

In her role of specialist, Mme. Lukomska added to the Philharmonic's season-long absorption with the music of Alban Berg a performance of his *Five Orchestral Songs After Picture Postcard Texts by Peter Altenberg*. This is a transitional segment of the Berg vocal literature, somewhere between the uncomplicated lyricism of the *Early Songs*, recently well performed by Evelyn Lear, and the full-fashioned expressionism of *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*.

The performance gave several reasons to believe that Mme. Lukomska might make a very good Marie in *Wozzeck*—a cutting edge to the sound that carved through the heaviest instrumentation, a sure command of intervals, low as well as high—but it did not commend itself particularly vis-à-vis *Altenberg*. For one thing, her German is not very clear; for another, she did not produce the kind of atmospheric effect suitable to the material. So, for Mme. Lukomska, twentieth-century specialist, qualified endorsement; for Mme. Lukomska, nonspecialist in Mozart, warm commendation.

For his part of the program, Ancerl served the Philharmonic's other season-long absorption, Franz Liszt, with a performance of his overlong *Tasso* and, finally, served himself, with the Ravel version of Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Both performances were complimentary to his professionalism, but neither put an individual stamp on the music.

For all its familiarity, the double bill of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci* can offer a very good opera company the opportunity to parade six or seven first-class singers, field a chorus to make the ear tingle, and provide a proper maestro with a rewarding evening's work. It can also tax an indifferent company to match a durable standard in even one category.

At its latest occurrence in Lincoln Center, the double bill showed the Metropolitan Opera on one of its too-frequent erratic evenings, ranging from very good to indifferent not only in successive solos but sometimes in the same duet. It takes a very good company to produce a Martina Arroyo, who was substituted on short notice for Elinor Ross in the role of Santuzza for what was, on the whole, a stimulating *Cavalleria*. But the company did its patrons no favor by following it with a *Pagliacci* in which the level achieved by Sherrill Milnes in his powerful "Prologo" sagged steadily thereafter. James McCracken is, at best, a labored Canio; Gilda Cruz-Romo a dramatically inept, vocally crude approximation of a proper Nedda.

In addition to a typically forceful projection of Santuzza's music by the ever-dependable Arroyo, the *Cavalleria* performance merited mention for Matteo Manuguerra's very decent effort as Alfio. This baritone did not attract proper attention in his first Metropolitan appearances (1970-71), perhaps for lack of suitable roles. But he has both the vocal weight and the personal projection to give this character its proper place in the lurid melodrama. On the other hand, Franco Tagliavini is a small-scale tenor striving to produce the sound required for Turiddu, which brought about another incidence of the very good overlapping the indifferent simultaneously. Both works were conducted in a very good/indifferent way by Kurt Adler.

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As Others See Us

MONTREAL:

The Mad Contest

No doubt, given the time, the money, and the willingness of their peoples to acquiesce in the mad contest, both the United States and the Soviet Union could build even more terrifying missiles. The question is: How much longer can we exist in the nuclear shadow? It has been eight years since the Limited Test Ban Treaty was signed by the nuclear nations—France and China excepted—placing space, the atmosphere, and the sea off limits for atomic experiments.

The Montreal Star

TOKYO:

Hopeful Sign

Indeed, the casual Japanese visitor, traveling over the wide expanse of rich and fertile land that is the United States, cannot but be impressed by its yet unharnessed resources. Viewing the vast network of superb roads and the soaring clusters of new buildings in the cities, he will find it difficult to believe that the American nation is in dire economic straits. There are, of course, the slums and the seedy sections of the urban communities, but one could easily return from a visit with the thought that economic difficulty as viewed in the U.S. and elsewhere could be a relative thing. The downturn in the American economy may be depriving many of their people of the amenities that in other countries might be considered luxuries.

But this is, of course, all the more reason why there is a need for a frank exchange of views among nations—and at this particular moment between Japan and the United States. For one thing, it would be most helpful if the American people could learn more about Japan and the Japanese. A most hopeful sign is that so many Americans are showing great concern over the future course of Japanese-U.S. relations.

The Japan Times Weekly

PARIS:

In Reverse

Remember how American businessmen reacted to the news that a Common Market was to be set up in Europe? Fearing it might lead to the erection of insurmountable customs barriers, they came over here to set up subsidiaries in the community. The prodigious growth of American investments in Europe dates from this period.

Today the situation is the reverse. It is European businessmen who must now hedge against the effects of decisions that jeopardize their trade. This is all the more necessary in the light of the Bank of America's prediction that by 1980 the volume of direct European investments in the United States will probably equal American investments in Europe.

One of the principal merits of the document published by the Franc-Dollar Committee is that it underlines the role of the American market, whatever the fluctuations in official economic policy, as the largest and most dynamic in the world, a peerless standard of reference, a safe testing ground, and finally a "regulator of the economic cycle," for business slumps do not always coincide on both sides of the Atlantic.

Le Monde

FRANKFURT:

The "Formula"

The official relationship between Bonn and Washington is indeed good. Not so good is it, however, between the European Economic Community and the U.S.A. Brandt and Nixon had decided to develop an "appropriate formula" for peaceful coexistence between the EEC and the U.S.A. That is a "rubber" formula, which certainly does not exclude further difficulties and later annoyances among the Europeans themselves and also between them and America. This is the area where misunderstandings call for more unity, no matter how brightly the sun shines in Florida.

Frankfurter Rundschau

NEW DELHI:

Defending the Indefensible

The United States government is busy finding excuses for its blatantly anti-Indian stand on the situation in the subcontinent. The absurd statement of an unnamed White House official that U.S. efforts to start a dialogue between President Yahya Khan of Pakistan and some Bangla Desh representatives were about to bear fruit when India struck against Pakistan is evidently intended to justify the U.S. charge of aggression against this country. The Nixon administration said nothing when Pakistan was committing genocide in East Bengal and forcing millions of East Bengalis to leave their homes and seek refuge in India. Nor did the international community do anything to end this colossal human tragedy.

The U.S. government's unprincipled stand on the Bangla Desh issue and its campaign of calumny against India at the U.N. have been widely denounced in the United States itself. Washington is now trying desperately to defend its thoroughly indefensible course of action, but the facts speak for themselves.

The Indian Express

MOSCOW:

Can't Dictate Anymore

The dollar devaluation itself not only is a blow to U.S. prestige but also reflects a deep crisis in the entire pattern of the American economy and trade, which bears the burden of inordinate military spending, growing inflation, and an ever-worsening balance-of-payments deficit. The agreement on currency adjustments reached recently shows that Washington is no longer able to dictate its terms to its partners on major economic issues.

Hot Air

The massive American air raids on the territory of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam serve as fresh confirmation of the falsity of Washington's assurances regarding the "curtailment" of operations by American aircraft in Indochina. They attest to the perfidious violation of United States commitments to stop completely the bombing of the Democratic Republic. While escalating the air war against the DRV, the United States ruling circles at the same time sabotage the work of the Paris conference on Vietnam.

Pravda

PEKING:

It Won't Do

U.S. imperialism is the archcriminal obstructing and undermining the peaceful solution of the Korean question. The key to the realization of the peaceful unification of Korea is the withdrawal of the U.S. aggressor troops from South Korea and an end to the illegal occupation by U.S. imperialism of the southern half of Korea.

It won't do for the American aggressors to try to hang on in South Korea. No matter how desperately U.S. imperialism tries to continue making trouble, it will never be able to prevent the Korean people from winning final victory.

Peking Review

SYDNEY:

Belated Wisdom

The unopposed re-election of President Thieu in the South Vietnam Presidential election was little more than farce—farce that bears witness to the belated wisdom of the United States and

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its allies to get out of Vietnam and leave the place to work out its own destiny. . . . The South Vietnamese will soon be on their own. All that has been learned from their years of American protection is that it is impossible to transplant Western democracy to other nations, however much blood is spilled to fertilize it. The whole rationale of America and Australia fighting in Asia has been to preserve Asian freedom and democracy. But look at Asia years and countless lives later. . . . The "keep out" signs are going up in Asia. It is a pity that we ever needed to be told.

The Australian

LONDON:

History and Mr. Nixon

"Let history record" is one of Mr. Nixon's favorite injunctions. But what will it record? The actions of a courageous President who cast aside doctrinaire conservatism to save America? Or will it record the uneven pragmatism of a man who merely rode the wave of events to his own narrow political advantage?

The Sunday Telegraph

The Bombing of North Vietnam

All these words really conceal Mr. Nixon's understandable anxiety that Vietnam might blow up in his face. For months past, the war has been running down, and more American soldiers have been withdrawn. The war has long since stopped being the main divisive issue in American public opinion. Mr. Nixon does not want any drama over Vietnam to disturb him. Unfortunately, the North Vietnamese have been strengthening their position in Laos and even more so in Cambodia. If supplies have been accumulated, despite the heavy bombing of the past few months, some sort of an operation could be mounted by the Communists. If it were well timed—before Mr. Nixon's arrival in Peking, for example, or even later when the Presidential campaign was in full swing—the effect could be damaging. Any demonstration that seemed to suggest that President Thieu of South Vietnam was in danger could rebound on Mr. Nixon's political fortunes.

Whether the North Vietnamese intend any such operation remains guesswork. Yet it would not need much manpower or a great weight of supplies for an assault that would be dramatic enough to catch world attention. Mr. Nixon cannot risk any such eruption. Hence, the latest burst of bombing, with perhaps more to follow. If the raids go on, Mr. Nixon will be arriving in Peking with a much less appealing image than he had when the visit was first planned.

The Times

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Recognition of Bangla Desh

What is most needed today is world opinion against the mass killings, immediate diplomatic recognition of Bangla Desh by all freedom-loving countries, and aid in cash and kind for the hundreds of thousands of refugees pouring into India and for the millions of people living and struggling in Bangla Desh.

Narayan Desai,
New Outlook, Tel Aviv

Permissive Society

The writers of articles in trendy magazines and producers of films in which free love (or more aptly free sex) is regarded as the norm rather than the exception don't have to treat the accidents of the permissive society. It is doctors and nurses who have to treat venereal disease and perform abortions, marriage guidance counselors who try to mend broken marriages, and society itself that has to pay for children in care and fatherless families. By the way, I am not middle-aged and "holier than thou" but a young mother with two small sons, and I care about the world in which they are going to grow up.

M. Anne Williams,
The Times, London

Moral Decadence

Seeing the film *Cry of Nukumanu* on BBC 1 confirmed my belief in what an evil society Western civilized man has created and goes on creating. Contact with the white man by primitive peoples is the key to the racial extinction of, let alone moral decadence of, and penultimate loss of identity by people who were once proud, successful, ethnologically beautifully balanced, and living the sort of life that modern man is forever seeking to return to.

Even as I write this, missionaries in Borneo, Arnhem Land, and other primitive areas are starting the terrible decay. But there is more need for missionaries in the back streets of Paddington. Do none of the world leaders care about what we are doing to the last beautiful people living in the Mato Grosso, in Borneo, in Australia?

Spike Milligan,
The Listener, London

Money Can't Buy You Love

Once upon a time masochism was believed to be a degenerate character trait of the individual, but now it seems to be an attribute of an entire nation, or at least of its government. Created by the United States, the United Nations is paid to castigate it.

I was dumfounded to learn that the U.S. pays 38 per cent of the U.N.'s expenses and has only one vote whereas the U.S.S.R. pays 17 per cent (when it pays) and controls two extra votes, those of the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which all maps show as integral parts of the Soviet Union. What next? Like an incurable invalid, the United States will pay and pay because just recently it has been tied even more tightly to the whipping post.

Ermete Ornati,
Il Borghese, Milan

Living Targets

It is cruel and senseless to continue to send young men to be living targets in the Northern Ireland dispute. We must recall Parliament and consult the U.N. with a view to their mediation. If possible, a U.N. police force should be sent to Ulster to keep the peace until a political solution is found.

Lorna Power,
The Manchester Guardian Weekly

"Disappearage"

May I suggest that, despite the fact that no titles are awarded in the United States, Henry Kissinger, in recognition of his vanishing trick at Islamabad, should get a Disappearage and, because of the lack of credibility of the operation, be given the title of Discount (instead of Viscount).

G. L. Mehta,
I.W.I., Bombay

Death at Twenty-four

My friend and I are thirteen and fourteen years old. We would like to know just what kind of world we are going to have to live in for the rest of our lives.

If man is so intelligent, why doesn't he invent something to counteract pollution as well as make cars for him to rest in on his way to his exhausting work day? What's the sense in having all these supposedly necessary appliances (dishwashers with detergents with phosphates) if they are going to kill us?

People tell us that we've ten more years to live on this planet before we're driven out by pollution or overpopulation. I wonder what it's like to die from pollution when you're twenty-three or twenty-four years old? Whoever said "man is his own worst enemy" sure knew what he was talking about.

Susan Opies and Kathy Gilbertson,
Winnipeg Free Press

Blame It on TV

To all those who are in favor of cablevision from the U.S., I say that TV is the curse of the twentieth century. It is the cause of all the marches for anything, protestations, and public perturbation.

We are now marching for abortion, which is a negation of the Bible. We are copying the U.S., the most atheist people in the world, the country in which seventy million people belong to no religion.

A. Marsan,
The Ottawa Citizen

Compiled by Nicholas G. Balint

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While There's Still Time

In those years divisible by four, American voters select their President for the next quadrennial through the mechanics of a justly maligned and antiquated system called the Electoral College. The voters will next cast their ballots this coming November 7, and, at least in theory, one man will receive more than half the votes and become our Chief Executive. This is the way it should be—the sensible, reasonable method used in virtually every democratic society on earth, but not in the United States. We talk and talk about the awkwardness of the Electoral College and repeat regularly that we simply must do something about it; yet, here we are once again face to face with a potential disaster.

The U.S. Constitution gives each state the number of electors in the College equal to the total number of that state's U.S. Congressmen and Senators. In order to win the Presidency, a candidate must, by Constitutional law, have a clear majority in the College. In case no candidate achieves this electoral majority, the House of Representatives then chooses the President from among three candidates with the highest electoral tally, but the catch is that, in this procedure, the House of Representatives votes state by state, one vote for each state, which quite effectively nullifies the one-man-one-vote theory of government.

Twice in this country's history the election of our President has gone to the House of Representatives. In 1800 there was a tie vote and Thomas Jefferson was then duly elected in the House over Aaron Burr, largely because Alexander Hamilton, Jefferson's intellectual and philosophical enemy, turned to Jefferson and against Burr, a selfless act that eventually cost Hamilton his life at Burr's hands. In 1824 four candidates had substantial electoral votes, with Andrew Jackson receiving the highest number, as well as the greatest number of popular votes. Henry Clay then made a deal with John Quincy Adams and threw his votes to Adams, who was promptly elected President in the House of Representatives on the state-by-state basis, though in the election itself Jackson had pulled 50 per cent more votes than Adams. It was little wonder that Jackson screamed of fraud and that he swept the country in the subsequent two Presidential campaigns.

In 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, polled a quarter of a million more popular votes than Rutherford B. Hayes but was defrauded out of the Presidency by a Republican-controlled Electoral Commission, which finagled disputed election returns from four states into an Electoral College vote of 185 to 184 in favor of Hayes, the Republican. Again, in 1888, Grover Cleveland, another Democrat, polled a hundred thousand more popular votes than Benjamin Harrison, the Republican, but lost in the Electoral College.

In recent years, the Electoral College has come under severe scrutiny due in large measure to the presence of third-party candidates threatening to prevent a clear majority in the electoral vote. Most recent was the election of 1968, which placed Richard M. Nixon in the White House. Nixon beat Hubert H. Humphrey by only half a million votes out of more than seventy million cast, but George C. Wallace of Alabama polled almost ten million votes and, with a few electoral changes here and there, would almost certainly have thrown the entire election into the House of Representatives. Immediately following this close call, Congress burgeoned with a variety of plans to alter the U.S. Constitution and change the *modus operandi* of the Electoral College in plenty of time to forestall such hazards this November. But now the election is but a few months away, and absolutely nothing has been done about the urgent matter.

Among a great variety of plans to redesign the Electoral College and adapt it to modern times, the simplest is the Bayh amendment, sponsored by Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh, in which the Electoral College would simply be abolished and the candidate receiving the highest number of votes would be elected President. Under this system, if no one candidate received more than 40 per cent of the total popular vote, there would then be a runoff election between the two highest vote-getters. However, since this situation has occurred only once in U.S. Presidential elections (Abraham Lincoln received 39 per cent of the vote in 1860 in a four-man race), the Bayh amendment would simply eliminate the Electoral College and replace it with a direct election procedure by popular vote. This is simplicity itself and the only plan that makes real sense in our modern-day urban society where state boundaries have come to mean less and less.

Alternative plans involve retaining the Electoral College but giving each candidate his just proportion of the electoral votes in each state, rather than let all votes go to the winning candidate as under the present system. But this and all other schemes to retain the cumbersome Electoral College procedure are a clear affront to majority rule and the democratic spirit. Had the 1968 election gone to the House because of Wallace's third-party strength, Alaska's three hundred thousand citizens would have had an equal say with California's twenty million under the one-vote-per-state system.

The point is, obviously, that while we have dawdled dangerously for three years, there is yet time to amend and correct a faulty Constitutional procedure in an election when a strong third-party vote seems more than likely. If Congress acts in the next month or two on the Bayh amendment, it could easily be ratified before November by approval in the thirty-eight states now required under the three-quarters amendment ratification rule. Congress knows all the facts in the case and need hold no prolonged additional hearings before voting in favor of this vital Constitutional update.

Richard L. Tobin

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Letters to the Editor

Sci Fi Lie?

Re: "H. G. Wells: The Man Who Discovered Tomorrow" by Jack Williamson [*SR*, Jan. 1]. After a lifetime of reading about Wells, this is the first time I've read an unbiased account of his scientific romances, namely, that Wells was as much the gadgeteer as Verne, and was not, in absolute contrast to Verne, "the sociologist," which was the pet label of the Communists in the Thirties for Wells.

As Williamson also pointed out, Wells made no distinction between fantasy and "science fiction" as elements for his prophetic romances. However, when is the big lie of the science fiction world ever going to be admitted: that "science fiction" is still the same old pseudoscience of years ago, the honest name by which it was called before commercialism brought the big lie into being? (Magazines sold better under the label of science fiction.)

Even Wells's prophecies were, at best (as were those of Verne), no more than speculations as to what future inventions might be like and what their possibilities might be (a machine that could do this or that, reveal this realm or that). They were merely the fairy tales of science, nothing more than the fanciful wishes of inventions that could be . . . and the method of description only a pseudoscience dressing for literary plausibility (Wells's own admission!) and, thus, hardly a scientific blueprint for the same.

In addition, there is a second big lie, still being carried on, in that *Amazing Stories* was the "first science fiction magazine." In reality, this honor belongs to the first issue of Street and Smith's *Thrill Book*, in 1919, edited by poet-publisher Harold Hersey.

Larry Farsace,
Editor, *Golden Atom*,
Rochester, N.Y.

Fuzzy Crimes and the Fuzz

While I agree that much damage is done society by the use of the criminal justice system to police our morals, as Alexander B. Smith and Harriet Pollack point out in their article "Crimes Without Victims" [*SR*, Dec. 4], I question the assertion that moral crimes are more dangerous to civil liberties than other crimes. The authors state: "At the Supreme Court level, it is noteworthy that most of the decisions censuring police conduct deal with state and local enforcement procedures rather than federal ones." The authors then go on to say that this is because state authorities are dealing with moral, victimless crimes to a much larger extent than are the feds, and "must make a case the best way they can."

If it is true that more state police conduct cases reach the Supreme Court, perhaps there are reasons other than that given by the authors. First, a federal judge appointed for life may be more willing to stop illegal procedures at the trial level than is the state judge who must stand for election after "taking the side of the criminal." Second, since much of the Bill of Rights has only recently been made to apply equally to the states, it is reasonable to believe that much of the states' failure to live up to the same standards as does the federal system can be explained in terms of their not having had the time to accustom their courts and law enforcement agencies to the tradition of civil rights.

For example, the Supreme Court decision in *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, as the authors pointed out, banned the use of illegally seized evidence in state courts in 1961. Illegally seized evidence had been banned from federal courts since 1914. The federal system had a forty-seven-year head start in this practice. Third, it is common knowledge that FBI agents, postal inspectors, border patrolmen, Treasury agents, etc., are more highly paid and better trained for their work than are most state and local police. It is reasonable to believe that more highly trained and sophisticated officers will make fewer mistakes that result in litigation.

Rather than to try to demonstrate that police have a greater propensity to abuse civil rights in the enforcement of morals laws, it would seem more reasonable to assert that all police powers have in their very existence the potential for abuse of the individual rights that we consider so sacred. Therefore, realizing this, should we not purge our criminal justice system of all "crimes" except those that are essential for the preservation of an ordered society?

Robin M. Green,
Amarillo, Tex.

Worldly Observations

Re: The special World Travel issue "The Selling of America" [*SR*, Jan. 1]. Inasmuch as one of the greatest delights of our travels in Europe was that we stayed mostly in private homes and became acquainted with the people in spite of language barriers, I am wondering if it might be possible for Americans to encourage more visitors from other lands by opening our homes and making it, at least financially, more feasible to travel here. A big campaign to enlist homes that would take paying guests at a nominal rate and also families that would welcome nonpaying guests, help them with transportation, show them around as we would any other guests who are visiting our area for the first time, would be, I am sure, a possibility, given the right sort of publicity. It might not start off on a very large scale, but each heartwarming experience would encourage others to do the same.

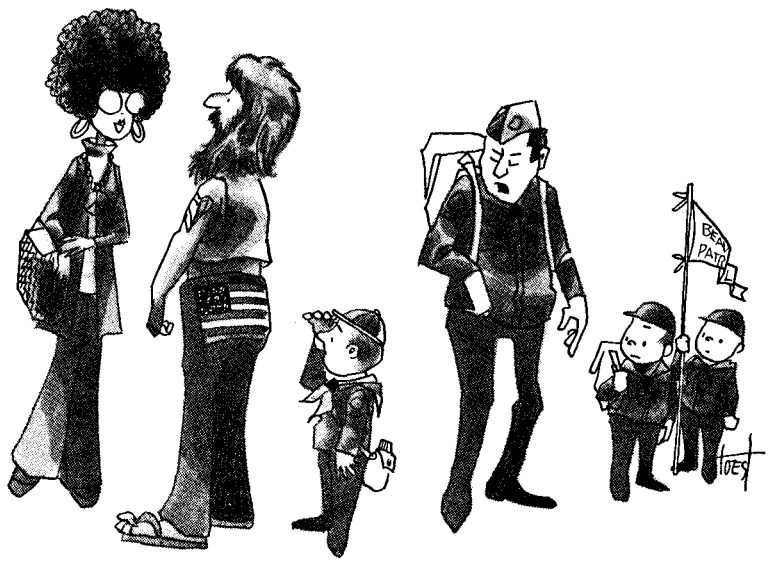
It is imperative that the rest of the world have an opportunity to see America as it really is. At a time when our image throughout the world was very bad because of Vietnam and when our relations with France were a bit strained because of de Gaulle, a Frenchman said to us as we were leaving, "It is too bad that we learn about each other only through the news media and the films. We are not really as bad as you have heard, and you are not as bad as we have heard you are. We are all just people."

Mrs. Donald H. Fibush,
Walnut Creek, Calif.

I was appalled to notice that of the 323 events listed in *SR*'s 1972 World Travel Calendar not one occurs in the Arab World. Nor are any of the many religious festivals Islamic, although all other major faiths are represented.

This is an insult not only to the one-sixth of the world's population who profess Islam but to the large number of non-Moslems who would like to be informed of the feasts. Surely such events as Egypt's Independence Day, Ramadan, and the Moslem New Year are of more general interest than the Sanibel Island Shell Fair, the National Ragtime Festival, or the Fallon Rodeo.

Barrett MacDougall,
Portland, Ore.



"That's not necessary, Rodney."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Feydeau's Follies

The supreme writer of pure bedroom farce is Georges Feydeau (1862-1921). He wrote more than sixty such plays, of which six have had some success in English translation or adaptation. *Hotel Paradiso, Look After Lulu, A Flea in Her Ear, The Girl from Maxim's, The Chemmy Circle,* and *Cat Among the Pigeons* all have proved popular in resident theater productions, but past attempts to present the first three on Broadway were failures. Now David Merrick and Byron Goldman have bravely tried again with *There's One in Every Marriage,* freely adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead from *Le Dindon* and performed by the versatile Stratford National Theatre of Canada.

As directed by Jean Gascon, who in 1961 scored a great success with the French original in his Théâtre du Nouveau Monde production in Montreal, *There's One in Every Marriage* emerges as well-above-average repertory company work that finds a necessary compromise between the British-inspired style of most of the company and the Parisian flavor of Feydeau.

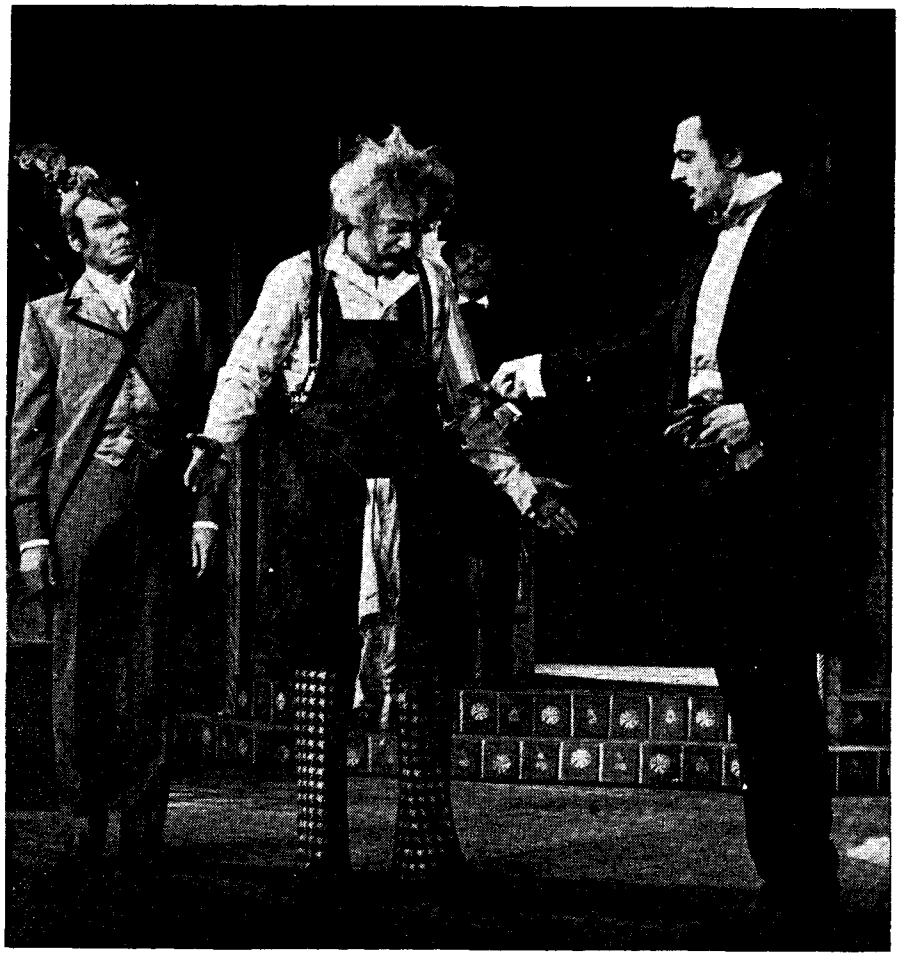
Although Feydeau's formula is simple ("Whenever two of my characters must not meet, I bring them together as quickly as possible"), there is something marvelously true underneath all the bizarre follies he so skillfully invents and weaves together.

In *There's One in Every Marriage* we are introduced to two men, each of whom wants to have a love affair with the same respectable married woman. She refuses them unless they can prove to her that her husband is being unfaithful. Then she will welcome seduction, not for pleasure but for revenge against her errant mate. Feydeau immediately accommodates her and us by conjuring up a visiting Swedish housewife, who blackmails the husband into an assignation at a hotel. From this simple situation many coincidences can arise, and the second act manages to mix together an extraordinary number of near misses by four married couples and two swingers.

The third act brings most of this same gang to the apartment of one of the swingers, who, ironically, is at this moment too sexually exhausted to take advantage of the compliance of the woman he most wants. This act, which ends in a conventional resolution of the misunderstandings, is boosted by the introduction of a droll new character, an aged family retainer, whose languid candor is delightful. When he finds out that the visitor who has come for her morally inspired revenge-seduction is respectable, he apologizes by saying, "Your pardon. I took you for a tart." And when his depleted master asks him if the hot chocolate he has brought will help, the worried old man mutters, "I hope not." Finally, there is an ingeniously set-up series of exchanges about shopping for supper in which the servant benignly manages to end up with just the menu the master detests. "They didn't have any string beans." (Pause.) "So what did you get?" (Pause.) "Potatoes." The audience knew "Potatoes" was coming but laughed all the harder because its expectation was so neatly fulfilled.

Although there is somewhat too much sentimentality to the "happy" ending and a few corny jokes stand out as impurities, the actors generally achieve a disciplined delineation of Feydeau's folly-ridden characters and their absurd situations. As a philandering husband, Peter Donat is both comic and sad when he declares, "You find yourself married, and it's for life." As the frustrated ladies' man, Jack Creley makes us burst into laughter when he ruefully mourns "All that joy!" Roberta Maxwell adds an emotional dimension to the role of the vengeful wife without disturbing the comic essence of the part. Tony Van Bridge and Helen Burns, as a military officer and his deaf wife, are dryly amusing in a scene where they unknowingly set off bell alarms hidden under the mattress. And Joseph Maher is perfect as the slow but sure servant.

Alan Barlow's costumes are appropriately colorful, and I suspect most theatergoers would have a pretty good time at *There's One in Every Marriage.* This kind of achievement by a company without stars has worked out very well with other Feydeau farces in resident theaters located in such places as Niagara-on-the-Lake, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Dallas, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Unfortunately, the production appears to be insufficiently fashionable or spectacular to attract Broadway audiences. By the time this review appears, Broadway may simply have added one more empty theater to the 33 per cent currently without shows.



The dissipated master (Jack Creley) looks on as his aged manservant (Joseph Maher) is challenged to a duel by a philandering husband (Peter Donat).

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Of Ego

I. **Macro:** This particular universe seems to have begun as gases and confusion. Later, some of the gases solidified into galaxies and confusion, nebulae and confusion, solar systems and confusion, and stray bodies and confusion. There is variety in the universal organization and variety in confusion, but the existence of confusion is a constant. Or it may be that everything out there is orderly and that the confusion is a product of man's efforts to look through a mist at an uncertainty determined by errors built into his instruments and his animal situation.

His instruments tell him, and mind (when he reaches for it) knows, that he is one unit of a recently evolved and not yet securely established species on a small planet circling a minor sun at the fringe of one strewn arm of an unlocated system. He can exist only within a given and unstable atmosphere he is in the process of befouling, only within a narrow range of temperatures, and only within that narrow band of possible gravities that will hold him down without crushing him. Though adaptable within these close limits, he is unstable in his relations with other species and with others of his kind, ephemeral, and unable to demonstrate that he matters a hoot to the workings of whatever universe is out there. Yet, he is the product of his own sensations and of his conditioning to them, and everything in his feelings tells him he is at the exact center of whatever experience those stars do or do not take part in—if it is an experience.

When he looks at those stars he sees them all as equidistant from him. True, his more recent instruments see things another way. Yet, celestial navigation is based on the assumption that every heavenly body outside the solar system lies on the fixed circumference of a sphere of which his eye is the center, and that assumption works for navigational purposes. How were our fathers to question assumptions that drew true courses for them from point to point of their going? More recent instruments have revised our notions of the universal structure, but the ancestral ego (and what other ego is there?) remains Ptolemaic.

Ego, so persuaded, leaves confusion for certainty. Once certified, ego is ready for righteousness. Once it has achieved righteousness, it is ready to sign up for holy war and to kill all who remain confused or who have developed a sort of righteousness (Brand X) that varies in any detail (or only in nomenclature) from the one, true Eternal Verity brand label.

The trouble with that brand label is that it deceives not only the consumer but the manufacturer. The verities he calls eternal and is ready to kill for reach back to the stone age of his tribal line. Since that is as far back as his racial memory goes, he takes it to mean "forever," even though he knows there was a time before the stone age, or the tribe, or even the ancestral fish that would evolve into the life forms that would become the ancestors of the tribe. In the next step, he assumes that what has existed "forever" will always exist, even though he knows the sun is evolving into a nova that will eventually sublimate his world in one bright belch. There go his adages to gas. There goes Stonehenge, there go the streets Confucius walked, there goes the dust of Plato's brain cells, there go the stones of Rome and their inscriptions, there go all the books ever written, and there goes every memory that such things once existed—with all of eternity yet to go.

Perhaps some board of scientific mediators will want to assign the Eternal Verity brand to Planck's constant—until some better science sees things in a clearer way. The fact remains that when we call verities "eternal" we mean only that they are race-long, or culture-long, which is to say ego-long—that they will be taken as verities for as long as man can find a sense of his own importance in asserting such things to be absolute and perdurable.

It is even possible that they might be thought of as "love-long." Such a label has the advantage of implying both commitment and transcience. "Love-long" is relative, interdependent, temporal, and contains no eternal sanction to justify righteousness and hatred. For without such eternal sanctions to be mean about, man is forced back upon himself. His ego still needs to feel that sense of importance, but it finds it in giving itself to others, in that exchange of needs we may reasonably call mercy and reasonably hope to use as the cornerstone of a possible civilization. It is, after all, something (and more than something—much) to realize we don't matter except to one another, for then we can matter mightily, if only for a while.

II. **Micro:** Within the universal confusion and ego's recoil from it, I have received some strange signals from Out There but none stranger than those from *SR* subscribers who are moved to circle (in red ink) every first person singular pronoun in my columns, to add the total of "I-me-mine"s, and to send the page back to me with marginal inscriptions of which the following is a fully formed specimen: EGO! BLIND, INSATIABLE, POMPOUS, SELF-INFLATED, BLOATED, INSUFFERABLE EGO! EGO! EGO!

I am convinced of the sincerity of all writers who conclude with triple exclamation points. It is probably sincerity I am wary of, at least as a tool of perception.

May I suggest (dear readers) that I (which is to say "the present writer" or "this correspondent" or "your observer on sub-Parnassus" or "the stranger in the universe") am (or they are) a practitioner (practitioners) of a dead literary form known as the familiar essay. I know the form is dead because a number of the best literary critics have so informed me. I continue to practice it only because I do not know better. The most familiar thing about the familiar essay is that the writer, lacking anything more substantial to write about, rambles on about what happened to him (personally) on his way to eternity and confusion's end. The familiar essay is a personal letter to anyone willing to be friendly enough to read it.

I would, to be sure, like to do something more important. I have even tried going through the day without personal pronouns. It has never worked for me. There was yesterday, for example, when I tried to rise above myself:

"Mrs. Ciardi," the linguistic venturer ventured as he left for the golf course after a late breakfast, "the present joint tenant with right of survivor is about to preserve bodily vigor by participating in healthful sport."

"Four gin-and-tonics is whose idea of healthful sport?" said the aforementioned spouse of aforesaid with a snarl that so incensed the snarlee that I—I mean, the snarlee—did spitefully consume the four and then two more and wow!, did that imbiber get smashed. The fact must be confessed that the referent person never made it out of the clubhouse and onto the course, nor is the subject entity herein described able to account for the rest of the day.

No, dear reader. Thank you, but no. That way lies madness. In the name of sobriety and of healthful sport, I must insist that I am the only I I am. That isn't much, to be sure, but it can still be the basis of a contract between my I-ness and yours. Yours needn't be much either, but what else have either of us to contract with—and even possibly expand to? May you wear yours in good health. But keep your big, muddy, indignant, exclamatory feet off mine. It's all I've got, and I need it. Personally.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Who Needs Enemies?

Otto Preminger, who for the past decade or so has had a rough time with both critics and audiences, has somewhat redeemed himself with *Such Good Friends,* based on the Lois Gould novel. His film has a bright, slick surface, several cruelly funny sequences, and the kind of fascination that always seems to accompany life-and-death matters in a metropolitan hospital. In this case, however—and what a case it is—it's the opposite side of Dr. Kildare that we get. When Richard Messinger, a young art director and author/illustrator of children's books, enters a Manhattan hospital for the removal of a mole, about all that the latest in medical and surgical techniques can do for him is send him into a coma and finally dispatch him altogether.

But Richard's dreadful fate is not really the story. That belongs to his wife, Julie, who, in the course of a stressful week, discovers a little black appointment book of her husband's and manages to decode its cryptic information. Richard, she learns, has been having a series of affairs with several of her friends, and worse, from her viewpoint, has been having a marvelously lustful time of it. Then, apparently concerned less about poor Richard's appalling condition than about her own wounded feelings, she sets upon a course of revenge.

And this is where, for me, the film fell apart. The screenplay is credited to Esther Dale, a pseudonym, so reliable rumor has it, for Elaine May. And, Miss May's forte being cruel comedy, the rueful tone of the novel has given way to a series of sick jokes and satiric skits. More than that, we are asked to feel sympathy for a woman, Julie, who, upon analysis, is either a monstrous neurotic or a neurotic monster. Consider: Julie stands at a hospital bedside while tubes protrude from her husband's veins, nose, and mouth, and worries about her sex life. Was it good? While waiting for word of life or death, she performs fellatio upon Richard's fat doctor friend, who has had to struggle out of a corset in order to permit the intimacy. The coarseness here of both writing and direction is close to maniacal.

Not for a single moment does the film present Julie (played by Dyan Cannon) as hateful. But indeed she is, from the first moment we see her. This seemingly pleasant woman, with husband, children, and well-furnished apartment, wears to a polite party a dress that parades her bulbous bosom. (We're supposed to attribute this unseemly immodesty to her husband's marital neglect.) At the party, she mentally undresses a pretentious writer, who, in the person of Burgess Meredith, dances around in the buff. Why? I doubt that the answer can be found in Julie's psyche. I rather suspect that the script inventions are aimed at shafting the male ego.

Nothing too wrong about that. What is wrong is the lack of clarity in delineation. Julie's sick values are assumed to be justifiable, but what we see is just another inadequate woman who chose marriage, motherhood, and tasteful comfort as a way of life, then found to her astonishment that she wasn't the be-all and end-all of her husband's existence. Finding this much too much to bear, she presents her body to those males who, if he knew, would irk her husband the most. At the end, with Richard breathing his last, she forgives him. For what? Julie still hasn't an inkling of her own monstrosity. Thus, the film settles for a clever surface, while firmly avoiding all the nasty implications of the story.

Made for Each Other, the work of a husband-and-wife writing and acting team, is a simpler but much more satisfying film. Pandora, an unsuccessful Jewish nightclub performer, and Gig, an Italian who works in "personnel," are neurotics, too, but admittedly so. In fact, they encounter each other, literally, in a group therapy session. Their frenetic love affair is funny, pathetic, and at times painfully real. Each has had a series of "bad relationships," the kind that New York City, behind the hard facades, appears to foster. Each wants to break a "self-destructive pattern," and their grabbing at each other is an admission of desperation.

But they come through. They yell, and scream, and fight, and run away, and return, and finally admit that, though they may be all wrong for each other, they want and need each other. It's a city romance, and the city, caught in moodily realistic photography, is very much part of it. Gig's Italian family is horrendously wonderful; Pandora's Jewish mother is what is familiarly known as "a character." So, in his brief appearances, is her father. Renée Taylor is beautiful in a homely way (or maybe vice versa), and Joseph Bologna matches her in acting sensitivity. Their writing may be a bit gaggy, but it's basically sound and good.

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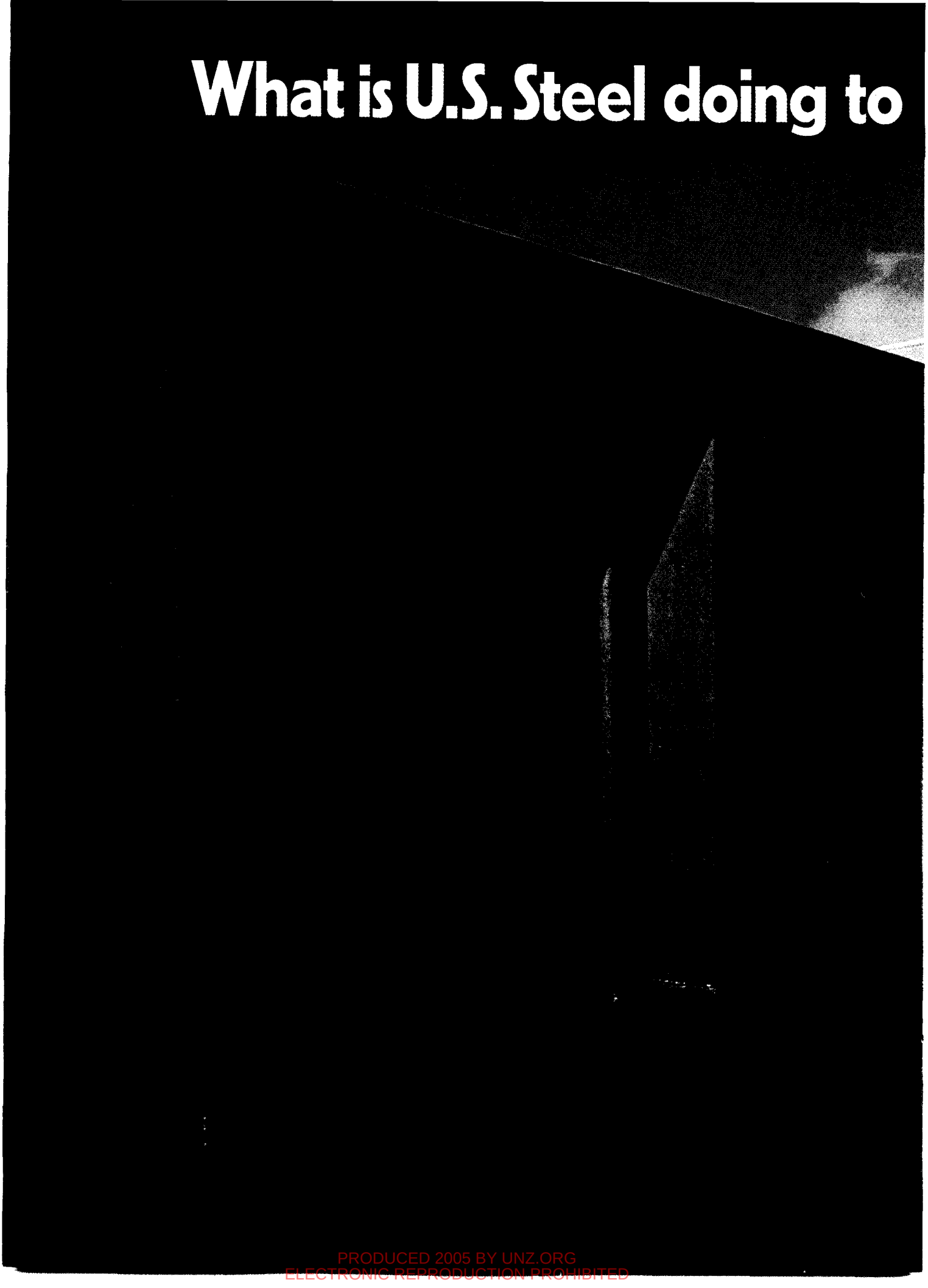

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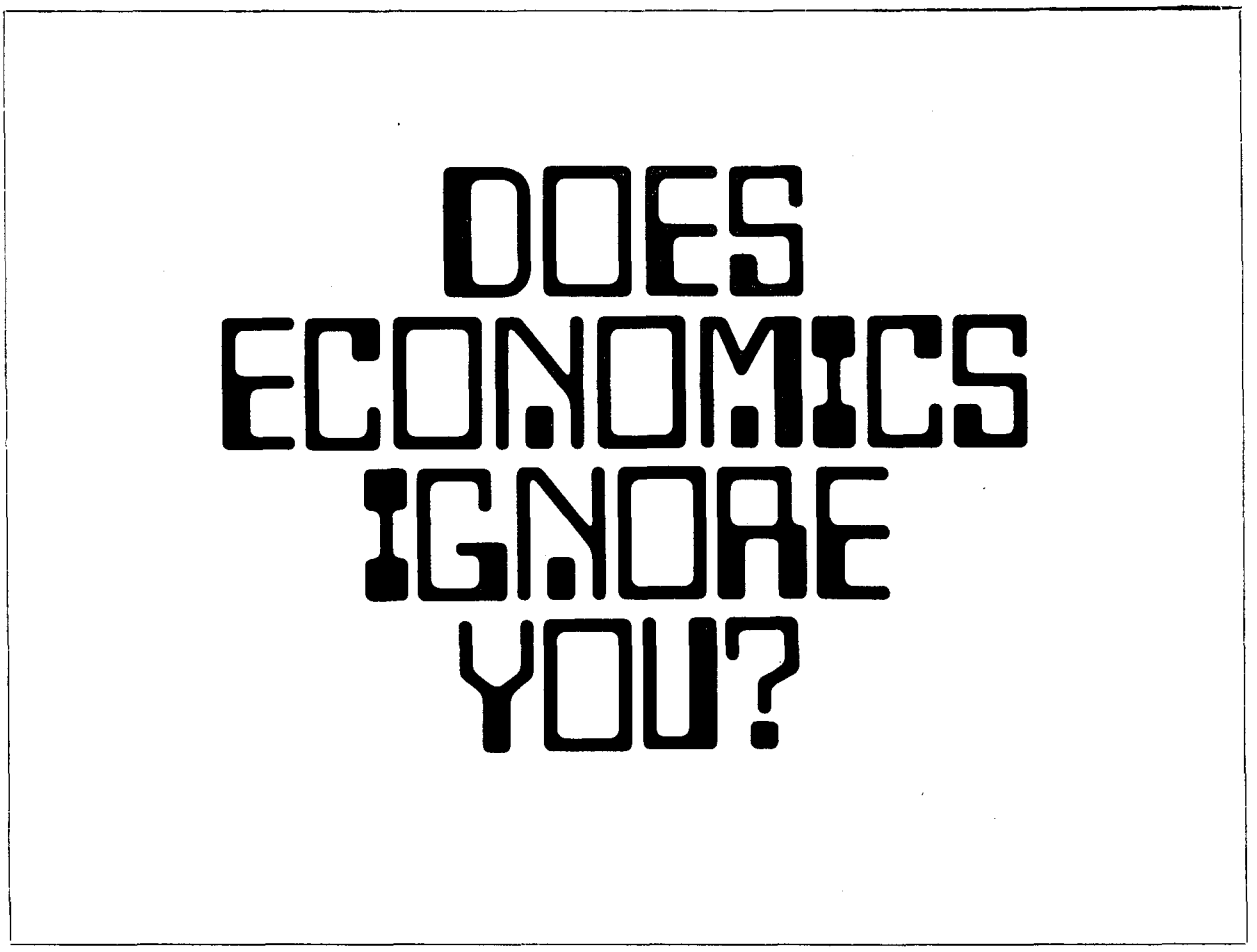

A REPORT ON THE REALITIES AND FANTASIES OF MEN AND MONEY PRESENTED WITH THE COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

In a civilization devoted to material fulfillment, the economist has come close to being regarded as the one true oracle, bearer of pragmatic wisdom, guide on the path to a utopia of perpetually expanding prosperity. His insights are measured by the hard arithmetic of the market place. He has his feet on the ground, his hand on the pulse.

Or does he? The failure of economists to check inflation short of outright wage and price controls, the persistence of high unemployment, and the recent upheavals in international finance are seen by many economists themselves as only the most dramatic signs of the inadequacy of economic policy. This inadequacy is traced in turn to a growing unreality and dehumanization—some call it irrelevance—in economic theory and analysis.

Has economics, in fact, become largely irrelevant; does it ignore you? That is the introspective question to which the contributors—five economists and one economic journalist—address themselves in this special issue of *SR,* the fourteenth in as many years that has been produced in cooperation with the Committee for Economic Development, a group of 200 leading businessmen and educators. The answers of these six experts—who speak for themselves and not necessarily for CED—are predominantly negative in appraising the relevancy of their field.

Through different lenses and with different focuses, they see many of the same problems and generally agree that economics has strayed into an artificial world of oversimplifications and modish mathematics, all designed to make economics neater and more "scientific," but increasingly out of touch with the analytically messy, ultimate subjects of economic study—the men and women who people economies.

Leonard Silk, editorial writer for *The New York Times,* sees in the shortcomings of economics a need for a broader, more humane analysis. Daniel R. Fusfeld of the University of Michigan traces the troubles of modern "post-Keynesian" economics back to the 1960s and the emergence of problems for which economics held no answers. Robert Lekachman of New York State University at Stony Brook examines Phase II and finds that economists—and politicians—entertain fantasies about who gets what and why: the matter of income distribution. Marc J. Roberts of Harvard considers the assumption of economic theory that choices are fixed factors and brands this an archaic fiction in a time when mass advertising is constantly working to influence people's preferences. Robert A. Solo of Michigan State attributes economics' misconceptions to the mathematizing of this social science, which, he feels, has framed economic concepts into abstractions that are beyond the test of reality.

Not all economists, of course, agree with these self-criticisms. If anything, economic tools and analytical approaches are not used enough, insists Charles L. Schultze of the Brookings Institution, who was director of the Bureau of the Budget under President Johnson. Still, the other contributors point to the need for a thorough overhaul of conventional economic wisdom so that it can deal with man as he is and not as their errant art depicts him.

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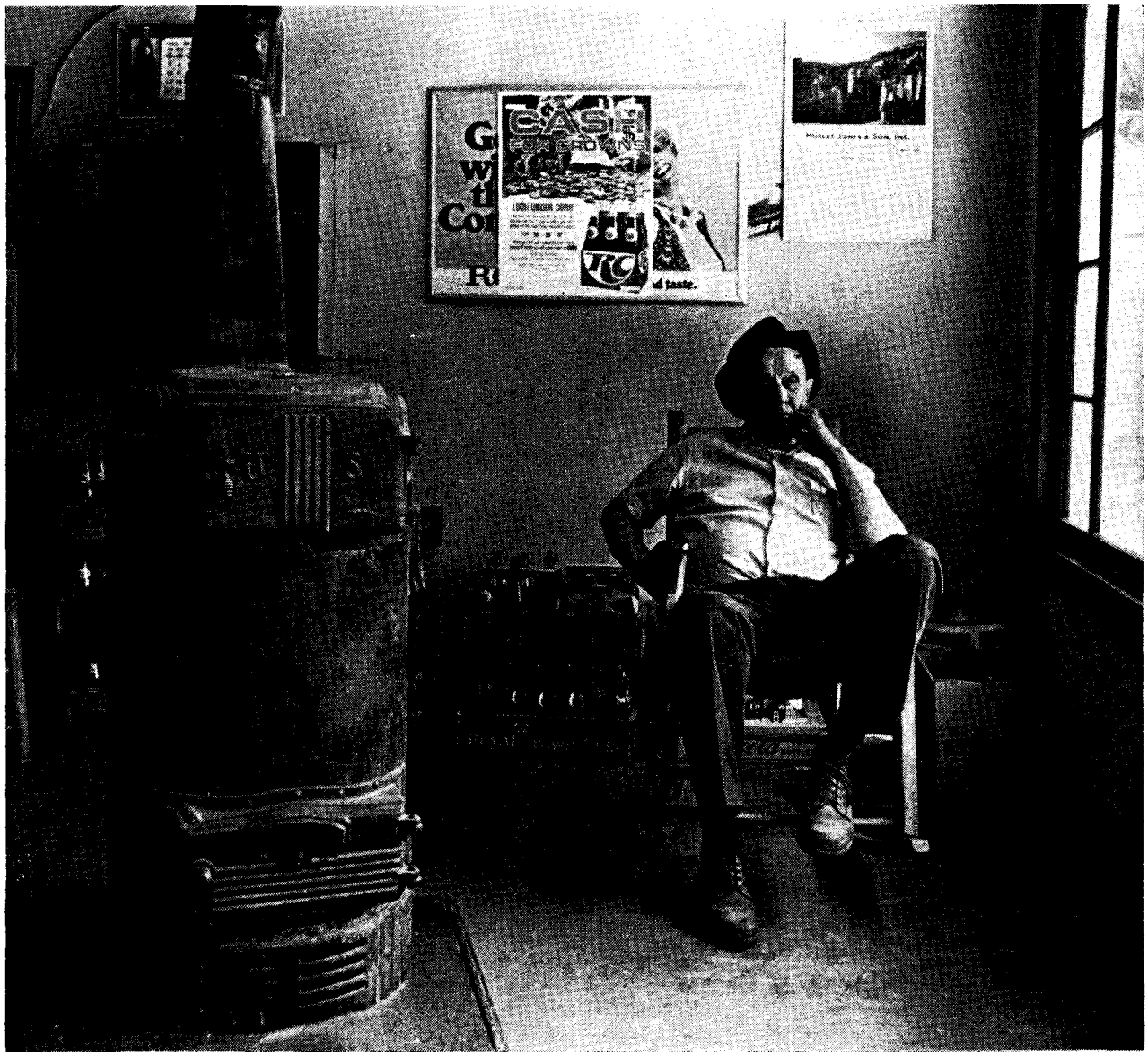
WANTED:
A MORE HUMAN, LESS DISMAL SCIENCE

BY LEONARD SILK

*" 'What constitutes the well-being of a man?' Carlyle asked.
Economics needs a more realistic
conception than income and output data provide."*



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Two centuries ago Edmund Burke proclaimed: "The age of chivalry is gone. That of the sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." But is the age of the economists already come to an end?

Certainly the economists' once exalted reputation for worldly wisdom has been tarnished of late. They generally failed to anticipate the deterioration of the environment stemming from rising production, population growth, and technological advance. Nor did they foresee the impact of rapid economic change on America's cities. They have been preoccupied with economic growth and full employment, but the worrisome lesson of the past decade is that growth and full employment are no answers to what ails the United States.

Still, the economists may survive, if they change their ways. And there are signs that they are doing so. Within their ranks, there is some considerable soul-searching under way over the very philosophical and methodological bases of modern, Western, free-enterprise economics. Most economists today would still maintain, no doubt, that economics is simply a set of analytical techniques, applicable to certain aspects of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption. They would assert that economics aims at increasing the efficient use of resources but cannot specify goals for society.

Theirs is an antiseptic and truly dismal science, but a movement is stirring in the field toward a more human, ultimately more realistic economics. A sizable group of "radical economists" now ardently rejects "efficiency economics." They contend that the professionally cool and neutral economists have, in aiming at efficiency and the growth of production, helped build institutions and shape individual preferences—to the ultimate benefit of private enterprise, not the public weal.

Among economists and social scientists in general, there is mounting concern about the basic methodology of what they call "conventional economics." Conventional economics is the science of choice; it is orderly, definite, and linear, like classical music. Here, says the professor of conventional economics, are the factors of production—land, labor, and capital; decision-makers combine those elements to maximize something—efficiency or production or short- or long-term profits.

But what happens, the critics ask, when research, technological change, innovation, and new ideas become major economic factors in increasing production and productivity? The focus then shifts from the neat strings of factors of production to the complex and unique human personalities and—in a corporate world where the creative process is institutionalized—to the large-scale organizations involved.

Hence, argue the critics of conventional economics, the walls of economic theory must be broken down to let in the other social sciences. Instead of the old simplifying psychological assumption that man is a pleasure/pain, profit/loss calculating machine, economists must look more profoundly at the question of what really makes man tick, alone and in groups. They must find better ways both of improving human beings ("investing in human capital" is the cliché for this) and of improving human performance.

The need for a broader and deeper economic analysis in a number of economic realms is beginning to be recognized. Economists once thought, for instance, that to bring a backward economy into the modern age, the essential job was to transfer gobs of capital to it. This, many now agree, was a laughably inadequate answer. The range of social, psychological, educational, organizational, managerial, political, and even moral complexities involved in economic development has shattered the simplistic assumptions of conventional economists. Similarly the persistence of poverty and the worsening of many social and environmental problems in rich, highly developed societies has forced economists to question the adequacy of their tools for improving human welfare—the classic aim of economics.

In my view, economics unquestionably needs a more realistic conception of human welfare itself than is provided by data on income and output. "What constitutes the well-being of a man?" Carlyle asked in 1839. Wages and the amount of bread his wages will buy, Carlyle answered in part, acknowledging two major areas of economic concern. But these, said Carlyle, were only the preliminaries:

> Can the labourer, by thrift and industry, hope to rise to mastership; or is such hope cut off from him? How is he related to his employer—by bonds of friendliness and mutual help, or by hostility, opposition, and chains of mutual necessity alone? In a word, what degree of contentment can a human creature be supposed to enjoy in this position?
>
> With hunger preying on him, his contentment is likely to be small! But even with abundance, his discontent, his real misery may be great. The labourer's feelings, his notion of being justly dealt with or unjustly; his wholesome composure, frugality, prosperity in the one case, his acrid unrest, recklessness, gin-drinking, and gradual ruin in the other—how shall figures of arithmetic represent all this?

How indeed? Commodities such as justice and opportunity and friendship are hardly touched upon by the usual arid arithmetic of economics. But economists are beginning to recognize such factors as being as central to real well-being as those that are more readily fitted with price tags. In an effort to devise and set forth measurements in these areas, some scholars are seeking to develop indexes of social conditions to set beside the economic indicators, to serve both as measures of well-being and as guides to social policy. The overall result sought is a numerical scale or set of scales that will give a truer picture of well-being than, say, the Gross National Product. The problem of quantification, however, is incredibly difficult because well-being is a complex cultural bundle, not a series of discrete phenomena. Is well-being necessarily increased if people have longer vacations but the highways are choked and the beaches overcrowded? More may not be better, but less is not better either—if it means less health, less freedom of movement in the city, less land, less friendship.

Individuals want very different things. Many really want big, fast cars, electric appliances and gadgets, the pleasures of Las Vegas or the numbers rackets in Harlem, or to hunt animals. Is it possible to reconcile the existing range of subjective preferences with the well-being of all? What degree of freedom is optimal for mankind? Jefferson offers one view, Dostoevsky another, Sartre a third, Camus a fourth, Milton Friedman a fifth, John Kenneth Galbraith a sixth, Leonid Brezhnev a seventh, Mao Tse-tung an eighth, etc.

After a long spell of quiet and even smugness about the state of their art, economists are asking themselves such questions as part of the broader questions of what they should be doing and how. Their answers may turn out to be important for solving some of the perplexing and stubborn problems afflicting this nation and many others. They may ultimately have a great deal to do with how men and nations can be helped to behave more decently and sensibly, with less harm to one another.

Perhaps some danger exists that economics—a limited field, but one with some significant achievements behind it—will drown prematurely in a sea of related disciplines before it has adequately solved some of its own traditional problems, such as how simultaneously to achieve full employment and price stability and how to put together a stable, essentially free, and expanding world economy.

Yet it seems to me that efforts to solve even those traditional economic problems cannot be hampered, but only advanced by a deeper understanding of many matters that lie beyond the boundaries of conventional economics.

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POST-POST-KEYNES: THE SHATTERED SYNTHESIS

BY DANIEL R. FUSFELD

Events of the past five years have shattered a synthesis of economic theory and policy that has dominated thinking about economic issues in the United States for a quarter of a century. This synthesis, referred to by many economists as "post-Keynesian," was based on the national-scale macroeconomics of John Maynard Keynes together with the revived, closeup microeconomics of Alfred Marshall and his followers. The systems of these two great economists were unified in a framework of theory and policy, the principal professional exponent of which has been Paul Samuelson of MIT. The theoretical elements were taught to two generations of college students in Samuelson's great introductory economics text, titled simply and conclusively *Economics*, and by its many imitators. The policy principles were developed through a series of national administrations and expressed in the annual reports of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

And for years it all seemed to be working. The synthesis appeared to provide an efficient analytical framework for understanding and running modern, industrial economies. Policies derived from Keynesian theory seemed capable of sustaining high levels of employment and high rates of economic growth. Marshallian neoclassical economics seemed to explain adequately enough how resources were allocated and incomes distributed in a private, market-oriented economy. In crude terms, producers were seen as responding to consumer demand to turn out the products and services that maximize consumer welfare. Rewards were proportionate to an individual's contribution to production. Economic growth was ensured by the savings and enterprise of a success-oriented private-enterprise economy.

Much of the system rested on the assumption that competition would prevail and concentrated economic power could not control markets for its own benefit. To ensure competition and prevent monopolies from building up, the post-Keynesian synthesis required strong antitrust legislation, and where "natural" monopolies existed, such as in utilities or railroads, vigorous regulation by government agencies was prescribed. But such government intervention in the economic system, it was felt, could be limited. In fact, a number of studies in the 1950s seemed to show that the extent of monopoly was not increasing and that competitive pressures tended to erode monopolistic positions.

The primary role of government was to ensure full employment and growth by the proper mix of spending, taxation, and monetary policy. Although economic problems of a variety of sorts were found, they could largely be resolved as long as full employment and growth were sustained. Even poverty might be ended by a growing economy, for it would bring higher material standards of living and spread them to the poor. The rich might get richer, but the poor would get richer too. The paradigm sketched by the post-Keynesian synthesis was of a benign social order that would move mankind toward a better and more stable future.

Economic growth played a crucial role in the post-Keynesian synthesis, which postulated a smooth expansion of output through increases in productivity financed by savings. Imbalances and discontinuities in the inner workings of the economic machinery are foreclosed by substitution of one factor of production for another; for example, relatively abundant machinery would fill in for labor when manpower became scarce. Short-run imbalances may occur, according to this theory, but they will be overcome in the long run by the flexibility of the private-enterprise economy and its ability to adjust to changing circumstances.

The underlying political implications of this theory of economic growth should be obvious. The theory was developed at a time when planning was being used in the Soviet Union to achieve high rates of economic growth. Indeed, during the early and mid-1960s, when U.S. growth speeded up and Soviet growth slowed down, the U.S. growth rate at its *peak* reached only as high as the Soviet growth rate at its *trough*. Planning was also being used in many underdeveloped countries that were moving toward a variety of socialist types of development programs. Yet the leading Western economists were saying that the traditional forces of the free market in a private-enterprise economy would generate the optimal growth path.

Furthermore, they said, economic growth could provide the resources for a series of domestic reforms and improvements: ending poverty, expanding opportunity, solving urban problems, building houses and highways, even shooting at the moon, although that was mostly a Cold War enterprise. All this could be done, mind you, without rocking the boat by redistributing income or breaking up the great industrial and financial centers of power. The structure of wealth and power would remain untouched.

Economic growth could also provide the resources for aid to the Third World. Aid programs would help keep those nations on our side in the Cold War. Aid would help them take off into sustained economic growth, making their economies more like ours, eventually allowing the aid programs themselves to taper off and end—according to the scenario sketched by W. W. Rostow in his *Stages of Economic Growth*, which was appropriately subtitled "An Anti-Communist Manifesto."

Finally, the post-Keynesian synthesis played a part in the ideological foundations of American foreign policy. Containment of communism and the strategy of the Cold War were based on the belief that communism contained the

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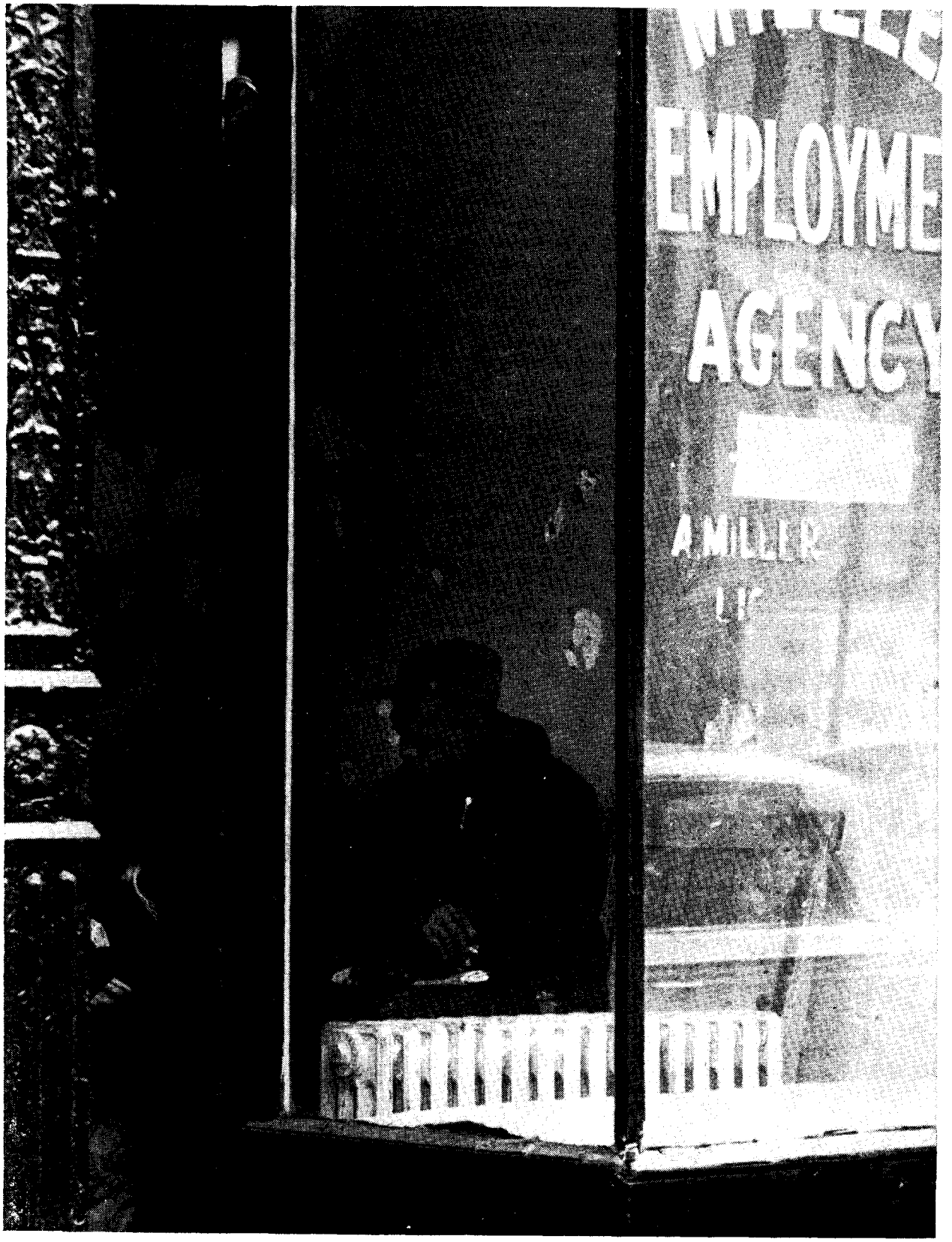
"A large portion of the American people was not participating adequately in the affluence achieved by many."



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seeds of its own downfall. Tensions and conflicts within the Soviet Union and the Communist bloc were expected to weaken and perhaps destroy communism as a threat to the free world and its predominantly capitalist economy. Meanwhile, private enterprise in the managed Western economies would move strongly ahead toward continually higher living standards, economic strength, and material resources. Containment would prevent war, while economic growth would lead the West to superiority and victory.

Within the theoretical and political framework of the post-Keynesian synthesis, solutions seemed to be present for all of the great economic problems of the postwar world. Liberals and reformers flocked to embrace it. Yet, underneath the surface it was the economics of the status quo, of anticommunism and the Cold War, of reform around the edges of the social and economic order.

The post-Keynesian synthesis, in fact, reflected and provided justification for the concentration of power in American society in the years after World World II. The locus of governmental power had shifted to the federal government, and within the federal government to the Executive branch. With world power came a further concentration within the Executive branch itself, into the hands of the national security managers. This growing concentration of political power was paralleled by an increasing concentration of economic power in the business community. A recent Federal Trade Commission study showed that in 1968 the 100 largest manufacturing corporations held a larger share of manufacturing assets than the 200 largest in 1950 and that the 200 largest in 1968 controlled a share equal to that of the 1,000 largest in 1941.

Big business and big government have been coming together in an increasingly symbiotic relationship. Big government needs big business because the giant corporation has become the key to effective functioning of the economy—witness the Penn Central and Lockheed rescue operations—and because big business is the source of the weaponry on which national power rests. Government, in turn, provides the environment of economic growth within which the large corporation flourishes, educates the managers and technicians that big enterprises need, maintains the framework for settlement of labor disputes, and seeks to maintain a system of world order conducive to the growth of international corporations. Concentrated economic and political power are allies.

Sustained full employment and economic growth, emphasized by the Post-Keynesian synthesis, became the twin keystones of an understanding between those who held and exercised power and those who did not. The levers of power remained in the hands of those who managed big business and big government. In exchange for allowing them a relatively free rein, the great middle-income majority obtained the material benefits that accrued from a quarter century of economic expansion.

How smoothly indeed the post Keynesian synthesis seemed to be working, both in theory and in practice. Then, in the 1960s, at the height of its influence, the synthesis began to be faced with a group of problems that it could not handle effectively.

Inflation was the first to appear. The monetary and fiscal policies designed to achieve full employment and economic growth seemed to generate rising prices when full employment neared. Even during substantially slack economic periods, price levels showed an upward creep.

An incomes policy—government control of wages and prices—was never envisaged in the post-Keynesian synthesis, for one of its chief points is the idea that management of the economy need not extend into the microeconomic domain of wages, prices, profits, and incomes generally. But, of course, an incomes policy has come to us full force with the phases of the Nixon controls—an acknowledgment by a Republican administration that the private sector alone cannot be relied on to achieve stabilizing results in these areas.

Closely related to the problem of domestic inflation is a second problem: the continuing crisis in the international monetary system. The U.S. deficit in its balance of international payments, sustained since 1950 with the exception of the Suez crisis years, 1957-58, finally wrecked the system established at Bretton Woods in 1944. The immediate cause of the problem was U.S. private investment and military expenditures abroad on a scale too great to be financed by a favorable balance of trade. When our favorable trade balance fell victim to domestic inflation at the same time that military spending was vastly increased, the end quickly came. A historic devaluation of the dollar has resulted.

A deeper issue lurks beneath these events. A nation's domestic economic policies influence its balance of international payments, and its balance of payments limits the freedom it has in pursuing domestic economic goals. Moreover, the balance of payments of the United States, as the dominant nation in world trade and finance, affects the balance of payments of other nations, which affects their domestic economic policies and limits the alternatives among which they can choose. In this way, our domestic economic policies ultimately weigh on those of other nations. These are worldwide economic relationships that the post-Keynesian synthesis had hardly considered and for which it has almost no policy prescriptions.

A third problem to emerge in the 1960s concerned the underdeveloped countries. Growth of the advanced economies was supposed to generate capital resources that could be channeled into the less-developed economies, getting them started on the path to self-sustained growth. It didn't work out that way. Economic growth was spotty, and, as Gunnar Myrdal and others pointed out, in many areas there was a reverse drain of capital and skilled manpower out of the underdeveloped areas and into the advanced international economy. Meanwhile, the public health technology of the advanced countries was imported into the backward nations, causing declining death rates and rapid population growth that literally ate up the gains from economic growth. The gap between the rich and poor nations tended to widen rather than narrow, which is just the opposite of the results suggested by economic orthodoxy.

These three issues—inflation, the international financial system, and underdeveloped nations—were serious problems, but they did not involve the implicit values and goals of the post Keynesian synthesis. In recent years, however, a series of issues which do just that has come to the fore: economic growth, the environment, the racial problem, and militarism. The discussions of these issues did not center on the theoretical basis of the post-Keynesian synthesis. Rather, its implicit policy goals were questioned, along with the social and economic institutions it sought to explain.

The once sacrosanct goal of economic growth was the first to be criticized, with the onslaught being led in this country by John Kenneth Galbraith and in England by E. J. Mishan. Galbraith pointed out that an economy dominated by private decisions about consumption and production tends to starve its public sector. This is especially true when motivations center on individual gains in income and wealth. Private spending on luxuries and entertainment expands while such foundations of the future as education and basic science are slighted. Furthermore, modern marketing and advertising techniques are used by business firms to mold consumer spending to their needs as producers, instead of adjusting production to match a pristine pattern of consumer wants. The system as a whole operates for the benefit of producers rather than con-

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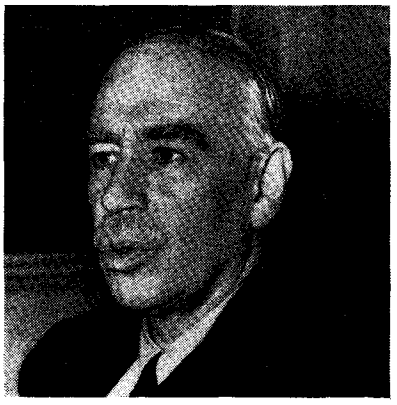
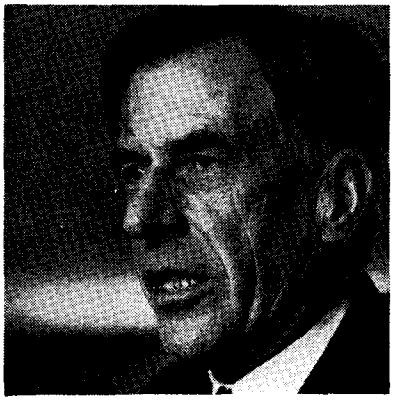
The pursuit of economic growth, based on the thinking of John Maynard Keynes, . . .





. . . was the first such goal to be criticized, with John Kenneth Galbraith leading the onslaught.

sumers, if Galbraith's analysis is reasonably correct, and its goal is the aggrandizement of business wealth instead of the individual's welfare.

Mishan went even further, arguing that a materialistic society interested primarily in piling up more and more material goods was destructive of humane values and pursued goals antithetical to human happiness. The important point about Mishan's argument is not its novelty—his views are even older than the science of economics itself—but in its popularity It struck a note that many were eager to hear.

The views expressed by Galbraith and Mishan were echoed by a new generation of youth disenchanted with the materialism of middle-income America, by workers dissatisfied with the monotony of their jobs and the limited horizons of their lives, and by blacks and Latins condemned to low wages, poverty, and welfare. Disenchantment, hostility, and alienation became facts of life for the economist as well as the psychiatrist to consider.

The growing militarism of American life raised further questions about economic goals. In the 1950s and 1960s, the greatest industrial nation in the world was using between 10 and 15 per cent of its huge and increasing output for military and related purposes. The obvious question arose: What is the advantage of economic growth if a large portion of the gain is used for wasteful or destructive purposes? But underlying that was an even more basic question: What is it about the economic system that drives it (or allows it to be driven) to such ends? Had military expenditures created such strong vested interests in the "military-industrial complex" that there was no going back to a humane economy? If these questions generated breezes of doubt before 1965, after the war in Southeast Asia escalated to high levels, they brought storms of dissent.

An equally fundamental issue arose as many people became aware of the potential environmental crisis the industrial nations seemed to be heading for. A growing economy produces increasing amounts of waste, and one in which high consumption levels are a major feature contributes even more. Modern industrial technology, furthermore, was not developed with compatibility with the natural environment in mind. Would continued economic growth destroy the ecological base not only of the economy but of human life as well? The economics of the post-Keynesian synthesis had no answer to that question, and the ameliorative measures suggested were only partial responses to a huge problem.

Finally, the persistence of poverty and the emergence of the urban-racial crisis in the United States in the late 1960s pointed up the fact that a large portion of the American people was not participating adequately in the affluence achieved by many. A devastating social and economic conflict emerged in the midst of what should have been a society with reduced conflict—because of growing affluence. It became clear that the benefits of affluence were *not* being so widely diffused as to strengthen the social fabric.

By now, even the orthodox post-Keynesian economist has good reason to doubt that the private-enterprise, market-oriented economy can resolve its problems effectively. A high-pressure economy has brought new strains on the social fabric and exposed intractable problems. Growth is now seen as potentially unbalanced, misdirected, or destructive. Inflation, a succession of international financial crises, problems of the Third World, cities torn by conflict, an endangered natural environment, militarism, the persistence of poverty, and growing alienation—instead of increased well-being, there is a crisis of confidence.

The tacit agreement between the haves and the have-nots has broken up. The war in Southeast Asia laid bare the shift in the locus of power to a relatively small group whose control over the decision-making process is supplemented by careful manipulation of public opinion and political process. The gains from economic growth stopped as the costs of the war escalated. Many young people saw, perhaps more clearly than their elders, the essential polity compromise that traded affluence for power and refused to accept it. Blacks and other minority groups, segregated in their urban ghettos and developing a racial and political consciousness, refused to accept their continued status as second-class citizens. The whole system of polity broke down. Along with it went the orthodox post-Keynesian synthesis of theory and policy. The paradigm of a smoothly adjusting system of largely competitive markets that produces what consumers want, provides rewards appropriate to effort, and is assured of stable economic growth through Keynesian macroeconomics policies lost its credibility. A growing radical movement sees the economic and political systems as essentially malign rather than benign, antagonistic to humane values rather than supportive of them. Contemporary economics is in crisis because the social order is in crisis, unable to go back to the old and unwilling to strike boldly toward the new.

The problems of the present indicate the path to the future. A reconstruction of economics—a new synthesis and a new paradigm — will have to move toward greater concern for humane values, toward a humane economy on a worldwide scale.

A humane economy requires more than prosperity and economic growth, more than efficient allocation of resources. It demands changes in the framework of economic institutions to achieve greater equality and freedom. It requires dispersal of the economic power and governmental authority that support the present disposition of income, wealth, and power. It requires a social environment that brings a sense of community and fellowship into human relationships. It demands compatibility among man, his technology, and the natural environment. And all of these things must be done on a worldwide scale. These are the goals of the future, to which economists and everyone else will have to devote their energies.

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DOES ECONOMICS
IGNORE YOU?

PHASE II: CASTING LIGHT ON ECONOMIC POWER

BY ROBERT LEKACHMAN

When President Nixon on August 15 stunned his countrymen with an array of government wage and price controls unmatched since the Korean War, he took pains to reassure his TV audience that "every action I have taken tonight is designed to nurture and stimulate the competitive spirit." His address was plentifully strewn with such inspirational phrases as the "challenge of competition," "inner drive," and "economic and personal freedom." And administration spokesmen have since reiterated their desire to shuck controls and return, so runs the implication, to a status quo ante of unbridled competition.

Presumably, a substantial number of ordinary Americans accept this official view of the American economy, namely, that it is, most of the time, an engine powered by uncoerced, inner-motivated decisions of legions of ardently competing businessmen and hordes of their customers; such, indeed, is the thrust of conventional economic thought in the United States. Its profoundly conservative perspective intimates that success is ultimately related to individual merit and application—that economic power and income gravitate toward those who, like successful quarterbacks and attorneys, mingle grit and determination with superior mental or physical attributes. If ability is distributed in the manner of income, why then, according to this perspective, shouldn't the affluent 5 per cent at the top of the heap receive their customary 20 per cent of the national income? Conversely, poverty is seen as representing the inadequacies of the poor. So why shouldn't the bottom 20 per cent get only 5 per cent of the national income?

However, one need not be an economist—it may even help to be formally ignorant of the glum science—to perceive that in big business, at least, competitive acumen and zeal are hardly the only determinants of money-making. In fact, in industry after major industry—oil, shipping, airlines, communications, farming, utilities, and broadcasting for a start—the decisions of regulatory agencies, Congress, and the White House have more impact upon sales and profits than either old-fashioned competition among the sellers or spontaneous demand by the customers.

Thus, far from its being a temporary departure from unbridled competition as the American way of economic life, Phase II does represent an acting out of something much closer to our real economics. Above all, Phase II is a struggle over public power affecting the distribution of income; so is much of our regular economic activity. The elements in the Phase II struggle, however, are more visible and less deniable than counterparts in the "free" economy extolled by Mr. Nixon. Phase II and its difficulties therefore provide some particularly revealing reflections on much of our economic machinery and how it really runs.

Gladiatorial contests between President Nixon and George Meany in the public arena provided by Phase II, assorted quarrels among the contending pay board blocs, and other such divertisements are adornments to serious arguments over who is to have power to set wage rates and how the sales dollar is ultimately to be divided between wages and profits.

Phase II's pay board and the price commission, in their daily labors, must cope with a large collection of individual demands by employees for pay increases and by businessmen for price increases, the second often occasioned in whole or in part by the first. All too often what the applicants seek far exceeds the guidelines. The wisdom of Solomon frequently is required to deal justly with workers inequitably situated by comparison with like groups, or with industries that face bankruptcy unless generous price relief is rapidly forthcoming, or with militant unions that threaten protracted (and potentially inflationary) strikes unless their (inflationary) demands are met.

Nevertheless, all is well so long as high wage awards are balanced by low ones affecting equal numbers of workers and, on the price front, the big advances are offset by small ones or even rollbacks of similar significance to the price indexes. It's the averages that matter in containing inflation, not the overplump individual benefits to corporations or employees. Then why doesn't the whole affair proceed more smoothly? If the intent of the controls is to leave management and unions in approximately the same relative position, why should either party complain?

One reason, of course, is the suspicion by both contestants that the outcome of the control process is likely to be not the status quo but a shift of relative income and power to either the business or the labor community. On the whole, labor has been more wary than business, and with some cause. To begin with, business has been generally receptive to the President's controls (a reason all by itself for the AFL-CIO to take the opposite position) and to Mr. Nixon himself. In fact, the President has enjoyed business support, financial and political, unexampled since Barry Goldwater frightened businessmen into the embrace of Lyndon Johnson in 1964. And whatever public criticism of specific administration actions corporate spokesmen may utter, business—and labor—has good reason to esteem the President as business's great friend in Washington. Indulgent tax policies, pro-business appointments to the regulatory agencies, preservation of oil quotas, and extraction from the protesting Japanese of textile quotas all bespeak such a friendship.

From labor's point of view, Presidential appointments to the pay board confirm their suspicions. Of the five public members of the board, who

(Continued on page 45)

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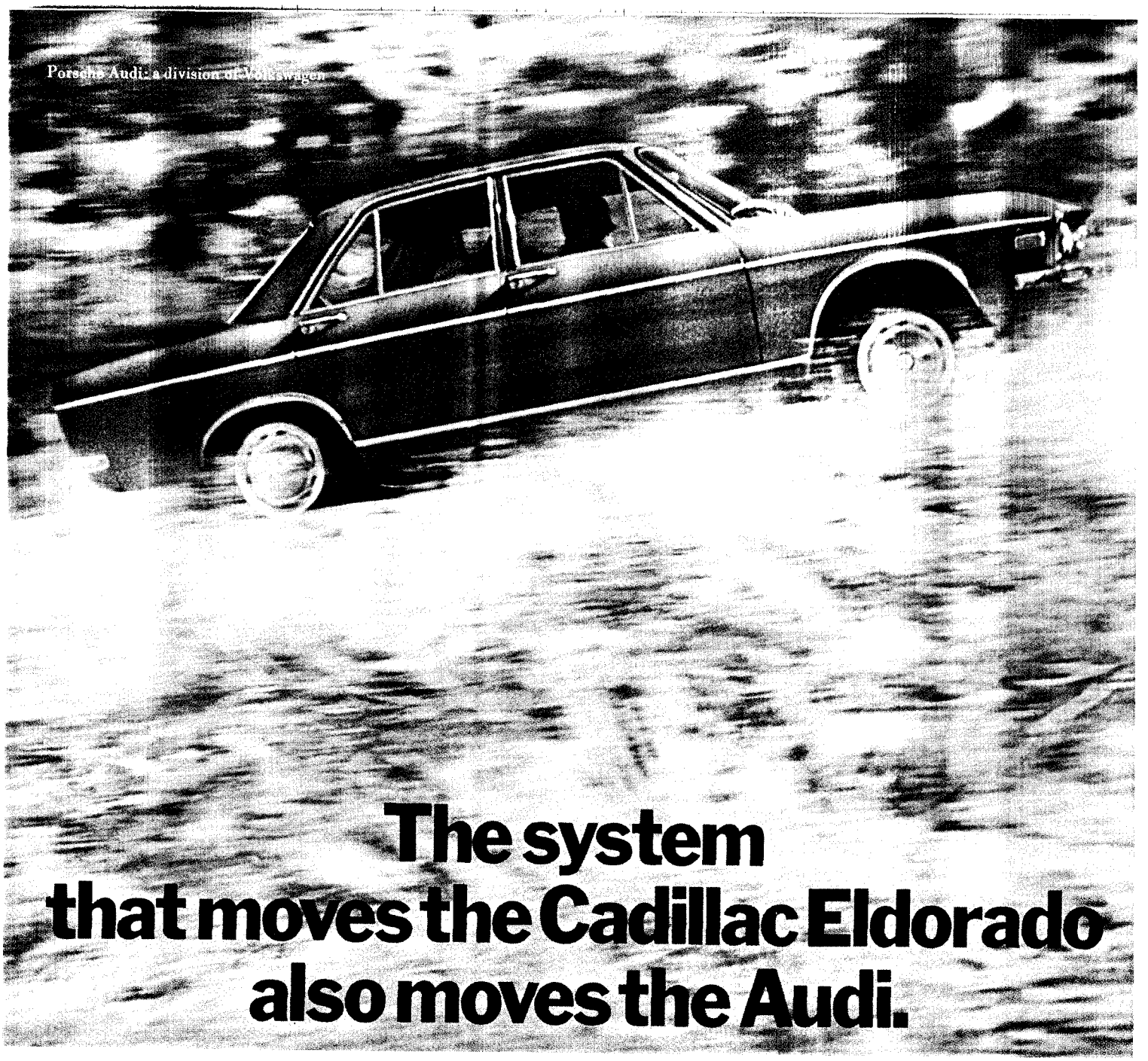

The system that moves the Cadillac Eldorado also moves the Audi.

But we had it first.

Virtually every car in the world moves by a system known as rear-wheel drive. Which means the rear wheels *push* the car.

The Audi (and, of course, the Eldorado) moves by a system known as front-wheel drive. Which means the front wheels *pull* the car.

This gives you two distinct advantages:

One, it lets you corner surer. Even on the meanest, most terrifying curve.

And two, it gives you better traction on any kind of surface: rain, snow, mud, even ice.

Besides the Cadillac Eldorado, the Audi has some of the best features of six other great automobiles.

1. The Audi has the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car.

2. The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car.

3. It's got the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental.

4. It's got just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

5. Its interior bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

6. You get the same kind of expert service with an Audi as you do with a Volkswagen. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

A lot of car manufacturers nowadays give you exactly what you pay for.

In the case of the Audi, we give you a lot more.

The Audi®

It's a lot of cars for the money.

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More people ride on Goodyear ...true for 57

1915 Buick

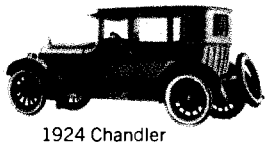
1923 Stearns

1931 Durant

1939 Packard

1947 Kaiser

1916 Oldsmobile

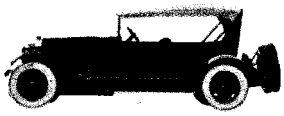

1924 Chandler

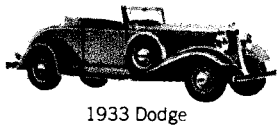
1932 Essex

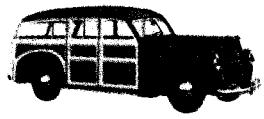
1940 Mercury

1948 Dodge

1917 Oakland

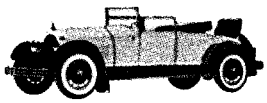

1925 Locomobile


1933 Dodge


1941 Plymouth

1949 Ford

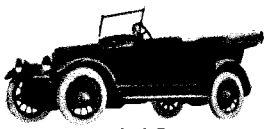
1918 Ford Model "T"


1926 Kissel

1934 Chrysler Airflow

1942 Lincoln

1950 Pontiac

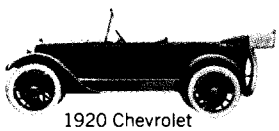

1919 Franklin

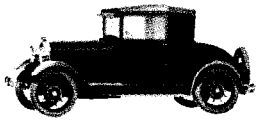
1927 Jordan

1935 Cadillac

1943 Military Amphibian

1951 Nash Rambler

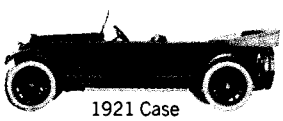

1920 Chevrolet

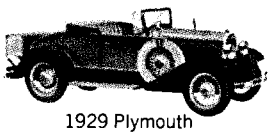

1928 Ford Model "A"

1936 Terraplane

1944 Willys Jeep

1952 Plymouth


1921 Case

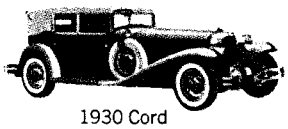

1929 Plymouth

1937 LaSalle

1945 Staff Car (Ford)

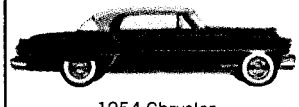
1953 Mercury

1922 Mercer


1930 Cord

1938 Ford

1946 DeSoto


1954 Chrysler

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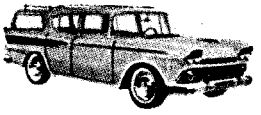
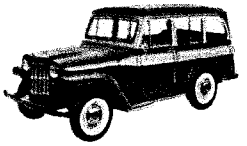
tires than on any other kind consecutive years

1955 Chevrolet

1957 Thunderbird


1959 Rambler


1961 Willys

1963 Dodge

1956 Dodge

1958 DeSoto

1960 Valiant

1962 Falcon

1964 Chevrolet

The 1971 Reason Why: Polyglas...Big on traction. Big on strength. Big on mileage. It all adds up to value.

1965 Marlin

1966 Mustang

1967 Plymouth VIP

1968 Pontiac Firebird

1969 AMX

1970 Ford Torino

1971 Dodge Charger 500

GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread – T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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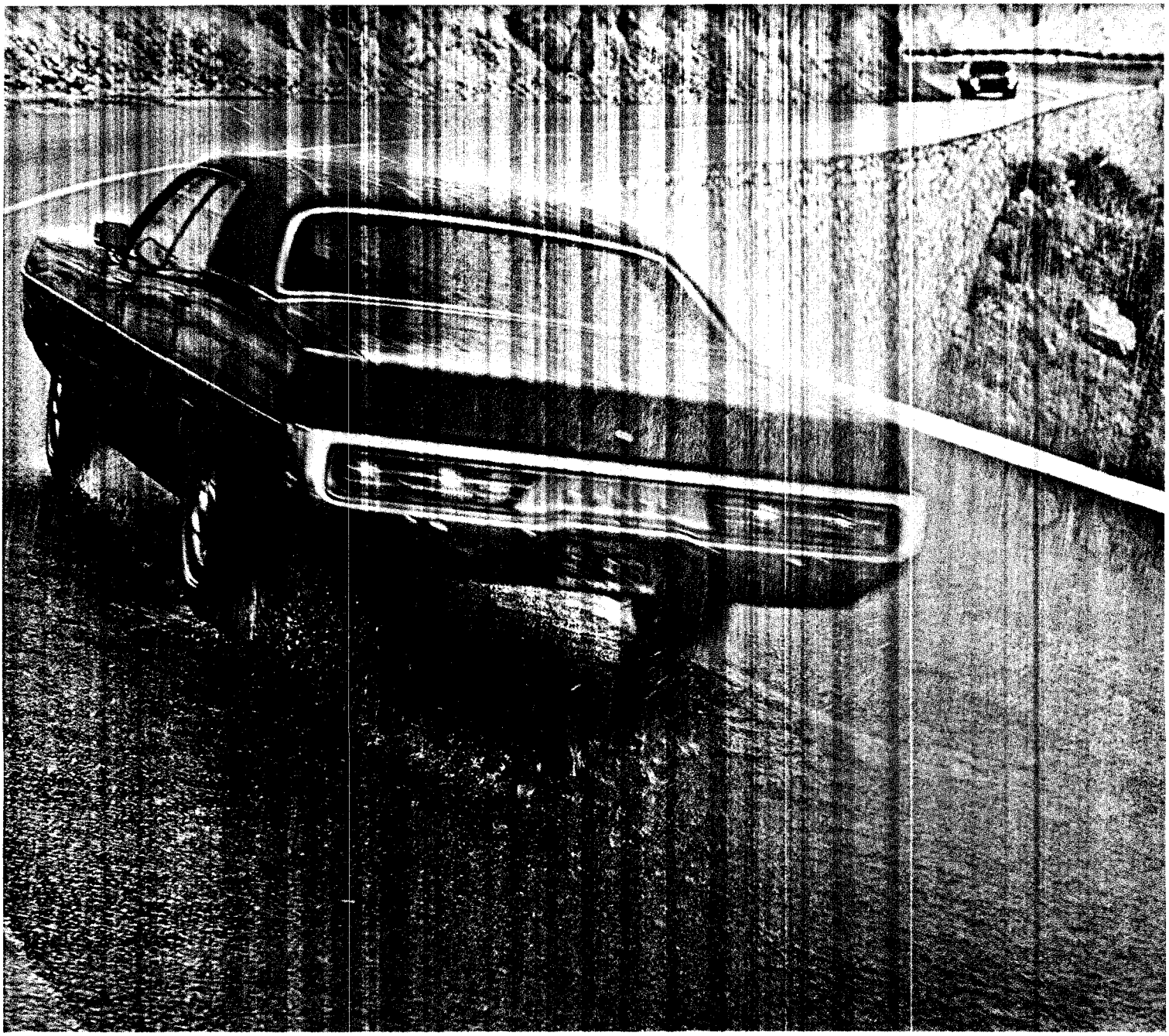

General Electric helps cut ⅛ inch out of curves like this. That can cut accidents 85%.

"Slippery when wet" is more than a warning to drivers. It could serve as an epitaph for the nearly 8,000 people who died in accidents on rain-slick roads last year.

But highway safety experts have a way to save many of those lives. To cut accidents, they're cutting roads.

It's a technique called "grooving." High-speed saws—with a cutting edge of General Electric Man-Made™ diamonds—slice parallel grooves into roads at hazardous curves.

The grooves, just an eighth inch deep, give tires something extra to hold onto. And in the rain, this has proved to be the difference between life and death.

A nine-year study in California shows grooving has cut wet-weather accidents 85%.

The GE Man-Made diamonds are made precisely for the job, and actually do a better job of slicing roads than natural diamonds.

It's only one way GE technology is helping solve transportation problems.

GE motors and controls power new automated mass-transit systems. GE turbines drive giant containerized ships. And virtually smokeless GE jet engines fly the new DC-10.

The transportation industry is always looking for better, safer ways to go. And the people at General Electric are working to find them.

Men helping Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Phase II: Casting Light ...

Continued from page 40

hold the balance between labor and management representatives, a Republican judge appointed by Dwight Eisenhower was named chairman, and the others named included a former administration official fresh from an important post in the Office of Management and Budget, a former vice president for industrial relations of Inland Steel, and an ex-member of the Council of Economic Advisers during the Eisenhower administration.

Nothing is perfect, and businessmen too have had their grievances, notably over the price commission's stubborn reluctance to automatically allow price hikes substantial enough to cover the largest pay awards. If a general pattern of such behavior should occur, business's profit margins would shrink and income nationally would undergo some redistribution in the direction of workers, both organized and unorganized.

But the likelihood is that no such pattern will be sustained, and in terms of the distribution of income the unions fear and say they detect an opposite direction. In George Meany's colorful rhetoric:

"Today's political cliché—'reordering national priorities'—has been applied with a vengeance by President Nixon. But he applied it in reverse.

"Unprecedented and unhealthy tax relief to corporations would be the ultimate effect of the keystone of the President's new economic program. It would reverse progress in America. The government of compassion, which many believed had come into being, would be halted. Corporate profit-and-loss charts—not the public need—would have first priority. The poor, the cities and states, federal employees, wage and salary earners—all would foot the bill, and the sole beneficiaries would be the wealthy and the corporations."

That the bulk of the tax breaks was going to businessmen instead of ordinary working stiffs was quite enough to mobilize the Meany ire, no meager emotion. As labor saw it, wages seemed likely to be more tightly regulated than rent, profits, dividends, and interest, all of which were either exempted entirely or restrained much more loosely and much less publicly than wages. The investment tax credit, now dubbed the job development credit, was a way of adding to corporate cash flow without lifting apparent profits. Accelerated depreciation has a similar effect. From these attractive devices, stockholders who held on could anticipate rising securities prices and ultimate capital gains, taxed at soothingly low rates. The combination of tax concessions, accounting changes, indulgent controls over property income, and outright exemption promised (or, according to taste, threatened) a substantial shift in the distribution of income away from labor and toward capital. Rightly or wrongly (I believe on the whole rightly), labor spokesmen have consistently so interpreted Nixon policies and control devices.

All of this is sufficient to explain the bitter struggles over the payment of retroactive wage gains and the validity of contracts signed before controls were imposed. For unions as for their employers, money is itself important. But still more vital is the sanctity of collective bargaining agreements. Unions derive their influence over increasingly restive memberships from their capacity to negotiate contract gains that stick. Any intimation that these gains are subject to the pleasures of a not necessarily sympathetic national administration, in which employers exercise inordinate influence, necessarily impairs the credibility of union officials with ordinary members, diminishes their ability to negotiate contracts acceptable to the membership, and increases wage-earner dependence upon politicians in place of leaders who cannot deliver.

Such considerations are weighed in an old and continuing pattern of embattlement that has little to do with conventional economic notions about competition. At the plant level, local officials struggle hard over job definitions, work rules, the introduction of new processes, retimings of old ones, and the minutiae of rest breaks, locker-room facilities, sick leaves, and vacation schedules. At contract renewal time, national negotiators struggle with equal vehemence over the division of the sales dollar. Time and again, friendly or hostile Presidents pleasantly or painfully influence the course of negotiation. An armory of federal statutes awaits the selective enforcement of Secretaries of Labor and the Department of Justice. Often Congress is impelled to intervene. As these external battles ebb and flow, private intra-union clashes between old and young, blacks and whites, newcomers and veterans, skilled and unskilled operatives, and male and female workers must somehow be, if not resolved, at least cooled.

Probably in the end what workers in general can get is in a large way related to productivity, just as economists assert. But hardened unionists ought to be pardoned if they interpret the negotiating process at all levels and, on occasions far removed from Phase II, as an exercise in the uses of power. The union model of reality, in fact, focuses upon politics and power rather than upon competitive markets and marginal productivity. Like all other models of the world, it contains distortions and oversimplifications. Still, when unions argue that income and wealth are generated by private and public power as well as by more conventional economic processes, then unions have come to terms with an essential aspect of American experience.

This praise of union realism has as a corollary an implicit criticism of economic theory. The brutal fact is that economists cherish an intellectually splendid explanation of how free, reasonably competitive markets operate to maximize producer efficiency and consumer gratification. The only difficulty is in locating out there the markets the economists talk about. The profession lacks a generally accepted doctrine of the way in which powerful economic organizations, above all the giant corporation, exercise sovereignty.

Lacking a doctrine to explain events in other than competitive markets, economists are tempted to believe that, with all their empirical imperfections, existing markets do allocate resources with reasonable efficiency. They are similarly inclined to the judgment that, despite even graver institutional flaws, the existing arrangements for income distribution do roughly measure collective market judgments upon the comparative contributions of assorted human beings and varied nonhuman resources.

Until economists grapple rather more seriously than any but a radical fringe has thus far attempted to do with the realities of the concentration of economic power and until the profession recovers from its two-century-old romance with free competition, economists are unlikely to have anything very useful to add as theorists to the comprehension of such economic adventures as a conservative President's unanticipated conversion to dirigisme.

I make no forecast here of the success or failure of Phase II or the identity of the winners and losers in the continuing contest for pay, profit, and power. Of one thing I am unfortunately certain: Economists have lamentably failed in their duty of rationally explaining the nature of the contest and its relationship to American economic patterns in general. If one of the unexpected consequences of August 15 and after is stimulus to the construction of a persuasive explanation of power and influence in the economy, Mr. Nixon will have done economists and the public an unexpected favor.

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AN UNSIMPLE MATTER OF CHOICE

BY MARC J. ROBERTS

Current economic theory is built upon a classic, simplified view of man and his psychology. Economic man, if anything, is even more simplified than Platonic man. Do people always know exactly what they "really" want, no matter how complex the options? Will people always choose what makes them "happiest" or "best off"? Are individual choices effectively immune from outside influence and manipulation? Economic theory's answer to all of these questions basically is yes. Some of economics' greatest—and most outmoded—simplifications, in fact, are centered on the assumption of rational, purposeful, and autonomous choice by individuals who make up an economic system.

Yet an analysis based on such an assumption is hard pressed to make sense out of many modern situations. For example, suppose we consider improving the level of water quality in a river that runs through a large city. Some vexing technical complications aside, economic analysis essentially suggests that we compare the cost of making the improvement with what people would be willing to pay for the benefits it would bring, in order to decide whether or not to undertake the project. Suppose we were to take this counsel seriously and go and ask people what they would be willing to pay for a body of water near at hand that they could swim and boat in. Many would be at a loss to give a reasonable answer. How accurately can a man know how much he prizes an experience or opportunity he has not had?

If we asked someone to put a price on the value of a river after it had been cleaned up and he had enjoyed its purified waters, would it differ from the value he assigned when the river was running dirty? Probably. The evidence is that experiencing an opportunity changes the degree of people's preferences for that opportunity. Almost all studies of the adoption of new goods have shown that familiarity breeds attachment. In the beginning, new goods are accepted slowly. But their rate of diffusion gradually accelerates as information about them and social pressures to acquire them expands.

Many of the questions society now faces, in fact, involve policies that will alter the preferences of individuals. How much, for instance, would a man accustomed to having his automobile carry him nearly everywhere eventually value and use a fast, flexible public transit system if he had one? Who, including the automobilist himself, can say before the fact?

In an earlier, simpler time when a farmer had to decide whether to trade some of his corn for potatoes or for seeds, the notion of fixed and autonomous choice by individuals perhaps more literally reflected reality. But consider a modern, socially insecure adolescent debating about purchasing an underarm deodorant, a hairspray, a mouthwash, or some cologne—all of which have been heavily advertised as enhancers of sexual attractiveness. In terms of the meaning and significance of choice, is this case really indistinguishable from the farmer selecting his family's vegetables? I am afraid that only someone with graduate training in economics is likely to fail to see the differences.

The fact is that an individual's preferences and the sort of choice he is inclined to make in a given situation are affected by any number of unaccountable pushes and pulls, not the least of which are governmental and corporate policies. Ignoring the fact that choices are affected by such policies is not a "neutral" error. It has the conservative effect of giving ethical significance to existing preferences.

If economics is to cope with such complex interrelationships, it will require a more complex view of man and the choices he makes. Economics today views man not only as extraordinarily simple but as almost limitlessly powerful. Men always know their own minds with perfect clarity and consistency. The implication of every option for their level of "utility" is immediately obvious—and clearly defined. But how can we seriously defend this naïve view of harmonious, unitary choice and motive long after Freud and others have given us so much more powerful and subtle a perspective on individual behavior? Simple introspection alone tells us that our choices are complicated and often difficult, subject to conflicting pressure and self-doubt. We do not, for instance, balance the call of duty and the pull of immediate pleasure by an obvious and infallible comparison of the "utility" offered by each alternative.

No doubt economic simplifications concerning choice have much value. They do provide models that are transparent in structure, easy to manipulate, and useful for clarification of thinking. But from the standpoint of understanding real economic behavior, the basic structure of microeconomics that every graduate student struggles so to master is of surprisingly limited practical assistance. As Columbia economist Kelvin Lancaster has put it, the theory demonstrates how to extract "a minimum of results from a minimum of assumptions."

In the relationship of choice to human welfare, where economic analysis could be of some help, we don't even use it properly. Sloppy thinking has led us to the unjustified view that the relative capacity of individuals to make certain kinds of choice—that is, their purchasing power is a generally valid measure of their well-being. Thus, we have come to accept a narrow definition of "income" as the basic index for the impact of public policy.

But the notion that income is a measure of well-being or welfare does not even follow from a careful reading of the relevant economic theory. Here is a case of economics not only being inadequate but not even taking seriously the insights it does provide.

Our economic statistics and their exceedingly narrow reference to the important choices in real life shed very little light on what has come to be known as the "quality of life." The sense of deprivation due to discrimination, the fear and unpleasantness of a decaying urban neighborhood, loneli-

(Continued on page 60)

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NEW MATHS AND OLD STERILITIES

BY ROBERT A. SOLO

It comes down to this: The Establishment economics that is taught in the universities, proliferated in the journals, regurgitated in the councils of government, with all its mountains of published outputs, has not advanced our capacity to control our economy beyond what it was in the late 1930s.

That after the clear failure of neoclassical and Keynesian concepts and techniques of monetary and fiscal control, the nation is left with no answer to the persistent and profound economic problems of inflation and unemployment save a wage-price freeze in the manner of World War I or World War II, attests to the sterility of economic thought and policy. So does antitrustism, cast in the mold of the 1890s and allowing no role for industrial policy except to preserve market competition. In fact, the attack on monopoly has foundered of its own ineptitude, although the ritual threats continue. And when faced with a truly dangerous phenomenon, such as the conglomerate mergers of the 1960s, produced by financial manipulators making grist for their security mills, the professional antitrust economists were silent. Like other realities of a modern enterprise, this phenomenon, which will probably subvert management effectiveness and organizational rationale for generations, is outside their conceptual framework.

What remains for economics? International trade? Endless arabesques on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century themes. Economic development? Hackneyed formulas for sound money and capital accumulation and Malthusian forewarnings coupled with blinders against the realities and morals of politics. Urban economics? When confronted with the profound problem of racism, racial conflict, segregation, and the black ghetto in the deteriorating city, the economic tour de force was to consider racism as a matter of market perferences of and for blacks and whites.

There has also been a failure to develop less costly, more effective tools of public choice and policy implementation. Thus the gold standard, deficit financing, rediscounting, open market

"The notion that corporate policy can be understood as the personal choice of a self-seeking individual is accepted even by those who grope through the labyrinths of organizational power."

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operations, and the whole apparatus of monetary control, all clumsy, costly, and hoary, remain unchallenged and unchanged as instruments of policy.

Meanwhile, public authority has been drawn helter-skelter into salvaging, subsidizing, organizing, and planning national systems of transportation, of housing, of energy, and of communications. Yet, in respect to these tasks and responsibilities, the cupboard of thought stocked by Establishment economics has been entirely bare.

The real complexities of real economies elude us. Establishment economics provides no conceptual approach to measure and comprehend industrial performance, nor to reform, restructure, or control industry. The multifaceted dynamics of technological advance and industrial transformation —the underpinnings of increased productivity—are almost wholly excluded from the normal purview of Establishment economics. Nor does it offer any guide to a control of price that reflects a rational policy for allocation of resources, for the distribution of income, or for incentives for efficiency and technological progress.

The notion that a competitive price-directed market is the underlying economic reality lingers on, a fixation even of those who proclaim the organizational revolution. A shallow conception of the individual psyche as a mechanism for balancing the pleasures of consumption against the displeasures of work, with a map of preferences etched by the invisible hand of the Great Etcher upon each particular brain, remains, despite its total incongruity with the experience of our time. The notion that the formation of corporate policy can be understood as the personal choice of a self-seeking individual is accepted, amazingly, even by those who themselves dwell in the niches and grope through the labyrinths of organizational power. Productivity and growth are still analyzed as the consequence of capital accumulation, in spite of all evidence produced by economic research to the contrary. Like the Holy of Holies, the core concepts and basic assumptions of Establishment economics remain outside the reach of evidence and experience.

Why has this been so? Why have economists been unable to look at new problems with fresh eyes? What has kept conceptualization and assumption invulnerable to any assault by the hard evidence or the setbacks of experience or the commonplace observations of day to day? In part this can be accounted for by a methodological reorientation of the 1930s that gathered its force and became dominant in the postwar decades. The ostensible objective of the movement was to make economics a true "science." In the minds of protagonists, this meant making economics more like physics.

The development had two aspects; each might be associated with a particular economist. Call them the Hicks Effect and the Samuelson Effect, granting that the named individuals—Sir John Hicks of Oxford and Paul Samuelson of MIT—are representative of, rather than responsible for, what occurred. Hicks demanded that economics become free of values and entirely neutral with respect to the comparative needs and wants, pains and pleasures, frustrations and opportunities of the different persons or groups or classes that compose the social universe. Consuming vast energies and lots of paper, the endeavor to establish a value-free economics of welfare yielded nothing. Yet, that the enterprise so long withstood the assault of common sense can be explained only by the fact that it was insulated from any queries concerning its relevance or meaning by a dense wall of esoteric symbolism—the Samuelson Effect.

> *"Being out of date, economics is very much in tune with the times."*

When Paul Samuelson wrote *Foundations of Economic Analysis*, his declared intention was to recast economic theory into a set of mathematical propositions *in order that those propositions could be tentatively verified or definitively refuted through experimental test*, thus giving to economics the same empirical base that physics had. In one sense, Samuelson was enormously successful. He set the tone and direction for his generation. He became a man of great influence and affluence, a Nobel Prize winner and a millionaire. In another sense, he failed completely. He and those who followed him succeeded certainly in recasting the whole of economics in complex and esoteric mathematical symbolism, *but not a single one of the propositions of theory has, as a consequence, been exposed to refutation through experimental test.* The basis for the acceptance or rejection of the propositions of economics remains as much a matter for intuitive judgment as ever before.

The problem in trying to establish and disestablish statements concerning social phenomena is that there are no precisely quantifiable relationships that are universal and continuing. Individual behavior, group action, social policy—all are functions of ideas, images, imageries, and ideologies that may be created out of nothing and vanish into nothing. In the social realm, every entity, every relationship is unique. Any general statement can do no more than refer to phenomena or relationships that are merely analogous to one another. Very untidy all that; inconvenient no doubt, not *comme il faut* at all. Still, statements are and must be made concerning social phenomena, and those statements will be accepted or rejected. The real question under those circumstances is how best to establish or disestablish the credibility of such statements.

Ultimately, the mode of expression that will most conform to the scientific ideal will not be the image-free symbols of mathematics but rather the imagery of normal communication and intercourse with its reference base in the specifics of experience, for only if the general statement is so framed can it be continuously bridged into direct observations and contrasted with ongoing experiences. The mathematizing of economics was no doubt an heroic achievement but, by the values of science, profoundly retrograde. It did not subject the propositions of economics to the test of refutation by specific prediction, and it shielded them from challenge on the basis of direct observation and experience. Whatever suited the narrow scope and limited capabilities of mathematical expression was drawn in, and what could not be so encompassed was excluded from consideration. The energies of generations were consumed not in a search for truth but in displays of virtuosity. As styles changed, faculties scurried not at all to learn more of the infinite complexities of the social universe but to keep up with the newest modes of mathematical expression. Graduate students are admonished that if they don't master this or that symbolism, "they won't be able to read the journals" a few years hence. Who can wonder then that thirty years of intense activity by Establishment economics has produced little of substantive significance?

This criticism of economics should be kept in perspective. The other social sciences have been equally sterile. After three decades of unprecedented affluence and unequaled activity, physics too has produced no "scientific revolutions." If we in economics suffer the pangs of role confusion and identity crisis, so do corporation officials, members of Congress, generals and diplomats, and university presidents. Confusion and uncertainty about our role are not ours alone but also society's, not only in what we expect of ourselves but in what society expects of us. If the body of economic thought and theory is out of date, what handed-down set of ideas or ideology is not? Being out of date, economics is, after all, very much in tune with the times.

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IS ECONOMICS OBSOLETE? NO, UNDEREMPLOYED

BY CHARLES L. SCHULTZE

The current disenchantment, particularly among the young, with the optimistic, problem-solving approach to social issues that characterized the 1960s not surprisingly has rubbed off on economics. As a number of other articles in this symposium demonstrate, many members of the economics profession now question the relevance and meaning of the fundamental assumptions underlying the economics that is currently taught and practiced. Some of the critics have been saying these things for several years but have only lately found someone to listen. A few are recent converts from orthodoxy. And among the younger members of the profession, these critical views are becoming fairly widespread.

There is merit in some of the criticism, but little in the general notion that economics has grown obsolete or irrelevant. The indictment against it should read not that economics is irrelevant but that its very relevant tools have been too sparingly applied to the kinds of problems now confronting us. In some instances, economics is a victim of its own highly relevant successes.

One of the major counts in the indictment is that Keynesian economics is incapable of handling the central policy issue of the era: how to make full employment compatible with reasonable price stability. Yet, in the twenty-five years since the Second World War, a period during which Keynesian fiscal policy emerged from advanced theory courses to become the conventional wisdom of Presidents, unemployment in no year averaged more than 7 per cent, compared with the 1930s, during which unemployment never fell below 14 per cent. The major depressions and massive financial panics that sporadically afflicted industrial economies for the century-and-a-half before 1940 are no longer even a dim threat. And aside from the brief aftermath of World War II, the inflations that quite rightly gave Americans cause for worry have not exceeded 5 or 6 per cent per year at their worst, a far cry from the persistent rates of 10 and 20 per cent per year with which some nations of the world have been living for decades.

Modern economics can and has successfully prescribed the means of preventing large-scale unemployment without bringing on major inflation. It can devise, and has devised, ways of preventing major inflation without precipitating serious depressions. Although the prescriptions of economists are not solely responsible for the sharply improved postwar performance of the Western economies, they surely played a major role. What we now label a failure of theory and policy has been a roaring success by pre-Keynesian standards.

The puzzle economics has not yet solved, and which critics quite properly point to, is the worrisome, but far from catastrophic, inflation that appears when overall demand and supply come into balance during periods of high, but not excessive, prosperity. Yet this failure may stem not so much from shortcomings of the basic theoretical apparatus as from the difficulty of making precise measurements. Economics has little difficulty in prescribing counterbalances to large swings in prices and employment. But in recent years we have been dealing with variations in the employment rate between 3.5 and 6 per cent and with differences of 2 to 3 per cent in the rate of inflation. And within these ranges the analysis of how wages and prices interact and the prescribing of policy require more precise and complex measurements than we have yet devised. Still, a good carpenter can make a perfectly satisfactory joint with instruments that would be useless for calibrating the tolerances in an Apollo guidance mechanism. Which is by no means to say that the carpenter should throw away his tools as being irrelevant to modern society.

A better understanding of the inflation that accompanies high (even though not excessively high) employment may not ultimately rest on some radical new breakthrough in economic theory. Rather it may well result from gradual improvement in our knowledge about labor markets, about the role of people's expectations during inflation, and about how the market power of unions and business is translated into specific wage and price decisions. Policy instruments to deal with the problem may correspondingly be found in improvements in manpower training programs and antitrust policy, and in the gradual development of wage-price standards sufficiently flexible to avoid smothering the economy in regulation, yet tough enough to influence a key decision when it counts.

Whatever the outcome, any successful prescription for jointly achieving full employment and price stability will undoubtedly contain a large dose of what I may loosely call Keynesian economics—extended, modified, and supplemented, but not abandoned.

Another major indictment against contemporary economics runs approximately like this: Because economics ignores the substantial economic power now concentrated in large firms and unions, and because on a larger scale it accepts the fundamental status quo of current power relationships in society and ignores the relationship between the distribution of power and the distribution of income, it either has no policy prescriptions for pressing social problems or offers ameliorative remedies that only scratch the surface.

To some extent, the charge that modern economics has produced little in the way of remedies for the current siege of social problems is valid, but paradoxically this is so for reasons precisely opposite to those advanced by economics' critics. Economics may be faulted, not because it possesses a theoretical apparatus of no relevance to current social problems, but because in many cases it has failed to apply, or only recently begun to apply, an apparatus that is particularly well suited to dealing with a large segment of those problems.

Much of economics deals with the problem of how a decentralized decision-making system can be made to

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provide proper incentives so that individual decision-makers, apparently pursuing their own ends, nevertheless tend to act in a way consistent with the public good—the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith. Since time immemorial it has been too often assumed that the apparatus of analysis which dealt with this problem applied only to the private market and that the public sector of the economy must operate by a completely different set of rules. Yet, a little reflection will demonstrate that many of the major social problems with which government is now seized require solutions under which the decisions of thousands of communities and millions of individuals are somehow channeled toward nationally desired objectives.

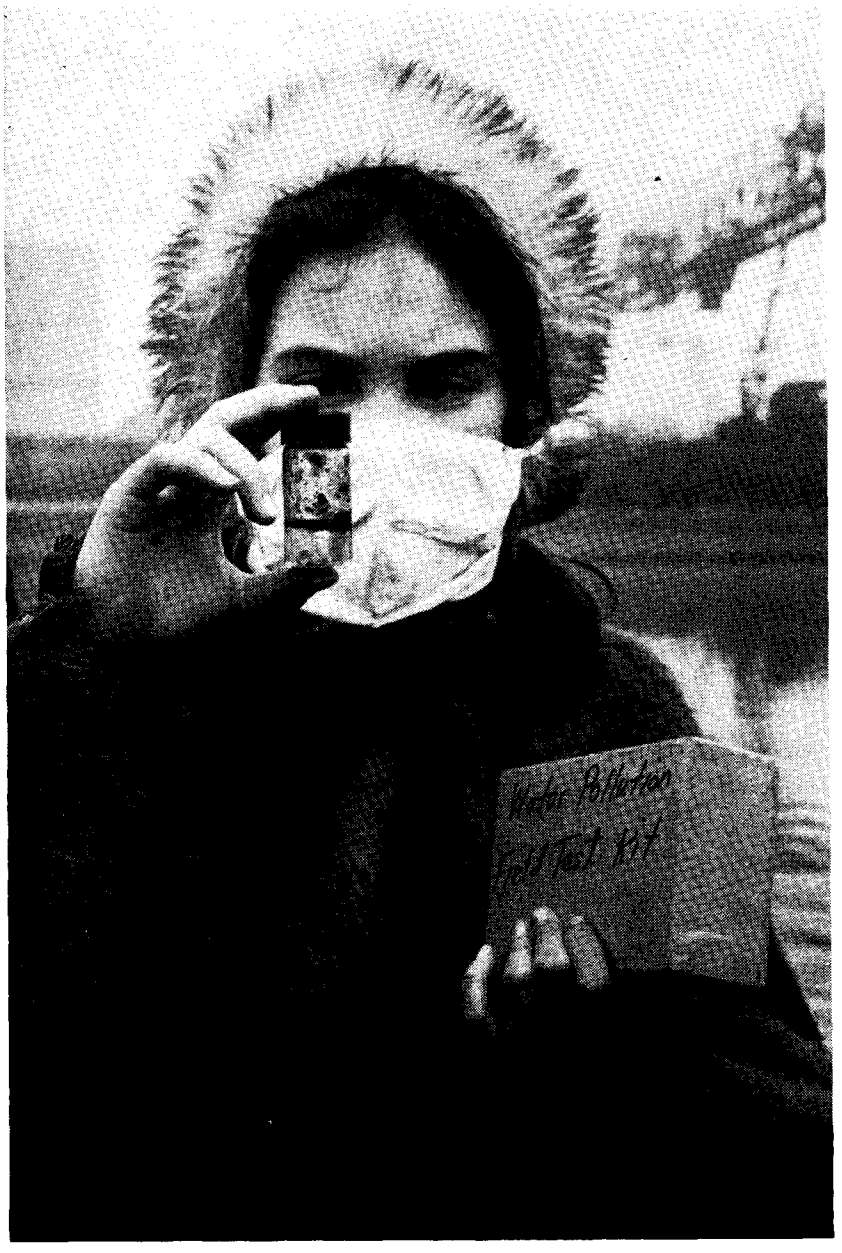
Cleaning up environmental pollution, changing the delivery structure of an ineffective and inequitable medical-care system, providing compensatory educational programs, and offering training and labor market opportunities to the previously disadvantaged depend for their success or failure on day-to-day decisions made by particular communities, business firms, and individuals throughout the nation. No program that merely seeks to transfer these hundreds of thousands, indeed millions, of decisions to a few officials in Washington can hope to be effective. Nor, conversely, can any program that simply shovels federal revenues to state and local governments, and then hopes for the best. Somehow institutional frameworks and incentives that guide a multitude of particular decisions toward national ends have to be developed.

And here, traditional economics and its incentive-oriented apparatus suggest a number of approaches. The major problems of environmental pollution, for instance, stem from the fact that air and water are given free to all comers, and like any good that is given away these commodities will be overused; with no incentives to conserve them, neither individuals nor business firms will lend their talents toward developing and using new conservation technology. But old-fashioned economic analysis suggests that placing a stiff charge on the dumping of pollutants into the air or water will marvelously stimulate the discovery of production methods that reduce pollution, just as the rising cost of labor has promoted a steady growth in techniques to increase output per man-hour, at a rate that roughly doubles the efficiency of labor every twenty-five years. Economics also brings into question whether it makes any more sense to rely solely on detailed regulation and court decision for minimizing pollution than it would to use these devices for minimizing other industrial costs.

As for health care, conventional economics indicates that the nation can hardly hope to have an efficient use of scarce medical resources when the current health care system provides a powerful set of incentives to waste and misdirect those resources: insurance plans that cover hospitalization but not office visits, thereby encouraging excessive use of hospitals; private and governmental insurance that reimburses hospitals on a cost-plus basis, penalizing the efficient and rewarding the inefficient; financial rewards keyed to dramatic intervention (the cardiac surgeon) but quite niggardly for the practice of preventive medicine; etc.

In the area of public education, economic analysis points to the difficulty of getting superior performances from a monopoly with a captive market (the public school system of the inner city) and can help design means of introducing incentives for improvement and innovations. It also emphasizes the impossibility of designing and enforcing urban land-use plans in an economic environment where many aspects of the tax laws and land laws provide large positive incentives for

"Substantial improvement in such social problems as environmental pollution must rest in part on a restructuring of incentives—a task for which economics, far from being obsolete, has been too little used."



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urban sprawl. It provides insights into the problem of urban congestion by showing how most auto users are not now required to pay the real social costs that their ride imposes on other citizens and how this fact provides incentives for socially excessive use of crowded highways.

As these examples indicate, many of our social problems arise because the current system of markets, laws, and customs provides positive incentives for individuals, business firms, and local communities to engage in what can objectively be called antisocial conduct. Correspondingly, substantial improvement in these areas is most unlikely to come from governmental programs that rely principally on traditional, centralized decision-making, but must rest in part on a restructuring of incentives and institutions—a task for which economics, far from being obsolete, has been too little used.

"Economic analysis has a role to play as a bearer of unpleasant truths."

In terms of social problems, economic analysis also has a relevant role to play as a bearer of unpleasant truths —that in some areas of social policy the nation is seeking to pursue conflicting goals. It is literally impossible, for example, to design a welfare program that simultaneously meets four often-sought goals: providing a generous minimum income to the poor; preserving incentives for productive work by avoiding a rapid reduction in welfare benefits as recipients begin to earn outside money; instituting welfare reform in a way that does not reduce the income of any beneficiaries under the current system; and preventing such large budgetary costs that those not far above the poverty line have to be taxed heavily to support those just below it. No program can do all of these things simultaneously.

In the same vein, a public service job program must seek a compromise between two conflicting objectives: to provide wages and working conditions sufficiently attractive to appeal to the unemployed and the low-paid casual worker and to avoid drawing workers away from productive jobs elsewhere. A national medical program cannot at one and the same time guarantee virtually all the medical care private citizens can demand regardless of income, provide a financial mechanism and a set of incentives that hold down escalation of costs, and avoid comprehensive detailed regulation of medical care by Washington bureaucrats.

Pointing out relevant truths of this sort, however, appears to be one of the factors underlying the charges of irrelevancy leveled against economics. Such observations about conflicting objectives imply the need for compromise. But to those for whom compromise is inherently evil, and for whom most problems fundamentally trace back to the greed of the power structure, calling attention to the technical difficulties that would face even a liberated world seems to be irrelevant at best and obstructionist at worst.

A similar reaction, perhaps, will greet the assertion that there are many social issues in which economics should not be expected to play a central role. Economists can seek to ferret out the economic consequences of racial discrimination and help in devising means to expand opportunities for racial minorities. But the eradication of discrimination itself will necessarily depend heavily on a combination of legal steps, education, and political leadership. Economists can trace many of the causes of financial crisis now afflicting large central cities. But the job of rationalizing the archaic jumble of local government in metropolitan areas, thereby providing a viable economic base for large cities, is a task beyond what should be expected of economists. While many of our social ills have major economic consequences, there are some that will yield only to political solutions.

One area in which the economics profession has a decidedly mixed record is the field of income distribution. The problem is not so much a deficiency in economic theory as it relates to income distribution but rather a tendency on the part of the profession to exhibit an excessive concern for efficiency as compared with equity in dealing with situations where the two are in conflict.

An economic system can be very efficient in providing private and public goods to meet the demands generated by a very lopsided income distribution —fine mansions, good public protection, and rapid mass transit for affluent suburbanites while the poor live in hovels, are victimized by crime, and spend inordinate amounts of time getting to work. The formal structure of economics recognizes that its rules for an efficient allocation of resources are blind with respect to the distribution of income; that efficiency considerations alone cannot justify policies which have significant effects on that distribution; and, conversely, that policies which redistribute income in a direction society thinks more just may be warranted even when those policies reduce efficiency. Most economists working in the field of taxation have paid close attention to matters of distribution, and the large majority have raised their voices in favor of strengthening the redistributive features of the tax system. On the other hand, in many areas of public policy, economists as a body have had a bias toward letting efficiency considerations rule.

Higher efficiency, however, is often secured at the expense of particular groups of workers and individual communities. It is not so much that the remedies for these problems need be sought in protectionism, subsidies to dying industries, or rigid featherbedding work rules. Rather, an affluent society might well be expected to provide better income guarantees to workers than ours now does, particularly to older workers, whose skills have been rendered obsolete by economic change and growth. Economists have generally been much more active in pointing to the efficiency gains of unimpeded economic change than in devising means of minimizing its impact on particular workers and communities. In a similar vein, it is only recently that economists and statisticians have begun to look deeply into the often perverse income distribution consequences of many public programs—farm subsidies, low tuition at state universities, urban highway building, irrigation and flood control projects, and the like.

"At its best, economics seeks to harness man's very human motivations to the public interest."

Paying more attention to the problems of income distribution, however, would not rescue conventional economics from attack. To the Western economist, income distribution problems can be approached through such pragmatic measures as reforming the tax system, restructuring welfare programs, and providing more equal educational opportunities. But to radical critics, these are Band-Aid measures. The basic cause of maldistribution of income, they say, is the maldistribution of power that inevitably accompanies a market-oriented free enterprise system. Any pragmatic measures will eventually be perverted by the holders of economic power to their own ends. Only the demise of the market system itself will make it possible to provide a just distribution of the fruits of man's productive activity.

Here indeed is a fundamental differ-

(Continued to page 57)

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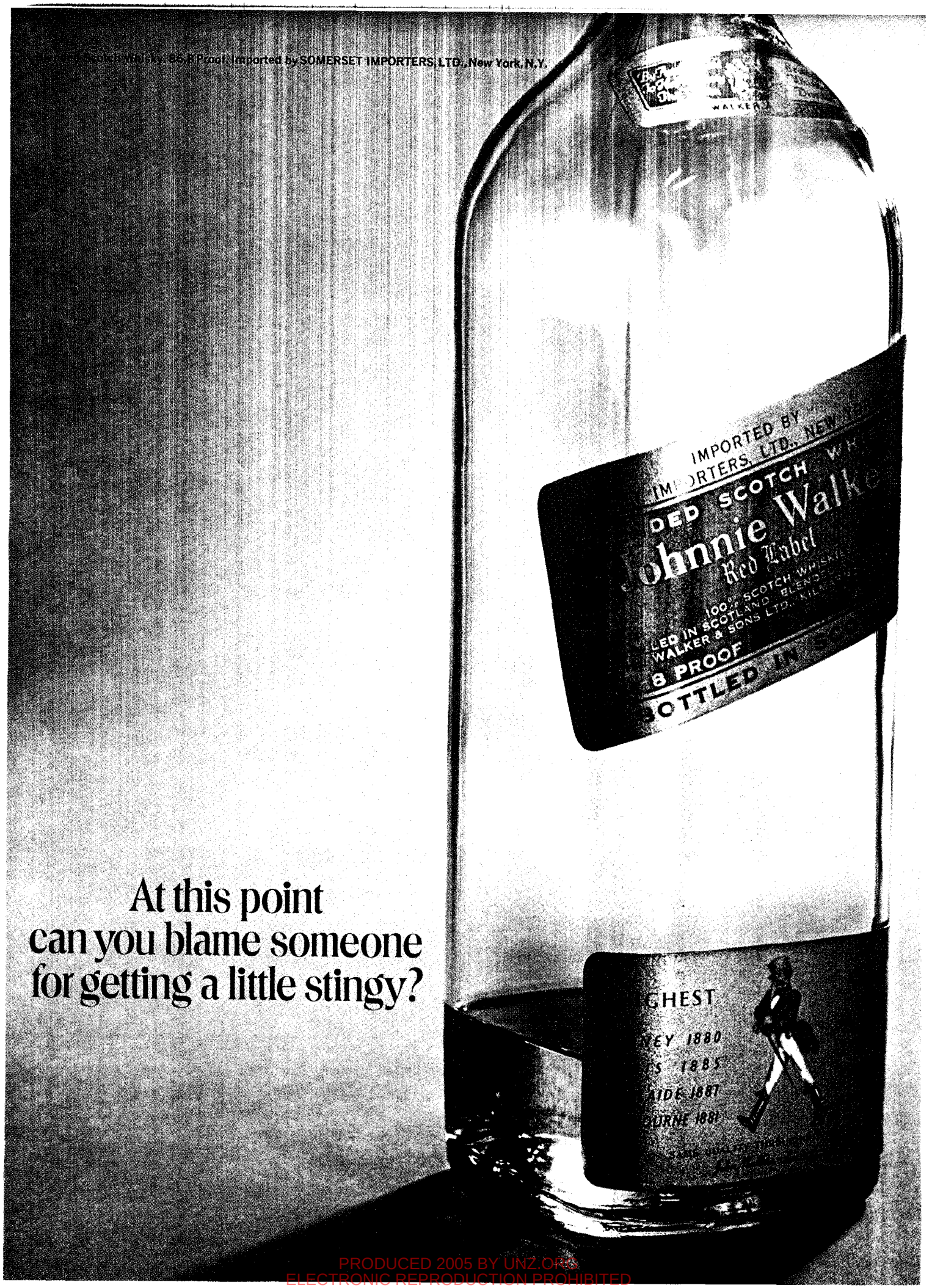
Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N.Y.



At this point can you blame someone for getting a little stingy?

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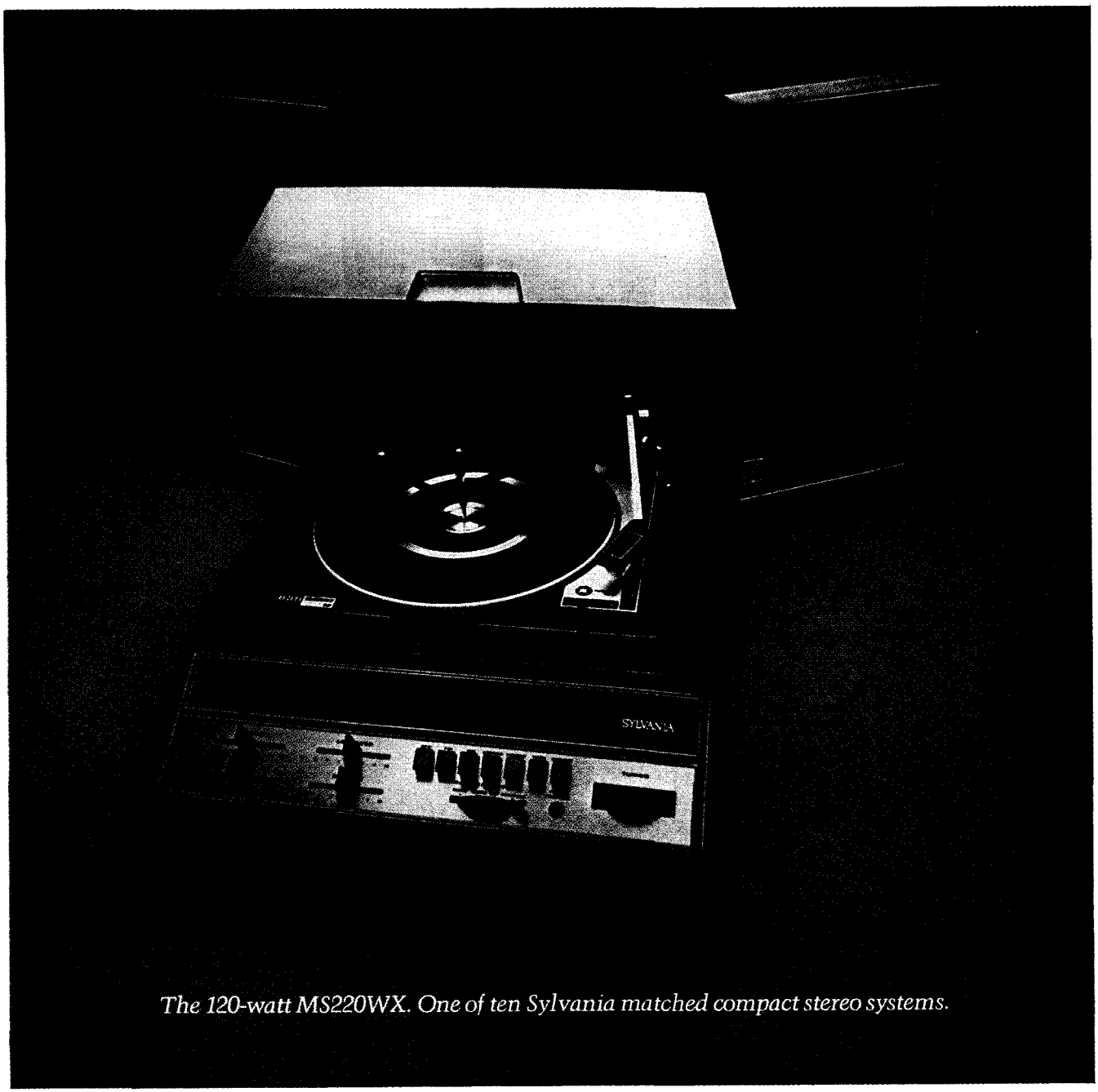
Would you order filet mignon in a restaurant that couldn't quite handle lobster thermidor?

Of course you wouldn't.

So when you consider that our GTE Sylvania subsidiary developed the bright phosphor tube that brought color television



The 120-watt MS220WX. One of ten Sylvania matched compact stereo systems.

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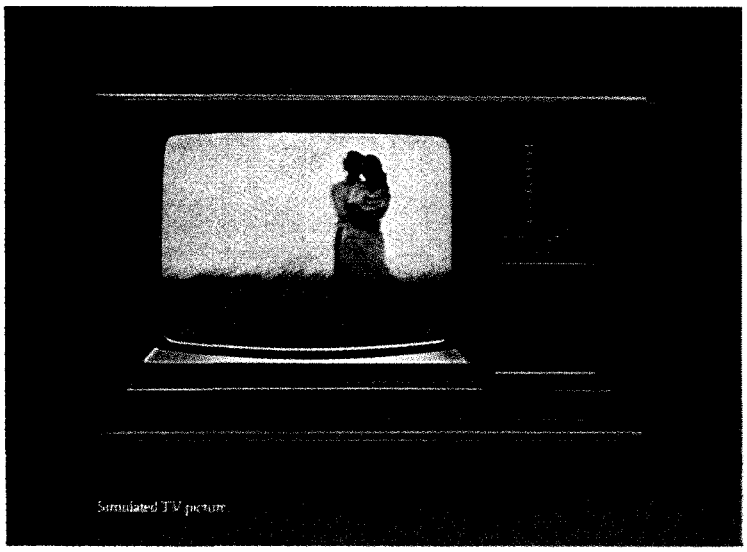
and that we sell 6000 different types of lighting,

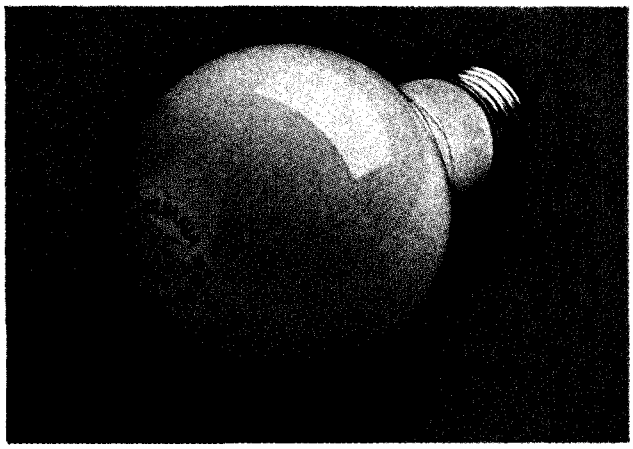
you know why we just can't afford to turn out stereo systems that are anything less than great. Our reputation depends on it.



It's the reason our Sealed Air-Suspension speakers, for instance, sound like standard speakers two sizes larger.

Not just with their own Sylvania tuner-amplifier, but with anybody else's as well.

Since our components are sold both separately and as complete systems, we invite you to try them out both ways.



Drive those wide dispersion Sylvania speakers with somebody else's 120-watt AM/FM stereo tuner-amplifier.

Play that Sylvania solid state stereo receiver through somebody else's two-way speakers.

Compare our built-in record changer to any at the price.

Give everyone equal time, we insist. After all, we know we make great stereo.

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GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

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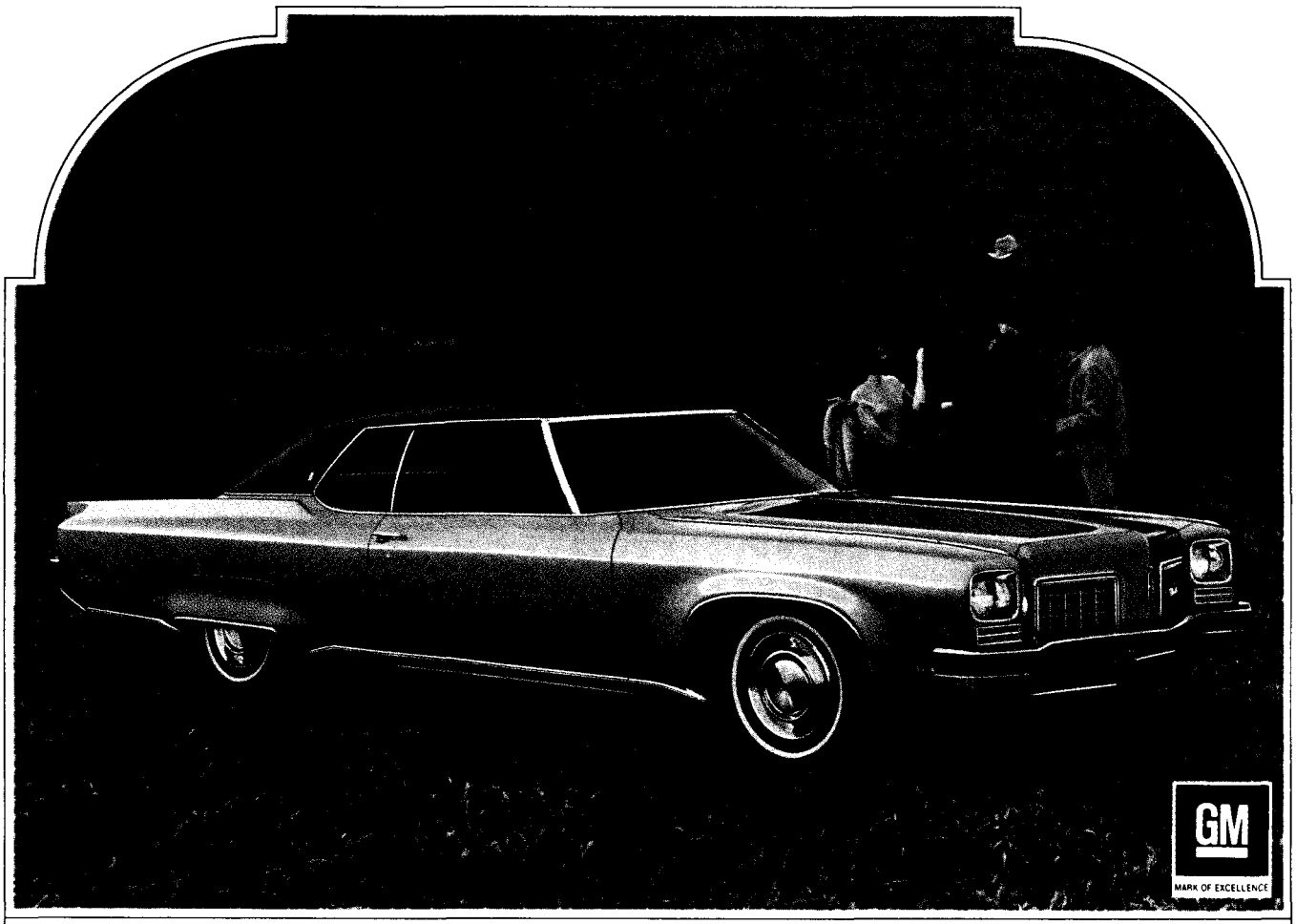

Some down-to-earth reasons for buying an Olds Ninety-Eight:

1 Many of the "extras" you want are standard on Ninety-Eight. Automatic transmission, for example. Power steering. And power front disc brakes. On Ninety-Eight Luxury models, a two-way power front seat is standard. And power side windows.

2 The Ninety-Eight is a big car. And that's a very practical consideration if you happen to have a big family. Or if you like to take driving vacations. Or weekend trips to the lake. The Ninety-Eight seats six—not elbow to elbow—but comfortably, with room to stretch out. And you can pack your golf clubs, outboard motor, beach gear and luggage into the generous 20.8-cubic-foot trunk.

3 Ninety-Eight is a superb road car. Olds' exclusive ride system incorporates a combination of engineering advances in chassis, suspension and steering. You negotiate scrubboard roads, chuckholes, hairpin curves and smooth interstate highways with ease.

4 Ninety-Eight's front bumper is exactly what the name implies. A bumper. It's built of heavy-gauge plated steel – and mounted on new spring-steel supports that flex to help absorb minor impacts, then return to position.

5 The Ninety-Eight engine is a 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8. While it's so soft-spoken you hardly know it's there, you have all the reserve you could ever want. And it runs just fine on no-lead, low-lead or regular gas.

6 Surely security is an important reason for considering an Olds Ninety-Eight. The very fact that it's big – over 4,500 pounds – makes you feel secure. But there's more. In the doors beside you are tough side-guard beams. Over you is a reinforced double-steel roof. In front of you is an energy-absorbing steering column. And all around you are other GM safety features.

7 Ninety-Eight is loaded with little niceties that make traveling by auto more than just transportation. Extremely efficient soundproofing helps keep outside noises out. The front seats are six inches of solid foam—not a thin layer of padding on ordinary springs. Fine fabrics and plush carpeting surround you. The outside mirror is remote-controlled. Luxury models have front and rear cigarette lighters, an armrest in the center of the rear seat, even a clock exclusively for the convenience of rear-seat sedan passengers.

If you spend a lot of time in your car, and think you should spend that time in as much comfort and luxury as possible, consider a Ninety-Eight.

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Is Economics Obsolete? No, Underemployed

Continued from page 52

ence in approach. An evaluation of the merits of the case would go far beyond the scope of this article, and, in any event, logical argument seldom makes converts in this controversy. I cannot resist pointing out, however, that in any complex society, whatever its original structure, there is a tendency for power, influence, and wealth to become concentrated in relatively few hands, and this is particularly true whenever societies seek to provide incentives for abundant production. Eternal vigilance is the price of an egalitarian distribution of income. Even in the "post-revolutionary state," the old pragmatic measures of progressive taxation, transfer payments such as welfare benefits, and equal educational opportunities would still be important tools for securing a just distribution of income.

There remain two major areas in which even the most sympathetic view of modern economics would have to concede that charges against the state of the art do strike home. One involves the behavior of producers, the other, that of consumers.

The panoply of tools with which economics seeks to explain how resources are allocated in the private market relies quite heavily on the premise of profit-maximizing firms, each responding to but not controlling the market in which it operates and making decisions subject to reasonably good knowledge about the future consequences of those decisions. For purposes of analyzing the long-run effects of economic policy actions, this "model" of the world is quite serviceable. In the long run, firms do seek to maximize profits; they cannot control basic changes in their economic environment; and there is sufficient feedback from their decisions to provide reasonably accurate information. But in the short run, the behavior of firms with respect to modest changes in prices, wages, and investment policy is much less predictable. They can insulate their own markets against moderate threats; their search for long-run profits is roughly consistent with a number of alternative short-term strategies; and before the feedback from their decisions reaches them, they are faced with great uncertainty.

The inability of economic theory to predict the short-run behavior of firms might not be so important except for the problem of inflation. The long-run allocation of resources, and the shift in price relationships that brings it about, probably does proceed much in the manner explained by economic theory. But it may take place around a generally rising price trend. And unlike market shares, inflation is generally irreversible. A series of short-term decisions on the part of many firms and unions can lead to continuing inflation. The weakness of current economics in predicting the short-run behavior of modern firms and unions thus turns into a serious deficiency in terms of the ability of economists to explain today's inflation *cum* unemployment.

The second charge hits home in the sensitive area of consumer preference theory. Traditional economics takes consumer tastes and preferences as given. It neither looks behind them nor seeks to weigh their relative merits.

> *"To the young radical, technical solutions seem shabby and mean."*

This approach has two consequences. First, the economist has little to say about the social implications of advertising practices that create and destroy preferences, nor about the social waste represented by the resources devoted to the satisfaction of manipulated tastes. Nor does he have anything to contribute to the deeper problem of the way in which basic preferences themselves respond to economic development, except to note that "yes, this does indeed happen, and the sociologists better get to work."

Second, and perhaps more important, the economist, by taking individual preferences as given and absolute, sharply limits the field of his analysis when it comes to many matters of public policy. The tools of economics are designed to show how resources can best be deployed to meet society's wants. By its assumption that the relevant social wants are based on the existing preferences of individuals, and that those preferences cannot be questioned, economics has erected a barrier against the use of its analysis in some of the most important matters of public policy. The economist can give advice on the efficiency of the policy instruments chosen to meet an objective. But when it comes to choosing among different objectives, the economist qua economist must be silent. Personal tax cuts that increase society's consumption of beer and whitewall tires hold equal status with increased public expenditures for education. Choice between the two is a "value judgment," which he must eschew.

One promising line of research has been suggested as a means of breaking this impasse. Individual tastes and preferences are themselves hierarchical. Many of our wants are means to a higher set of goals. The demand for the services of physicians and hospitals is itself a means of attaining a higher end, the maintenance of health. The demand for automobiles is (in part, at least) a demand for transportation. To the extent that preferences are considered means to an end, rather than ends themselves, they can be judged in terms of their efficiency—how well does the satisfaction of a particular "lower-order" preference contribute to the attainment of the "higher-order" goal. At least some preferences can be looked at critically and not accepted unquestionably. Once the question of efficiency is introduced, economics is back on familiar ground. It is peculiarly suited to analyze matters of efficiency.

No one has pursued this line of approach at any great length. Whether it will pay off, in terms of providing a more solid footing for economic theory than the shifting sands of "absolute preferences," cannot be foretold. Barring some progress in this area, economics must stand guilty on part of one count of the indictment against it.

Reflection on the nature of radical criticism of economics leads to one further comment. Economics is fundamentally a discipline that deals with man as he is. At its best, economics seeks to harness man's very human motivations to the public interest. Much of the New Left is interested in changing man, elevating his motives, reducing his greed, and intensifying his love for his fellow man. Economics is a social science, but love is a religion. They are both relevant, but they are not on the same plane of discourse. The economist, for example, generally thinks it naïve to hope that pollution will somehow be conquered by bringing public pressure on corporations to exercise "social responsibility." But he does advocate changes in the structure of incentives and the network of contract laws to create a situation in which it becomes a corporation's own self-interest to act "responsibly."

To the young radical, such technical solutions, which accept and play upon man's drive for material advancement, seem shabby and mean. The evangelism of love and understanding mingle curiously with an intolerant hate for institutions built on the search for money and wealth. But they mingle no more curiously than in the Epistles of St. Paul. There is need for both the pragmatist who would harness in the public service man's drive for worldly goods and the idealist who would lift man's drive to more lofty goals. Neither is irrelevant.

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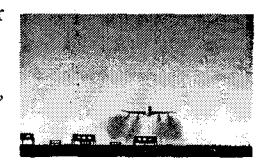

HARTSFIELD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AFFORDS EASY ACCESSIBILITY TO AND FROM MAJOR U.S. CITIES.

ANOTHER MAJOR INSURANCE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON PEACHTREE STREET.

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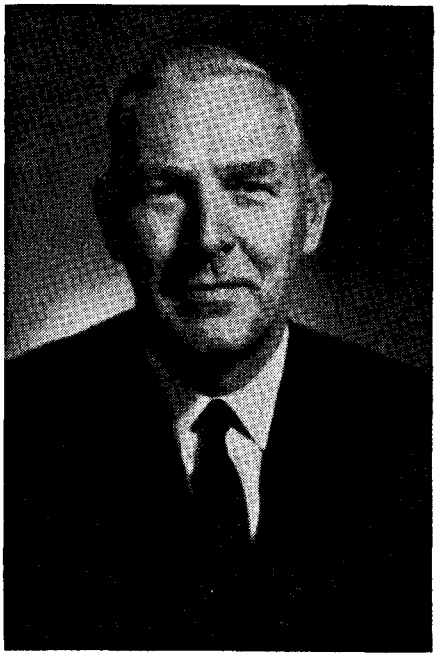
MA BELL'S LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

H. I. ROMNES



It would be difficult indeed to imagine a less likely candidate for winner of *SR*'s Businessman of the Year award than someone connected with the telephone company. Particularly in the New York area, where a six-month strike has all but eliminated new phone service, and during a year when everyone from Congressman to the lowliest phone subscriber said his piece in no uncertain terms about a utility he had always taken for granted, the head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company would not have been an odds-on favorite for such an honor.

But from the field of the nation's top business executives, editors, and educators, H. I. Romnes, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of AT&T, received twice as many votes for Businessman of the Year in the balloting just concluded as did the two runners-up, quite probably because only his peers could know what a man in Mr. Romnes's position has gone through and how successful he has been in handling one of the touchiest of all human undertakings—the service of a public utility.

SR's award is not, however, based entirely on proficient administering of a man's own business. The distinguished panel of more than 250 business leaders, educators, editors, and other opinion molders must take into account a candidate's service to public interest projects, education, government, and broadly based civic pursuits with special emphasis on current social problems. In this regard, Romnes was a decade ahead of many businessmen when in 1961 at Little Rock, Arkansas, with Governor Orval Faubus seated on the dais next to him, he said about minority employment and social opportunity:

" 'Equal opportunity' is a fine phrase. Making it come true is an arduous, sometimes painful process. But there are many good reasons why management now needs to demonstrate not merely good faith but practical initiative in support of this basic American tenet. The good opinion of the world is only one reason. A more compelling one is that prejudice breeds waste, the most tragic kind of waste, the waste of human resources. But in the final analysis there is one reason above all others for giving our best management attention to making equal opportunity come true—and that is because it is right."

Despite the recent publicity accusing the telephone company of failure to give minorities a fair share of employment, the record of AT&T refutes most of the charges. Few companies in the United States employ so many minority workers, particularly in large urban areas, and Romnes's personal record on equal opportunity goes back before his words at Little Rock in 1961, hardly a popular topic there and then. And he repeated his stand on equal opportunity in Baltimore two years later, once again in a setting inimical to minorities. He made this suggestion on how to add more nonwhites to industrial payrolls:

"The principal problem confronting us in many areas is the shortage of Negro applicants with the skills and aptitudes for industrial employment. Which leads me to suggest that the initiatives businessmen apply to this urgent national problem ought not to be limited to providing jobs to demonstrably qualified people. What is needed—to help redress the effects of generations of economic, social, and educational deprivation—is business leadership at the community level, men of good sense and goodwill. One: To help find constructive solutions to divisive situations often highly emotional and sometimes dangerous. Two: To develop practical vocational training and placement procedures tailored to the specific needs of the community. Three: To counsel with young people who are ready to throw up such educational opportunities as they have because they feel our economy has no particular use for them. In short, to help develop a realistic format for proving to the world as well as to the disadvantaged in our own country that America is the land of opportunity, not for some of us but for all of us."

H. and I. in H. I. Romnes stand for Haakon Ingolf, but Romnes prefers to use his initials only. He was born March 2, 1907, in Stoughton, Wisconsin, an area by no means unfamiliar with Scandinavian names. After a public school education in his hometown, "Hi" Romnes went to the University of Wisconsin, where he received a bachelor of science degree in electrical engineering in 1928, immediately after which he started to work in the Bell System. Actually, he had done summer work for Bell and from graduation on never worked for any other company.

After learning something about the technical end of the business as a station installer and on a construction crew in Wisconsin, Romnes moved to the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York and from there to the engineering division of AT&T, where he worked on the coaxial cable from 1935 to 1945 and as such did important work in toll, radio, and television transmission. Early in 1950, Romnes moved to Chicago, where he became chief engineer of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. In December of that year, he was re-

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turned to New York as general manager and director of operations of AT&T's long-lines division. By 1952, he had been named chief engineer of AT&T and in 1955 vice president of operations. In 1959, he became president of Western Electric Company in New York and five years later vice chairman of the board of AT&T, which led to his election as president of AT&T in 1965 and as chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the company in February 1967.

Romnes could not have taken over as chairman of the board and chief executive officer at a more difficult time than in February of 1967 when AT&T's monumental headaches began to explode from one coast to the other. With $50,-billion in assets and one million employees AT&T is more than just the biggest monopoly in this country. Old Ma Bell is like the Post Office or Weather Bureau—virtually every American is involved with one or all of these common services every day in the year. When you've been as dependable as Ma Bell for generations, sudden shortcomings become that much more conspicuous and everyone in the country is aware of them. Early in 1967, the usually reliable AT&T began to develop some enormous hang-ups, many of which have not yet been resolved despite prodigious efforts by the Bell System. A model for the world in planning and sophistication of equipment, the U.S. phone system suddenly approached utter chaos. Correct dialings turned into wrong numbers, new installations lagged, thousands of trained employees began working for better-paying firms, strikes sprang up throughout the Bell System. To make things worse still, those in charge of the planning at AT&T made a lot of unfortunate forecasts about the demand for new phones and how often they would be used. And the person at the very end of the buck-passing chain was the engineer whose whole life had been spent helping create the most envied telephone service in the world.

Romnes is a tall, spare man with an aquiline nose, large hands, and neat white hair. Recently, he spoke precisely but softly in his paneled twenty-sixth-floor offices at 195 Broadway, and whenever he talked about the Scandinavian areas of Wisconsin or of the university itself, he seemed to remember those days of origin with a special warmth.

Asked what was the greatest single invention during his more than forty years with AT&T, Romnes thought for a moment and said that the transistor, announced by Bell Labs in 1948, had to be the most dramatic.

"Just the same," he added, "I think the greatest advance in telephone communications in my time is the number of conversations that can be carried over a pair of wires now as compared with a limit of three simultaneous conversations over a pair of wires in 1928. This has been especially important in long distance telephone calls. It wouldn't have been much use to string a pair of wires from one city to another and be able to hold only one conversation at a time, though three wasn't much better. Now we can get one hundred thousand simultaneous conversations from a single pair of wires, and, as time goes on, our laboratories will increase even this enormous capability several times over through new engineering techniques, probably including a laser beam."

Mr. and Mrs. Romnes live in Chatham, New Jersey, and have a daughter, Karen (Mrs. Albert T. Olenzak), and two grandsons. Romnes is a member of the Baltusrol Club, where he admits that he plays "at golf," although he probably spends more time at a woodworking hobby that has relaxed him over the years. Richard L. Tobin

An Unsimple Matter . . .

Continued from page 46

ness, alienation, self-doubt, and social disorganization—all of this has little or no place in the calculations of economics. Smog, dirt, pollution, noise, ugliness, a sense of opportunity or its lack, a sense of belonging, much of what contributes to, indeed, constitutes individual experience and well-being are simply ignored.

Why is it that economics usually does not take these aspects of social choice —or lack of choice—into account? The problem is largely that these are "outputs," which due to either historical accident or technical difficulties do not have "prices" attached to them. Because they are not bought and sold, we have difficulty determining what people would be or are willing to pay for them. And given the price-tag basis of our national income accounts—including the Gross National Product—such factors fail to be reflected in economic measurements of national well-being.

Why should economics today still be employing concepts of limited applicability for social choice purposes? This situation is not unrelated to the fact that modern economic analysis is largely expressed in formal mathematical terms. And rational behavior, perfectly consistent behavior, precisely adjusted, fully determined behavior—these notions are more easily stated in mathematical terms than are the wide variances from such ideals that occur in real life.

It sometimes appears that an instinct for, an orientation toward, reality is lacking in economics. Many of the great advances in natural science (as well as much modern business-cycle theory in economics itself) were prompted by a desire to explain, understand, and control specific puzzling phenomena. Yet, in economics today, formulas linked to specific sorts of economic behavior are often explored for their own sake, and the empirical puzzle at which the enterprise is directed has become unclear. If the enterprise does not have some ultimate empirical aim, what then is to distinguish the discipline from mathematics—pure, applied, or recreational?

The root problem may well be that economics is so difficult. People and organizations are much more complex than electrons or molecules. The appropriate analogies to economics in the natural sciences are not physics or chemistry but rather meteorology or engineering, and even these deal with much more regularly behaved phenomena than does economics. Simple models of individual choice and welfare will have to give way to more complex concepts. How else are we to develop empirically plausible and ethically attractive arguments about public and private choices and welfare? And that does seem to be one of the major reasons for economics to begin with.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1488

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1488 will be found in the next issue.

NYPVP XBU MP XIVP MPBRNA-

LRJ NAXPE: MRN NYAE ISP AE

IRVE.

—EBVNVP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1487

For those who do not think, it is best at least to rearrange their prejudices once in a while.

Luther Burbank

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Gamble in the Andes for Democratic Marxism

by DAN KURZMAN

THE CHILEAN REVOLUTION: Conversations with Allende

by Régis Debray translated from the French by Ben Brewster, Peter Beglan, Jean Franco, and Alison MacEwan

Pantheon, 201 pp., $6.95

HOLOCAUST OR HEMISPHERIC CO-OP: Cross Currents in Latin America

by William O. Douglas

Random House, 216 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95

Régis Debray, a militant French leftist best known for his imprisonment in Bolivia as a collaborator of the late Ché Guevara, has produced a major document on Latin American revolution. Contemplating the prospects of Chile's Marxist-Leninist regime in his introduction to *The Chilean Revolution: Conversations with Allende*, Debray writes: "They say it is . . . a gamble. There is nothing to prevent us from hoping this gamble will be won." Yet the interesting fact is that the government of President Salvador Allende, a pioneer experiment in democratic Marxism, represents an important gamble not just for the proponents of communism but for those of capitalism as well. Nor do the stakes concern the future of Chile alone; they could involve a reshaping of the world-wide ideological struggle that, since World War II, has threatened the destruction of mankind.

On the Chilean level, the Allende forces are gambling that they will be able to push through a peaceful socialist revolution without provoking the supporters of the status quo into violent counterrevolution, while the latter are gambling that they will be able to control Allende's revolution and prevent him from establishing a communist dictatorship.

On the international level Allende's success could, by the usual standards of the ideological conflict, undermine at once the USA's position abroad and one of the central assumptions of Big Power communism. United States influence would inevitably suffer if Chile became a model for other Latin American countries, or for African and Asian nations, where a democratic Marxism might be expected to have considerable appeal: although many of those regions' leaders seek speedy development, most of them prefer to pursue their goals within a flexible ideological framework. At the same time, a success in Chile might well encourage the liberalization of the existing communist dictatorships.

Russia was fearful indeed when the Dubcek regime in Czechoslovakia began to institute carefully circumscribed democratic reforms. Whereas Chile, far from the communist heartland, could never constitute a comparable threat, a Marxist-Leninist government operating under a republican constitution and maintaining every essential freedom would be a clear demonstration—to the oppressed if not to their Soviet oppressors—that rigid dictatorship might not be necessary to achieve a socialist revolution. A hint of the difficulty such proof might pose for communist tyrants could be detected in Fidel Castro's embarrassment when, during his recent visit to Chile, he was asked by violence-oriented leftists if he thought a Marxist revolution was possible without armed struggle. For the first time, Castro, the very symbol of revolutionary armed struggle, was forced to concede that

Dan Kurzman has won awards for his book on communism, *Subversion of the Innocents*, and for his reporting on the political struggle in Latin America.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

61 **"The Chilean Revolution: Conversations with Allende,"** by Régis Debray; **"Holocaust or Hemispheric Co-op: Cross Currents in Latin America,"** by William O. Douglas

64 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

65 **"The East India Company: A History,"** by Brian Gardner

66 **"Kathleen and Frank,"** by Christopher Isherwood

67 **"Double or Nothing,"** by Raymond Federman; **"The Book of Flights: An Adventure Story,"** by J. M. G. Le Clézio

68 **"Two-Way Traffic,"** by Joel Lieber

69 **"Last Respects,"** by Jerome Weidman

70 **Pick of the Paperbacks,** by Rollene W. Saal

72 **"South to a Very Old Place,"** by Albert Murray

73 **"Poor Cousins,"** by Ande Manners

78 **"Armed Love,"** by Elia Katz

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Régis Debray with Salvador Allende—questions as significant as the replies.

this was possible—at least in Chile.

Régis Debray's book is basically a long, revealing, verbatim interview with Allende, in which the questions asked are, in one respect, as significant as the replies given. For they are the questions of a man who does not appear at all convinced that his presidential comrade can achieve a socialist society democratically—or that such an achievement would necessarily benefit the world revolutionary movement. Debray's apprehension emerges most clearly in his insistence that Chile is, as Castro implied in an equally wishful tone, a unique case in view of its unusually strong, and very un-Latin, constitutional tradition.

"To date," Debray reminds Allende rather pointedly, "the government has not, shall we say, stepped outside the reformist framework. It has acted within the constitution it inherited from the previous, bourgeois government; it has acted within the established institutional framework. . . . Lenin made the distinction between two types of reform, that which is destined to open the road to socialist revolution, and that which is destined to sidetrack it, and finally obstruct it."

Debray does not seem entirely satisfied with Allende's ambiguous response that "we are going to create a democratic, national, revolutionary and popular government which will open the road to socialism, because socialism cannot be imposed by decree." In fact, the French radical comments skeptically: "In the last analysis, and until further notice, power grows out of the barrel of a gun, and [Allende's] government does not have its own armed apparatus, its own institutions of defense on a national scale."

If Debray appears concerned about the constitutional nature of Allende's revolution, the Chilean right-wingers and their American supporters must be, ironically enough, equally concerned. For the Chilean constitution was tailored, as are most Latin American constitutions, to protect the interests of the ruling elite. Now that Allende is the ruler, he is shrewdly interpreting the constitution to meet *his* needs and to reduce the power of the former ruling class. For example, as he points out, the law does not punish persons for illegally occupying land, but it does punish those who try to recover by force land they consider theirs. This is because the estate owners occupied land belonging to the indigenous people, and the law was framed to protect their interests. Since it is these indigenous Chileans who have recently occupied many estates, it is now the estate owners' turn to be threatened with severe legal action if they resort to force to recover their lands. Thus, it is largely through a new interpretation of obscure provisions of the constitution that Allende is conducting his revolution, with the leftist militants mistrustful of the limitations of such change and the rightists fearful of the social and economic consequences of even limited revolution.

Salvador Allende: "We are going to create a democratic, national, revolutionary and popular government, which will open the road to socialism, because socialism cannot be imposed by decree."

Régis Debray: "In the last analysis, and until further notice, power grows out of the barrel of a gun . . ."

Is Allende succeeding in his experiment? So far he has nationalized many industries and institutions and has pursued policies that have resulted in some redistribution of the national wealth. In the process, however, certain of his more demagogic measures have tottered the economy. It is still too early to say whether Allende, a realist by nature, can and will take remedial steps—steps that would inevitably be unpopular and unrevolutionary. Whatever he does, he may lose popular support.

This possibility raises the central question regarding "democratic communism." If Allende should lose the next election to a bourgeois elite, would he voluntarily turn over power to it? This is yet another uncertainty that disturbs traditional Marxists and non-Marxists alike. Expressing the Marxists' concern, M. Debray writes: "What made [Allende's] electoral victory possible also acts as a brake on its transformation into a complete victory. Could not what cleared the way to the government also close the road to power? Are not the preconditions for the genesis of the process also the preconditions for its blocking?"

Yet, if Allende does lose an election and relinquish power—and he might have little choice in view of the "preconditions," particularly the Chilean army's extraordinary devotion to the constitution—he could be laying the groundwork for an eventual victory of far greater import than the one that originally brought him to power. For he will have "proven" to the skeptics that he is a true democrat, whatever designs he might entertain should he ever gain control of the military.

Psychologically, Debray and other militant leftists would find it difficult to accept the reversion of power to the bourgeoisie. (Indeed, a desperate coup against Allende by his own extremist followers is conceivable, though such an attempt would likely be foiled by the army.) From a tactical point of view, however, an electoral setback could prove advantageous to their cause. Not because Allende might make a better showing at the polls in a subsequent election, but because, with the "rightists" in power, *violent* revolution would be easy to foment. And, as Debray stresses, it would be exceedingly difficult to attain "complete victory" without violence.

Ideally complementing Debray's book is Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's *Holocaust or Hemispheric Co-op*. Douglas perceptively analyzes the factors that have made inevitable the surge to power and prominence of Allende and other Latin American far-

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leftists. Marxism in Latin America, as Justice Douglas substantiates, has been cultivated far more intensively by United States than by Soviet or Chinese policy. And certainly both Castro and Allende are at least in part products of this policy. It is precisely because Marxism as it has evolved in Latin America has been more a reaction to U.S. imperialism than to foreign blandishments that a democratic interpretation of the doctrine has been able to develop in the region. Furthermore, in Latin America the main accent is upon extreme nationalism rather than on ideological dogma.

Washington's principal conflict with Chile today is over President Allende's appropriation—without adequate compensation, say the operators—of North American-controlled property in that country. But this is not necessarily an ideological problem. Other Latin American nations, most recently Bolivia, have done the same—for strictly nationalistic reasons. To bring this point home, Douglas quotes President Roosevelt as saying, "What would the people of New York City do if the subways were all owned in Canada? Why, there would be revolution." And, I might add, what would Americans do if foreigners walked away with as much profit from our national resources and utilities as our businessmen have taken out of Latin American nations — whatever fringe benefits might accrue to a limited sector of our population from such controlling investment?

Douglas emphasizes that even the Alliance for Progress, which was originally intended to plant the seeds of hemispheric prosperity, and which may have been the last chance for non-Marxist revolution, ended up as little more than a bonanza for United States businessmen and the Latin American elite, at the expense of the exploited masses living in semi-feudal poverty and now, increasingly, on hopes stimulated by communist promises. Douglas might have distinguished between the Alliance policies of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Kennedy, for the first time in this nation's history, placed the emphasis of American support on helping the Latin American masses rather than the elite. He tied aid dollars to plans for land, tax, and other basic reforms essential for the elimination of feudalism. He pushed for more schools, more housing. He appointed ambassadors dedicated to "peaceful revolution." He exerted pressure on right-wing dictators to hold elections. If they refused to do so, at least the people knew whose side the American President was on—a tremendous gain in itself.

Many of Kennedy's plans were undercut or sabotaged by "pragmatists" who scoffed at him as a rather fuzzy-minded idealist for daring to challenge the "reality" that Latin America was still an economic and military playground. Their numbers included not only local militarists and oligarchs, but Americans who hardly knew, or cared, that the *campesinos* existed: powerful business lobbies, the Pentagon and its military attachés, State Department officials with close ties to the elite, and agents of the AFL-CIO. (Called the AFL-CIA by many Latin Americans, it vigorously backs rightist tyrants in exchange for power in their labor movements and often makes use of Yankee-trained goon squads to keep its power intact.) Persuaded that, not the masses, but the small middle class should benefit from American aid (it obtained most of the housing, for example), these various groups argued that, as a result, the middle class would become "a bulwark against communism." In fact, communism has been nourished by this very "trickle-down" theory.

With Johnson in power, the "pragmatists" took over completely, and the Alliance partnership died in all but name, a demise perhaps symbolized by the return to "gunboat diplomacy" during the 1965 Dominican revolution. This dollar-stuffed corpse of a concept was then picked clean by those with a vested interest in the status quo. President Nixon, for his part, has inadvertently benefited Latin America by reducing foreign aid. He has done little of a positive nature, except to threaten with further cutbacks countries that damage private American interests. Thus, while he is off mending fences in Peking and Moscow, the fences in his own backyard are becoming, more and more, barriers of suspicion and hostility.

Douglas offers no magic solution for undoing U.S. wrongs and revamping Latin America's nineteenth-century social and economic structure. But he does offer a plan that, though "romantic," may work. The Supreme Court Justice advocates a series of programs rooted in the existing foundation of Latin American culture and institutions, with emphasis on village renovation and the elimination of urban slums. And he proposes that the U.S. work with its southern neighbors on these programs as an equal, not a dominating, partner within a cooperative economy—a hemispheric co-op—that would permit political and technological diversity.

Douglas's appeal for diversity is underscored by his attitude toward the Allende government. It is interesting indeed, even startling, to read his views alongside those of Debray. The latter, whatever his reservations, praises Allende for his *socialistic* efforts, while Douglas, whatever *his* reservations, sees the regime as a possible model for *democratic* Latin American revolution. In the remarkable fact that a revolutionary Marxist-Leninist and a United States Supreme Court Justice can both support the same government may lie the real importance of the Chilean gamble.

Castro with Chilean President Allende—a concession from the Cuban strong man.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

War Step-up Foreshadowed

I would like to commend Professor Jonathan Mirsky for his lengthy and careful comparison of the various editions of the Pentagon Papers [*SR*, Jan. 1]. The papers do, as Mirsky points out, reveal the centrality of Laos in the Second Indochina War, and thus provide a mine of information at which persons interested in the recent history of that country will be picking away for years to come.

A fresh piece of documentary evidence has come to light since the publication of the Pentagon Papers and, of course, no mention of it is contained therein. The actions of the North Vietnamese in Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam have spoken loudly of the intentions of their leaders, hinted at in what they told their cadres in the South in 1954 and in the pronouncements of the Third Party Congress in 1960. Now, however, we have the text of a resolution of the Central Committee of the Vietnam Workers' Party, dating from December 1963, in which a further step-up of the war effort in the South is clearly, and above all authoritatively, foreshadowed.

Arthur J. Dommen,
College Park, Md.

First Novels

I find H. L. Van Brunt's comments most annoying. In *SR*, Dec. 25, he writes about first novels in a superior, condescending way. They are "deservedly unreviewed . . . don't make any money . . . are apt to be quickly forgotten . . . the one tale everybody has to tell."

It seems to me that first novels are likely to be more natural, spontaneous, and sincere than some by established writers.

Nor should the "one tale everybody has to tell" be knocked. It is important since it involves a human life. It is of interest if it is well written and contains some universality. It can be more valuable than the rehashes of some famous people who should have quit producing novels a long time ago.

Joseph A. Ruef,
Glen Rock, N.J.

Sir John's Hogarths

Hogarth [*SR*, Dec. 18] has been an enthusiasm of mine since I first discovered some of his prints on the walls of Sir John Soane's house in London some years ago. I am a little surprised that these are not mentioned either in Robert Halsband's review or in Ronald Paulson's study.

The house itself is well worth a visit, eighteenth-century gem that it is.

Marion A. Leon,
Sarasota, Fla.

Apologies

Benjamin DeMott and *Saturday Review* owe an apology to the readers, Henry Miller, Playboy Press, Hugh Hefner, and me for the grossly inaccurate implications in Mr. DeMott's review of *My Life and Times*, by Henry Miller [*SR*, Dec. 11].

Mr. DeMott implied that the book had been planned for and with Playboy Press in the *Playboy* image. Had Mr. DeMott taken time to read the introduction and to do minimal research regarding the book, he would have known that it was finished long before it was seen by the editors of Playboy Press. Also, he could have determined that it was not seen by Hugh Hefner at all before publication.

Indeed, there were excellent offers from many major publishers, Playboy Press among them. As president of Gemini Smith Inc. and producer of the book, I accepted Playboy Press' highest bid.

In my capacity as editor-photographer of the book, I must point out that none of my photographs were taken with *Playboy* in mind, nor were Mr. Miller's scrapbooks edited in what Mr. DeMott considers the *Playboy* style. The book was done as a sketchbook of Henry Miller's life—as I saw it and as he approved it.

It was not a very clever ploy of Mr. DeMott's to attempt (albeit badly) the so-called *Playboy* writing style and thereby to discredit the book. It was based on both bias and misinformation.

Bradley Smith,
New York, N.Y.

Transported to Tranquil Era

I am sorry that Franz Schulze considers N. C. Wyeth [*SR*, Dec. 11] to have such a run-of-the-mill mind and to be such a banal letter writer. Nobody ever suggested that he was a philosopher or a historian or even a writer. But he is an illustrator who has a large following of devotees, even today, and up until now little has been written or published concerning his life.

My reading of his letters has taken me to a more tranquil era when the ties and relationships with one's family and associates were relaxed and deeper than we seem generally to have time for today. Many of Wyeth's contemporaries, students of Howard Pyle (formerly just names), became alive as people, too, and for this I am equally appreciative.

Mr. Wyeth didn't write these letters to be read by the American public. They were outpourings of his feelings, doubts, and moods—expressions of his inner self.

Mr. Schulze also comments that the views expressed are uninstructive for our time. Perhaps they are, in the educational sense, but they are enlightening to those of us who have long yearned to know the man behind the pictures. The pictures themselves become more meaningful when we learn how they came to be painted and what was involved in the selection of setting and model and the acquisition of props.

Marthanne B. Norgren,
Corvallis, Ore.

Poet's Puzzling Psyche

In response to Benjamin DeMott's review of the facsimile and original draft edition of *The Waste Land* [*SR*, Nov. 27], I was grateful for the reviewer's thoughtful perspective on such matters as that strangely hybrid poem's introduction to a new level of awareness (aided by Pound's annotations and excisions), and the remarkable, multilayered intellectual vision projected amid Eliot's "wild juxtapositions" and sinuous concentration of simile and symbol.

How much still remains mysterious about the poet's preparation for this pioneering poem of the Twenties! The creative genius which helped swing the door open to Modernism and the vast conceptual promise of literature in the twentieth century, and which could as promptly convert his attitudes of "polluting pessimism, sniffishness, terror of the future" (DeMott's words) into an inner rallying to the Anglican Church, leaves many questions unanswered about the poet's psyche. And yet, even in the later religious poetry (especially *Four Quartets*), the author's experimental sophistication is clearly in evidence, a spiritual sensibility and poetic direction not unlike those of John Donne.

Kenneth Hacking,
Providence, R.I.

"We're lucky! Can you imagine the fights we'd have if we did communicate?"

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THE EAST INDIA COMPANY: A History

by Brian Gardner

McCall, 319 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Charles Miller

■ While many political economists are concerned with the prodigious clout exercised by big business—notably the U.S. oil industry—in the affairs of Third World nations today, such interference seems puny in comparison with the operations conducted by the great-granddaddy of all corporate empires: the private trading group that, for the better part of a century, literally owned an entire subcontinent and ruled its 250 million inhabitants with a benevolent but drop-forged-steel hand. The story of the British East India Company is an epic of enterprise, fortitude, honor—and the dirtiest politics imaginable. It is also a fit theme for popular historian Brian Gardner, whose well-documented and entertaining account of the Company's rise, fall, and influence may be his best work in a prolific career of writing about the British Empire.

The Company's beginnings were modest. Chartered by Queen Elizabeth I in 1600 to trade in the Spice Islands (present-day Indonesia), it found itself outmaneuvered by Dutch merchants and, as a result, settled for a handful of small commercial outlets—guarded by a few stone forts—on the southeast coast of India. Before long, however, these emporia, trading initially with China, were bringing in a tidy yield. At the end of the seventeenth century, stockholders received annual dividends of 25 per cent; by 1790, net profits from India equaled one-fifth of the total revenues of all England.

To guard and augment its assets, the Company also acquired huge tracts of Indian real estate in continual wars with maharajahs, emirs, dewans, and other local rulers. (Peace, remarks Gardner, was "a novel situation in India.") By the early 1850s, the directors were masters of all they surveyed in an area of 1.5 million square miles between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea. They boasted one of the world's largest armies, a formidable armada of warships and fleet of merchant vessels, and a teeming bureaucracy of 10,000 administrators. This boom also spawned its own aristocracy of stockholders and retired officials whose wealth (whether honestly earned or ill-gotten) was nearly incalculable. Directorates (ostensibly elective) and other high-level offices were handed out in a climate of brazen patronage. Rare was the governor-general who could resign without incurring

Sepoy revolt of 1857—"less a mutiny than a protest demonstration writ large."

charges of corruption by venal and jealous political rivals.

But the Company was more than merely a means of looting a land. Over the years its servants included not only legendary hero-proconsuls like Clive, Hastings, and Raffles but such figures as Charles Lamb, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Thomas Malthus, and John Stuart Mill. Nor did the rulers overlook their obligations to the dark-skinned subjects who outnumbered them by 25,000 to one. They initiated irrigation schemes to combat famine. They founded three major universities. Among more notable Company reforms were the virtual abolition of suttee (the forcible cremation of the widow on her husband's funeral pyre) and thuggee (ritual strangling). And, though they excluded even upper-class Indians socially, the British took measures that threatened the old privileges of caste. Which is not to say that these and other changes were always appreciated. Seldom in the history of British conquest has there existed a livelier mutual loathing between masters and "lesser breeds." The baroquely magnificent commercial-administrative edifice in India was built with the bricks of British courage and the straw of British effrontery, and entirely without the advice or consent of the tenants—a fact that frequently worried the landlords.

With good reason, too, for the intruders sustained their share of military setbacks. In the 1870s, for instance, the Muslim adventurer Haidar Ali routed Company troops in Mysore, as, in 1849, did Sikh rebels in the Punjab. One of the Company's best provincial governors warned against laying down the law "for millions of people with few means of knowing, except by rebellion, whether the laws suit them or not." In 1843, a general put it more bluntly: "The system will not last fifty years. The moment those brave and able natives know how to combine, they will rush on us simultaneously and the game is up." In fact, the system—if not the Company itself—survived for another hundred years. During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries influential critics of corporation overlordship in India gradually reduced the directors' powers through various laws which vested increasing authority in the Crown. The so-called Mutiny of 1857 (which Gardner correctly depicts as less a mutiny than a protest demonstration writ large) brought things to a head, and in the following year the Company's holdings were formally absorbed into the British Empire.

From 1600 until 1858, however, the guidance of India's destiny, for good or ill, had been mainly a private affair. As early as 1689, the Company had formally stated that its presence "must make us a nation in India. Without that we are but a great number of interlopers." Whether they were ever anything else can be argued, but "it is not too much to claim," as Gardner puts it, "that the East India Company harnessed and organized that spirit of adventure and that firmness of purpose on which the British Empire was slowly constructed."

Charles Miller is the author of "The Lunatic Express," an informal history of the British in East Africa.

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KATHLEEN AND FRANK

by Christopher Isherwood

Simon & Schuster, 510 pp., $10

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Christopher Isherwood may not have been a born rebel but, according to his mother, "he never crawled" as a baby. Nor, for that matter, as a man. Before Establishment-baiting became the fashion, he had purposely failed the Cambridge tripos in order to get expelled. He fled his home, took a series of jobs, dropped out of medical school and, from 1929 to 1933, lived in Germany, gathering experiences for his most famous work, *The Berlin Stories.*

Isherwood's early writings revealed him as a sympathetic observer and recorder of man's oddities. In his last four novels, however, he has identified himself more closely with his narrators, giving us, in essence, a portrait of the artist as Odd Man In: a plucky, often eccentric fellow who is part of society, yet who refuses to be intimidated by forces that threaten his freedom as a writer and homosexual. This shift in approach has sometimes resulted in merely polemical fiction (*The World in the Evening*), but in his best novels (*A Single Man, A Meeting by the River*) Isherwood writes with wit and subtlety.

Kathleen and Frank was written so that its author might examine the relationship between his art and his life. Assembling excerpts from his mother's diaries and his father's letters, and organizing these with a novelist's eye for dramatic movement and detail, he has created a splendid biography. Acting as narrator and referring to himself in the third-person, Isherwood takes a close and penetrating look at his parents. He comments on their words and actions, clarifies historical points in their story, and ultimately draws a characterization of "Christopher," whose youthful rebellion developed into a mature mode of viewing and savoring reality.

Early in 1883, after falling in love with a young Etonian, fourteen-year-old Kathleen Machell Smith began her first diary. She resumed writing in it in 1891 and made regular entries for nearly seventy years. The daughter of a wine merchant from Bury, she was twenty-six when she met Frank Isherwood, a lieutenant in the York and Lancaster Regiment. Frank's family belonged to what his brother, Henry, called the "landed gentry"—which, as Isherwood wryly notes, "simply means . . . farmers who made their money so long ago that their origins can be decently forgotten. . . ."

While Frank fought in the Boer War he courted Kathleen largely through letters, the ideal medium for a young man who had little experience with women. But he slowly gained self-confidence as he sought to overcome the hostility of Kathleen's father to their engagement. They were married in 1903, despite her father's objections —mostly late-Victorian theatrics upon seeing one's only child leave the house. Though their marriage was short-lived, it was happy. Kathleen gave birth to two sons, Christopher and Richard, coped with the rigors of being a soldier's wife, and accompanied Frank on his travels through England and Ireland in his role as adjutant of an army volunteer unit.

(Above) Christopher, Kathleen, and Richard Isherwood in 1912; (below) Frank in 1914—a battle of wills.

Kathleen and Frank were not figures in a romance, however, but real people, and their own words, coupled with Isherwood's notes, suggest their complete human nature. Frank reacted against the waste and brutality of war, both in South Africa and when fighting in France in 1914. A skilled musician with capability as a painter, he often wrote charmingly ironical letters that satirized his war adventures, though irony seldom concealed his love for Kathleen or his heroism as as officer.

In 1915, when he was forty-five, Frank was reported missing in action. Kathleen's agony as she awaited any scrap of evidence about his fate and received conflicting reports about his illness and death is conveyed with dramatic force. She was never to learn exactly how or where Frank died, and until her death in 1960 she lived with grief. In a sense, though, she triumphed over it. For her relationship with Christopher, her elder son—which pitted parent against child in a battle of wills that was an expression of their genuine love and concern for each other—strengthened both their characters.

When Isherwood told the story of his life during the 1920s in his autobiography, *Lions and Shadows,* he took delight in depicting himself as a kind of *enfant terrible* of the British leisured classes. In *Kathleen and Frank,* however, his point of view is balanced and humane, whether he writes of his prep school days, his last vivid memory of his father, or his refusal to be considered "an Orphan of a Dead Hero." He also refers to the attitudes that led to his leaving England in 1939 for America where he settled in California, embraced Vedanta, and seven years later became a U.S. citizen.

Today, at sixty-seven, Isherwood affectionately recalls his mother's intense loyalty to Church and State and her dismissal of writers like Thomas Hardy, whom he admired. He thinks of his father as an "anti-heroic hero," who might have blessed his son's independent behavior yet who might have refused to accept Christopher's homosexuality—a subject Isherwood here discusses candidly, though never clinically.

Kathleen and Frank is a book rich in historical associations: the suffragette movement or the outbreak of World War I as seen through Kathleen's astonished eyes; the passing of England's great houses as Isherwood returns home to find his ancestral estate, Marple Hall, a hopeless ruin; the changing fortunes of the Isherwood family, descended from John Bradshaw, who sentenced Charles I to death in 1649.

Primarily, however, this is an account of two sensitive yet tough-spirited parents. With humor and grace, Isherwood the rebel pays final homage to his mother and father, finding in their vigorous natures his own instinct for not only enduring life but, whenever possible, enjoying it.

Joseph Catinella is an editor for a major publishing company.

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DOUBLE OR NOTHING

by Raymond Federman

Swallow, 203 pp., $6

THE BOOK OF FLIGHTS: An Adventure Story

by J.M.G. Le Clézio translated from the French by Simon Watson Taylor

Atheneum, 319 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ Q. You are an expert on fiction, *Monsieur le Professeur?*
A. *Bien sûr, mais . . .*
Q. *En anglais, s'il vous plaît.*
A. Oh. Pardon me. Yes, I know something of fiction.
Q. And you are a devotee of the so-called experimental novel.
A. I am not devoted to anything that might be called "so-called." Nor do I care for experiments. But I am not afraid of things that are new.
Q. Well. In the light of these two new works of fiction, do you think the experimental novel can succeed in English?
A. My friend, it has a hard enough time succeeding in French.
Q. Quite. But one of these works was written originally in French, and the other has passages in French and was produced by a professor who has written books on Beckett. These two novels are virtually French, then.
A. I am afraid you are right.
Q. Why afraid?
A. Because they are not experiments that have my unqualified admiration. Oh, I admire the intelligence, the perseverance that went into them. But this notion of an experimental novel, it seems to me, is based upon an analogy with science. Since the scientist experiments, then the novelist, if he is to compete, must experiment also.
Q. I hadn't thought of it that way, but, yes, I suppose you're right.
A. But in the sciences, if the experiment does not work the savant does not insist on publishing his results in the scientific journals. It is only in literature that all experiments are deemed worthy of publication.
Q. Then would you say there is no case for experimental fiction?
A. But of course there is a case. The world goes on. Things change. These matters must be dealt with.
Q. You do not feel that Federman and Le Clézio deal with them successfully?
A. Allow me a moment, please. Theirs are very different books, and manage to fail in quite different ways. All this is instructive. Federman's *Double or Nothing* calls itself a "concrete" novel.
Q. Concrete?
A: Yes, its pages are
pages of typescript
, and many ingeniou
s spacings and arra
ngements of lines a
ppear upon those pa
ges.
Q: This is good?
A: Not necessarily. I
t is possible, howe
ver, and we live in
an age where whatev
er is possible will
probably be done to
us sooner or later.
This, too, is an as
pect of SCIENCE.
Q. What is *Double or Nothing* all about?
A. It is about a man recording a story written by a man who intends to shut himself up in a room for 365 days so as to write the story of yet another man whose life bears some vague resemblance to that of the author as it appears on the dust jacket of the book. This advertised life also may be unreal. Federman is perhaps a fiction. At any rate, whoever the author may be, he "creates" what these other characters do. All this seems more interesting when summarized, because no summary can capture the intentional boredom of the original.
Q. Intentional boredom?
A. Did I not say that Federman is a student of Beckett?
Q. Yes, but Beckett . . .
A. . . . is a genius—a genius of boredom, of course, but very funny too.
Q. And Federman?
A. He is only a little funny.
Q. A pity. And the concrete typography?
A. If the book were more interesting it would be less of a distraction. As things are, it gives one something to look forward to.
Q. What?
A. Blank spaces.
Q. Ah. And what of Le Clézio?
A. He is a more interesting failure.
Q. How is that?
A. He has genius.
Q. And still he is a failure?
A. He has a genius for failure. His book is subtitled *An Adventure Story*. But if he had actually produced such a thing his book would be a failure.
Q. And does he fail?
A. He fails to fail.
Q. You mean . . .?
A. Precisely what I said.
Q. Tell me about the book.
A. *The Book of Flights* is a dazzling work of prose description, an imaginary landscape realized superbly. It is Sartre's *Nausea* projected in color on multiple screens simultaneously.
Q. It sounds great.
A. If that is the sort of thing you like. . . . But the flight goes on for a long time. I should point out that it contains in addition passages of self-criticism far more clever than any you or I could make.
Q. What is the purpose of this?
A. The purpose is to intimidate us. The book also has an episode that treats the nature of language in a way that makes the essays of writers in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, such as George Steiner, appear both clumsy and old-fashioned.
Q. A Gallic prejudice on your part?
A. As you wish. Remember, even I feel that the book goes on too long and is somewhat deficient in variety and development. But read it yourself and see how this brilliant young man fails to fail.

Robert Scholes teaches fiction and semiology at Brown University.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LINEUP

A dozen characters, a dozen sports in which they participated, a dozen authors —Gary Billion of Syracuse, New York, would like you to team them up according to Hoyle. The official lineup is on page 73.

1. Smith ( )	A. baseball	a. Bagnold
2. Hans Brinker ( )	B. basketball	b. Carroll
3. Velvet ( )	C. boxing	c. Dodge
4. Oliver Barrett IV ( )	D. bullfighting	d. Hemingway
5. Piscator ( )	E. croquet	e. Lewis
6. Harry ("Rabbit") Angstrom ( )	F. cross-country	f. Odets
7. Queen of Hearts ( )	G. dueling	g. Rostand
8. Joe Bonaparte ( )	H. fishing	h. Segal
9. Pedro Romero ( )	I. football	i. Sillitoe
10. Elmer Gantry ( )	J. horse racing	j. Thayer
11. Casey ( )	K. ice hockey	k. Updike
12. Cyrano de Bergerac ( )	L. ice-skating	l. Walton

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...

REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA. DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXEMXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

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TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

by Joel Lieber

Doubleday, 324 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Larry Duberstein

■ Had Joel Lieber been a major literary figure, it might seem crucially important for one to determine whether his fifth and last novel, *Two-Way Traffic*, should be considered as autobiography or as fiction. Arranged as a diary or notebook, it records the suicidal crisis of a writer whose life is an undisguised echo of Joel Lieber's own. Since Lieber committed suicide immediately after finishing this book, the autobiographical suggestion can become an overpowering distraction and no doubt *Two-Way Traffic* will arouse greater interest because of this extra dimension. Yet the fact that Lieber was, after all, a novelist allows us to approach *Two-Way Traffic* as fiction or, more precisely, as a kind of fictionalized memoir.

Books of this sort—one thinks of Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes* and Frank Conroy's *Stop-time*—are apt to be compulsively honest, and Lieber's diary format, the ultimate confessional device, provides constant occasion for emotional nudism. Stripping down stylistically as well, Lieber's alter ego convinces himself that writing is a purely private exercise and adopts a shorthand version of Lieber's better previous work. The prose, reduced to an essential grammar of motives, jumps tensely through dozens of encounters and perceptions. A skilled craftsman, Lieber can compress an hour with an analyst into three telling sentences and convey in a page the most agonizing confrontation with his estranged wife or the difficult emotions of a weekend spent with his two children on loan from her. Seldom fully developing a scene, the author depends instead on a conglomeration of well-chosen clues to give his self-portrait depth.

The story begins with the narrator, Jesse Jacobi, in the midst of a desperate depression. Rejected by a wife upon whom he has been completely, if somewhat unwittingly, dependent for the past nine years, Jesse sets off for Switzerland to recuperate at his brother's home in Geneva. Though Lieber tends to belabor the juxtaposition between Jesse's loss of control and the Swiss compulsion for order, the device is generally effective. Moreover, the pastoral existence Jesse leads while abroad is an ideal vehicle for setting off his unreachable disease of the will. Castles, chalets, pastry shops, lakeside cafés, and alpine meadows all somehow fail to touch him or to fill him with bour-

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geois joy. Overwhelmed by his sense of loss, he shows no sign of emotional renewal. Upon his return to New York City, he attempts suicide.

Up to this point the focus is sharp, the narrative quick and lean. What follows is a paunchy midsection that shows Jesse attempting to piece together his past and his radically different present. It consists of vivid dreams, exchanges with his two shrinks, advice from friends, affectionate episodes with his son, warfare with his wife and parents, and liaisons with a swarm of new women. Here, the novel increasingly assumes the character of a diary; redundant of incident and dialogue, the entries reveal their pattern—at first ambiguously, then more obviously as Jesse becomes everything he has despised in his wife.

A certain amount of repetitiveness and a degree of disorganization may be organically necessary to the depiction of one man's psychological struggle for survival. Yet looming out of this book's rich disarray is an intellectual flabbiness that flaws both Jesse's life and this account of a critical period in it. This first shows up in Jesse's disingenuous rationale of why his marriage went wrong, and it culminates in a jarringly oversimplified glorification of life itself. The difficulty of coping with life provided the dominant theme for all of Joel Lieber's novels. But to see Jesse reveling at last in his adolescent illusions amounts to a copout. The traffic here is all one way—away from the vision of Lieber's more forceful work.

Larry Duberstein is a novelist and critic of contemporary literature.

WIT TWISTER #253

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The bear's long ice-bound — — — — — — — — ends at last;
And as he — — — — — — — — forth to break his fast,
He — — — — — — — — with delight at everything
That, like himself, has wakened with the spring.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 73)

LAST RESPECTS

by Jerome Weidman

Random House, 373 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Richard Clark Sterne

■ Even nostalgia, somebody recently remarked, isn't what it used to be. This glum *aperçu* is confirmed by *Last Respects*, a fictionalized memoir of life on the Lower East Side in 1927. For Benny Kramer—a middle-aged, second-generation American Jew, whose reminiscences are evoked by the news of his mother's death—describes a bleak neighborhood and a bitter family life.

Contemptuous of her husband, who earns too little money and worries too much about his gastrointestinal tract, Benny's mother turns to bootlegging in order to pay the rent. Because she speaks no English, and since the Italian gangster who supplies her with hooch understands neither Yiddish nor Hungarian, she recruits Benny as a translator. A falling-out with the gangster, however, culminates in his attempt to have Benny murdered—and once again we are off and running, or plodding, through another Jerome Weidman book in which an improbable, mechanically developed story is superimposed upon the vividly described, grubby realities of everyday existence.

Last Respects differs, however, from other Weidman books (*Fourth Street East*, for example, which dealt with the same milieu) in that its tone is relentlessly sour. Benny Kramer's remembrance of things past is filled not only with rats and bedbugs but with failed or hostile human relationships. And Benny's comments on New York City and America at large, circa 1970, express a desperate cynicism. Again and again he attacks Mayor Lindsay, either explicitly or by implication: "... the rapists and murderers who had killed the woman in the high-rise apartment house on the Upper East Side ... were a recent development. They had appeared on the scene since New York had become Fun City." Twice he refers with thinly veiled contempt to Dr. Spock, as if he were responsible for all current youthful delinquencies.

In short, to a significant degree *Last Respects* gives voice to the fears and resentments of middle-class city dwellers who are looking for scapegoats. The problems of New York and of American civilization are quite grave; so, too, is the existential situation of all fiftyish Benny Kramers. But fiction such as *Last Respects* does not help us to face these predicaments.

Richard Clark Sterne is chairman of the American Studies program at Simmons College.

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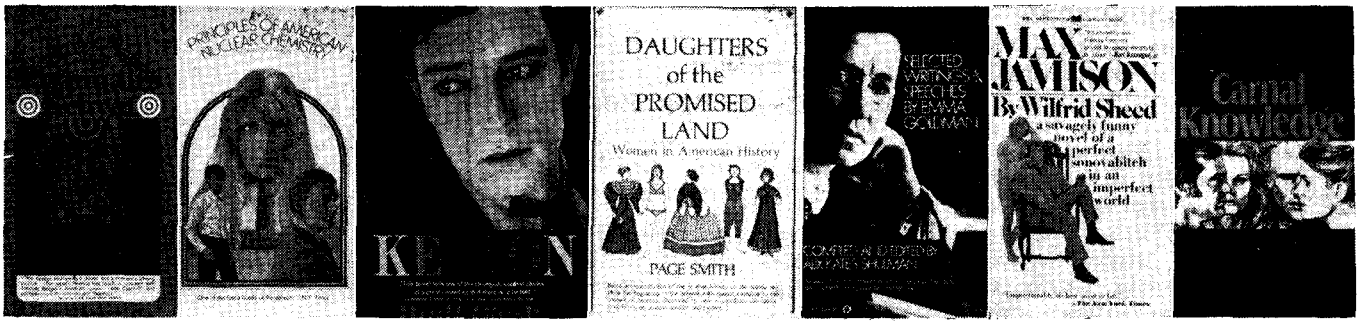

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of the most remarkable publishing success stories is the uphill history of Hannah Green's *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* (Signet, 95¢), a novel about a schizophrenic young woman's agonizing triumph over madness. In its 1964 hardcover edition the book was all but ignored. Then, without fanfare, the paperback started to sell. Gathering speed, it has since soared through thirty-three printings, selling more than three million copies. Now the author has written a new novel, *In This Sign* (Avon, $1.25). It is an uncommonly sensitive exploration of the world of the deaf—seen through the married life of a deaf couple and their relationship to their hearing child—a world as alienated from that of "normal" people as the schizophrenic climate of *Rose Garden*.

Only "Hannah Green" here writes under her real name—Joanne Greenberg. "I used the pseudonym when I wrote *Rose Garden* because my children were small. I wanted to protect them," said Mrs. Greenberg, who lives in the mountains beyond Denver with her husband, Albert, and their two sons, David, fifteen, and Alan, twelve. "Even so, a schoolmate asked my younger son if he was going to go crazy like his mother. It was like being hit in the face." *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* is autobiographical. As a young girl, Mrs. Greenberg was institutionalized for schizophrenia. That was long ago, of course, before her marriage. However, many experts believe that this particular mental illness is rarely cured, only remitted. "Sure I have anxiety about it," she said. "Doesn't everybody?" Nevertheless, Mrs. Greenberg is upbeat and energetic, enthusiastic about whatever she happens to be doing at the moment, whether it is teaching at the local public school, canning vegetables, or writing a new book.

In This Sign is in part the result of her husband's work as a psychiatric social worker, in the course of which he learned "sign," the finger language by which nonhearing people communicate with one another. "He turned me on to the deaf," Mrs. Greenberg said. Not only in fiction but in fact. Already skilled, she will soon be adept enough at "sign" to become a registered interpreter.

Concern for the deaf has taken Joanne Greenberg, whose "sign" name is "Big Mrs. G.," along a route that she once swore she would never retrace—back to mental institutions. Psychiatry, dependent upon verbal communication, often cannot touch those without hearing. Mrs. Greenberg's fingers "talk" to the patients. She has been asked to give an address when the Mayo Clinic opens its new psychiatric facilities for the deaf. Recently when she was pondering whether to accept an invitation to speak at a Michigan mental institution, her son urged her, "Go ahead, Mom. We owe a lot to mental health."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

For most of us upright and uptight citizens, the tribal rites described in *Dealing: Or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues* (Bantam, $1.25) are as remote as those of the Zuñis. Written by "Michael Douglas"—a cover name for the Crichton *frères*: Michael, who wrote *The Andromeda Strain*, and his younger brother Douglas, who allegedly provided the in-Cambridge expertise—the novel follows a sometime college student along the drug route lined out in the subtitle. Considering all the grunts and shrugs through which the counterkulturniks communicate with one another, it is to the authors' credit that they make this timely tale as dramatic as it is.

What Philip Roth did to the middle-class Jew, Tom McHale may well have done to the lace-curtain Irish. After *Farragan's Retreat* (Bantam, $1.50) they are probably not speaking to him either. Even whackier than McHale's first novel, *Principato*, this furiously nutty book tells of the methodical extermination of a rich Irish Catholic family living, for as long as its members last, in Philadelphia. Tasteful it isn't; blackly hilarious it is.

A remarkably good first book, Thomas McMahon's *Principles of American Nuclear Chemistry: A Novel* (Ballantine, 95¢), was largely overlooked in hardcover. The title surely didn't help. Who wants to read a thesis? This is no dissertation, however, but a touching story about a teen-aged boy whose physicist father helps create the superbomb at Los Alamos.

Nobody likes literary critics, not even literary critic Wilfrid Sheed, who in his novel *Max Jamison* (Paperback Library, 95¢) creates one of the most unlovable yet. Still, this interior view of the Eastern Literary Establishment and its smug-ugly patrons has enough sardonic charm to keep us reading while feeling superior.

New and noted: *The Great Dethriffe* (Ballantine, $1.25), by C. D. B. Bryan, a young writer who has read a lot of Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara, is about more of those monied, educated Wasps who discover that class is no protection against love-marriage-and-power failures. . . . Larry McMurtry's *The Last Picture Show* (Dell, 95¢) takes on the very real-life denizens of a Texas town that is as tight as a fist. . . . Helen MacInnes's readers rate her novels as early, middle, late. *Horizon* (Fawcett, 95¢), vintage '45, tells about an English painter who escapes from a World War II Italian prison camp to become a leader in the underground. The wine-dark seas and scudding clouds that lend atmosphere to Miss MacInnes's later books are fewer in this novel, which scants the romantic and sticks to suspense.

The Movies

Can a glove peddler, a junk dealer, a cloth sponger, and a pool hustler from the hamlets and ghettos of Europe find

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fame and fortune in a small town in California? Of course they can, as Norman Zierold proves in *The Moguls* (Avon, $1.50), an anecdotal account of the men who ran Hollywood in its heyday: *e.g.*, Selznick, Goldwyn, Zanuck, Mayer, and the brothers Warner. It's a book that concentrates on the wheeling and dealing that went on behind the scenes rather than the silver screen itself. Illustrated with photographs of moguls in overcoats and of stars both in costume and in mufti.

For sheer warm and sudsy nostalgia, an Oscar, carved in soap, should go to Richard Griffith's *The Talkies: Articles and Illustrations from Photoplay Magazine 1928-1940* (Dover, $5.95). They don't write fan mags the way they used to when Ginger Rogers laid down the rules for "slaying the stag line," when Hedy Lamarr and Joan Bennett faced off in one of Hollywood's "dangerous feuds," and when Jean Harlow cautioned: "Don't go platinum yet . . . only one in a thousand will find it suitable."

In *Keaton* (Collier, $2.95) Rudi Blesh succeeds in getting behind Buster's expressionless mask to the man who, as a baby, bounced down a flight of stairs and landed at the bottom, smiling, and who, as a mature comic genius with very few peers, was brought low by the talkies.

One of the most ambitious film book series around is Praeger Film Library ($2.50 each), which brings out generously illustrated volumes on almost every director of note. The current crop includes *Claude Chabrol, Ingmar Bergman, Antonioni,* and scheduled in the near future are books on Jean-Luc Godard, Lindsay Anderson, and (why?) Samuel Fuller. Most interesting is *Fritz Lang in America,* by Peter Bogdanovich, the young director who scored so high in his film *The Last Picture Show*. In 1965, Bogdanovich interviewed the then seventy-five-year-old Lang about his European career, which included *Metropolis* (1927) and *M* (1931), as well as his stint in Hollywood, which began in 1934 and which led to his making such superb films as *Man Hunt* (1941). Remember Walter Pidgeon parachuting down to kill Hitler, whose henchmen had already murdered Joan Bennett? If there's a moral to the Bogdanovich book it's that Hollywood is an obstacle course for the serious moviemaker.

Donald Richie, now curator of films at New York's Museum of Modern Art, spent a good part of his life in Japan, and his intimate knowledge of that country's life and language helps to make his *Japanese Cinema* (Anchor, $3.95) first rate. Akira Kurosawa's recent attempted suicide—he was reportedly despondent at the downturn in his extraordinary career—invests the book with topical interest. Japan has great directors—among them, Nagisa Oshima (*Boy*, 1969), Yasujiro Ozu (*Late Spring*, 1949), and Kenji Mizoguchi (*Ugetsu*, 1953), but it is Kurosawa who has been the mainspring of contemporary Japanese film.

Those who like to see the movie, then read the shooting script to catch up on what it was all about—take note: Penelope Gilliatt's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* (Bantam, 95¢) and Jules Feiffer's *Carnal Knowledge* (Avon, 95¢) have just been published. Stills of all those memorable moments are included.

Womankind

"The proper study of mankind," wrote Henry Adams, "is woman and, by common agreement since the time of Adam, it is most complex and arduous." In *Daughters of the Promised Land* (Little, Brown, $2.95) historian Page Smith simplifies some of those complexities as he reviews the changing status of American women from their high point during Colonial days (when women were, surprisingly enough, blacksmiths and newspaper editors) through the era of Victorian repression and on to today's Women's Lib. Another book that looks to the roots of the contemporary movement is *Feminism: The Essential Historical Writings* (Vintage, $2.45). Edited by Miriam Schneir, it consists of the letters, essays, memoirs, and fiction by such writers as Abigail Adams, who wrote to her husband, John, "Whilst you are proclaiming peace and goodwill to men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining absolute power over wives . . . ," and Margaret Sanger, who believed that "the most important force in the remaking of the world is a free motherhood." Some of the good guys—Hendrik Ibsen, John Stuart Mill, Friedrich Engels, and Thorstein Veblen—are properly admitted.

From Feminism to Liberation (Schenkman, $3.50), collected by Edith Hoshino Altbach, records the change in the spirit and quality of feminist movements from the days when winning the right to vote was everything. This anthology provides a forum for moderate spokeswomen as well as for women liberationists who would restructure society to make it conform with a new definition of woman's role within it. Erik Erikson and Bruno Bettelheim, who tend to define women in terms of their psychological relationship to men, are briskly consigned to the trash can.

Representative of the more militant woman is twenty-five-year-old Shulamith Firestone, author of *The Dialectic of Sex* (Bantam, $1.25). Although she traces the origin of her own belief in "radical feminism" (a term she prefers

(Continued on page 79)

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SOUTH TO A VERY OLD PLACE

by Albert Murray

McGraw-Hill, 230 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert A. Gross

■ Like some classic American pioneer, Negro literary critic and storyteller Albert Murray is a traveling man, ready to follow his ebullient spirits wherever they lead or to test himself and his talents against the best local wits in any town you name. In *The Omni-Americans*, his first book, Murray romped through the politically charged field of Negro culture, putting down liberal social scientists and black nationalists alike with polemical aplomb and fashioning a vigorous statement of black contributions to American cultural life. In his latest book he takes to the road quite literally for chats with Southern writers on such topics as literature, the slave experience, black culture, and contemporary race relations.

This is also a quite personal journey to the scenes of Murray's boyhood in Mobile and Tuskegee, Alabama, in the 1920s and 1930s. As Murray, now a New Yorker and Harlemite, talks his way southward, he intermingles reminiscences of youth with engaging conversation, cultural criticism, and comments on his folk heritage. He charms, provokes, amuses, and spreads wisdom at every stop. And from this potpourri he creates a disciplined piece of art: a reflective and elegant rendering of a man's coming to terms with his roots.

For years cultural critics have complained that Americans feel no sense of the past, that—absorbed in our pursuit of wealth and technological progress—we are little disposed to ponder whence we've come and at what human costs. Southern writers form the great exception to this attitude. What historian C. Vann Woodward calls "the burden of Southern history"—the collective sharing in poverty, failure, and guilt over the sins of slavery and racial inequality—has shaped a distinctive regional consciousness. White Southerners from William Faulkner to Willie Morris have been moored in the life of specific communities, bound by the continuing influences of the past on the present and tempered by the refractory character of human experience. That Murray, a black man, plays such rich variations on these basic themes simply adds further testimony to the inextricability of black and white in Southern culture.

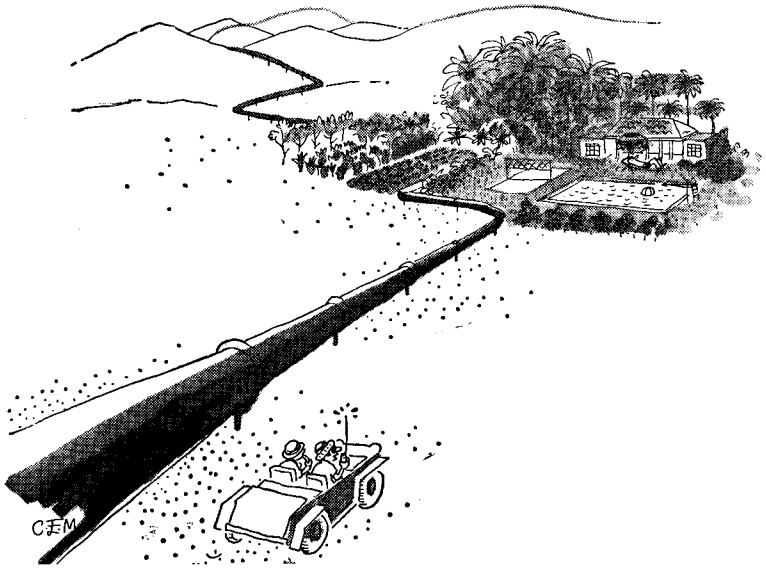
Throughout his travels, originally undertaken on assignment for Willie Morris's *Harper's*, Murray goes home in thought time and again. At Yale University he sees in novelist Robert Penn Warren the figure of Filling Station Red, a downhome auto mechanic with a poet's touch; Vann Woodward recalls the old Casualty & Life Insurance man, on whose Willys-Knight Murray used to snag a ride. And in Woodward's Arkansas twang, Murray hears "the barnyard fiddles" of Alabama poor whites, often mean, contrary and dangerous to blacks, but accepted withal as a familiar presence. " . . . the South is perhaps as much an expression of kinship as of aginship," Murray writes, "whether you can admit it or not."

One of the most celebrated ties between the races (apart from that of blood) links the black mammy and the white Southern boy. Murray reflects on this bond while he is in Greensboro, North Carolina, to investigate the journalistic legacy of liberal editor Jonathan Daniels. Recalling Daniels's tribute to his childhood mammy, Murray shrewdly contrasts the Southern white's traditional idealization of black mothers with many social scientists' antimatriarchal theories. In neither case do whites perceive the positive strengths black women impart to their young.

Murray's own sensibility, in fact, draws heavily on the folk wit of Aunt Hagar, the archetypal black mother, and Uncle Remus, father-figure and master metaphor-spinner. The two sages passed on the lore of survival to successive generations: how to deal with the Man, accept life's complexities, and carry on with style. ". . . control your nature because that's exactly what a real man can do . . . ," Murray learned from his mother. "That's what a woman loves a man for doing." It was such downhome truths that gave birth to the blues and thereby entered the American cultural heritage.

In his most directly autobiographical chapter, Murray evokes the excitement and joy of student days at Tuskegee Institute, as he discovered the world of ideas and literature with such fellow students as a trumpet-playing music major named Ralph Ellison. Murray was at one moment deep in the classics and the next far out on the *avant garde*, devouring the latest Hemingway in *Esquire* or reading Faulkner with wisteria in the air and an ante bellum mansion in the background. His initiator into this world was Morteza Drexel Sprague, an extraordinary young teacher and later a friend. ". . . You will always rejoice at the mere fact that he was there when he was . . . ," Murray says, "because to him you were the very special vehicle through which contemporary man . . . would inherit the experiences and insights of all recorded or decipherable time."

To expand people's aspirations, to encourage them to meet the highest standards of achievement is, as Murray repeatedly insists, a vital part in any group's liberation. A Willie Mays or a Duke Ellington stands as a model of excellence; black political leaders must do the same. Using this criterion, Murray and his homefolks in Mobile sharply criticize young black militants for reckless talk, instead of real performance, and neglect of the concrete needs and experiences of their people. In Memphis, Tennessee, where W. C. Handy composed and Martin Luther King died, Murray stresses the relevance of the blues tradition to black political action. "All you need claim for blues-idiom-oriented political behavior . . . is that it is less given to self-defeating self-righteousness than is moral outcry rhetoric . . . blues-oriented people are conditioned to confront the facts of life." Blues people also know how to transform life into art, as Murray's own example brilliantly proves.



"Haskell speaking. We found the leak."

Robert A. Gross is a former assistant editor of Newsweek.

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POOR COUSINS

by Ande Manners

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 318 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ Between 1881 and the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924, which set up a permanent quota system, more than two and a half million East European Jews settled in the United States, most of them coming here from Russia and the Russian-dominated areas of Poland, but also including many from Rumania and Austria-Hungary. Those who comprised this flood of humanity found their arrival in America as traumatic as it was stimulating and beneficent. Much the same mixed feelings were experienced by the gentile Americans of the period, who viewed the influx of non-Christian immigrants with both enthusiasm and dismay, and by the Sephardic and German Jews already established in this country, who patronizingly referred to their impoverished, less cultivated brethren as "poor cousins."

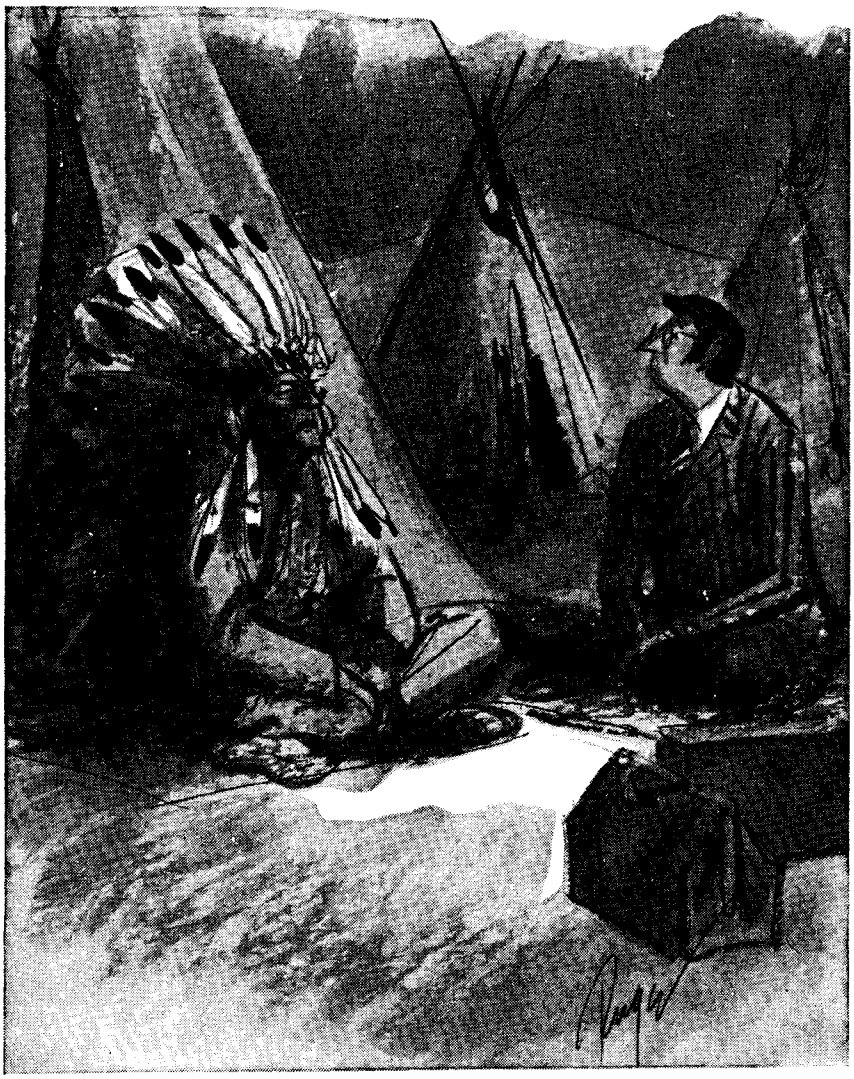
Although the millions of newcomers were not the most sizable body of immigrants of a single ethnic group and religion to descend on America, their mass movement across the Atlantic certainly constituted one of the largest and most concentrated migrations in Jewish history. Like the great flow of German Jews to Poland at the end of the Middle Ages, to which it is most comparable in impetus, impact, and consequences, this latter-day migration permanently shifted the center of Jewish cultural and religious activity and effected major transformations in many aspects of Judaism and Jewish life.

America, obviously, differed in profound ways from the East Europe left behind (and even today wistfully recalled), not least in the opportunity, freedom, and material security the U.S. offered its new citizens. The immigrants and their descendants were to make many contributions to their adopted land, and almost from its beginnings the vigorous American Jewish community that was born from their migration surpassed in influence and importance the isolated, backward, and oppressed Jewries of the Old Country, a process tragically expedited by the religious and ethnic policies of the Soviet Union and by the Hitlerian holocaust, which in its aftermath left the United States and Israel as the twin poles of world Jewry.

In *Poor Cousins*, a loosely organized collection of anecdotes, vignettes, and background sketches that is being touted by its publisher as a major history, Ande Manners provides an affectionate picture of the arrival and adjustment of the Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe, which vividly conveys a sense of what happened to some of them during their first generation or so in this country, how they got here, and why they left their homelands. Some of her most interesting chapters treat matters that the majority of readers will find new and intriguing—the Jewish agricultural colonies in the West and Southwest, for instance—but, unfortunately, Mrs. Manners tends to offer more in the way of flavor than of detail. Her breezy, frequently coy narrative suffers from a vagueness of focus, haphazardly jumping from theme to theme and often losing sight of the immigrants who are its ostensible subject.

An appealing book nonetheless, *Poor Cousins* is perhaps best compared to the rambling, gossipy reminiscences of elderly grandparents who were there when it happened but didn't understand what it was all about and no longer remember everything they saw. Ande Manners is no historian and does not profess to be one. She is a storyteller, and *Poor Cousins*, for all its lack of intellectual depth, is a collection of lively stories, rich in uncomplicated incident, authentic background, and colorful personalities. Though hardly a complete or even a coherent account of the great immigration, it makes very good reading.

Robert J. Milch's mother comes from Austrian Galicia.



"We are pleased, Running Bear, that you will attend Harvard Business School. For over 2,600 moons, what our people needed most was a damned good real estate specialist."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 69: slumber, lumbers, rumbles

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Fi (*Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*), 2Lc, 3Ja (*National Velvet*), 4Kh (*Love Story*), 5Hl (*Compleat Angler*), 6Bk (*Rabbit, Run*), 7Eb (*Alice in Wonderland*), 8Cf (*Golden Boy*), 9Dd (*Sun Also Rises*), 10 Ie, 11 Aj (*Casey at the Bat*), 12Gg.

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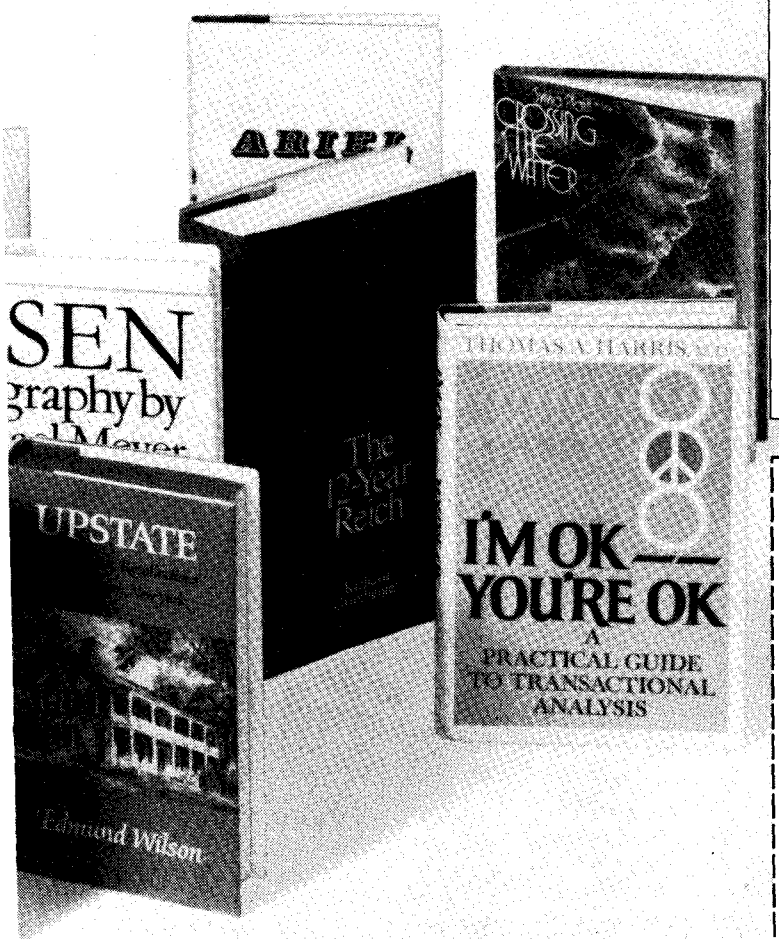

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ARMED LOVE

by Elia Katz

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 216 pp., $5.95

Review by H. L. Van Brunt

■ The "counterculture," as it bills itself, is complex—embracing not only standard hippies and revolutionaries but also their weekend cousins, and other part-time communards, as well as a wide assortment of small sects and groups. While most of its adherents are radically politicized, a sizable number just like to use drugs in a congenial ambience. Overpublicized, the whole culture has been reported on with scant regard for the truth. Elia Katz's *Armed Love*, which mainly deals with communes and their inhabitants, rectifies this omission. The book takes its title from the fact that a number of these communards in search of a more loving society have armed themselves against a hostile outside world.

Twenty-two-year-old Katz, a sometime radical and drug-user, who is a good writer and a clear thinker, set out to tour the nation's communes and to record what he found in them. In general, he found individually wretched people made more miserable by living collectively. He also repeatedly encountered hypocrisy: *e.g.*, among the health food faddists in Pennsylvania and, most notably, in the bosom of the "Family" in Taos, New Mexico.

In his description of "Lord Sean"—a typical Family representative—Katz writes:

> Once in anger . . . I accused him of wanting to be rich and famous. He said, "That's what I want to be! Sure it is! There's a whole gestalt to being rich that I feel I should know about."

Bastards and bitches abound in this book, and Katz captures them with all the verisimilitude of a novelist. Counterculturists, it seems, are as unreal as the conventionally insane.

The idea of communes is, of course, not new. Throughout nineteenth-century America they sprouted like small, self-sufficient nations—each with its own sancrosanct philosophical or religious credo, including, in most instances, the inflexible dogma of the collective entity. There is no room in communes for individualists—a fact the Family forced Elia Katz to face in Taos.

> The idea is to find out what it is about yourself you prize, what it is you have been assuming defines you, and then to get rid of it. I said I was a writer and was threatened with the destruction of my notebooks.

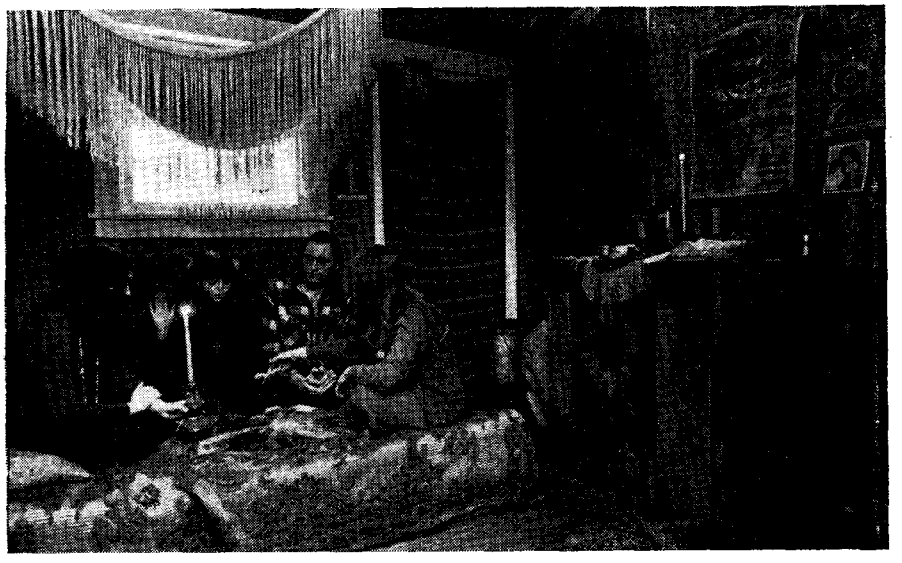
In short, the novice is urged to divest himself of all those characteristics that make him different; eventually he becomes virtually interchangeable with any other member of the group.

Most of the people who start communes begin them with the best of intentions. Yet the majority, as Katz makes clear, are fanatics who, looking for certainties where none exist, fall victim to the belief that if one thing is evil its opposite must be good. While sympathetic to the counterculture, within which he hoped to find a meaningful life style, Katz does not pretend to see what isn't there, nor does he gloss over its faults. He does, however, view the proliferation of this culture's way of life as a portent of things to come.

> There is no sense pointing out that as long as these communes are existing within the framework of America as it now is, and are taking welfare and sustenance in many cases from the state, they are "not succeeding." It is important, rather, to know that the people on the communes are certain the world is entering a new age, that they are the nuclei of practitioners of a new trend of life that will prevail. . . . It is their belief that they are changing the world by the example of their own daily lives. . . .

The author's own conclusion is that one must view communal life as it now exists as:

> . . . an intermediate stage in the development *away*—at this time away is the primary thing—from American life and ideals of malicious competitiveness and the step itself is incredible and more than outweighs whatever weaknesses any communal experiment may have, and even outweighs the rapid collapse of any or all communal experiments now with us.



". . . looking for certainties where none exist."

Urged to divest themselves of all those characteristics that make them different.

H. L. Van Brunt is a poet who has toured America as a hitchhiker.

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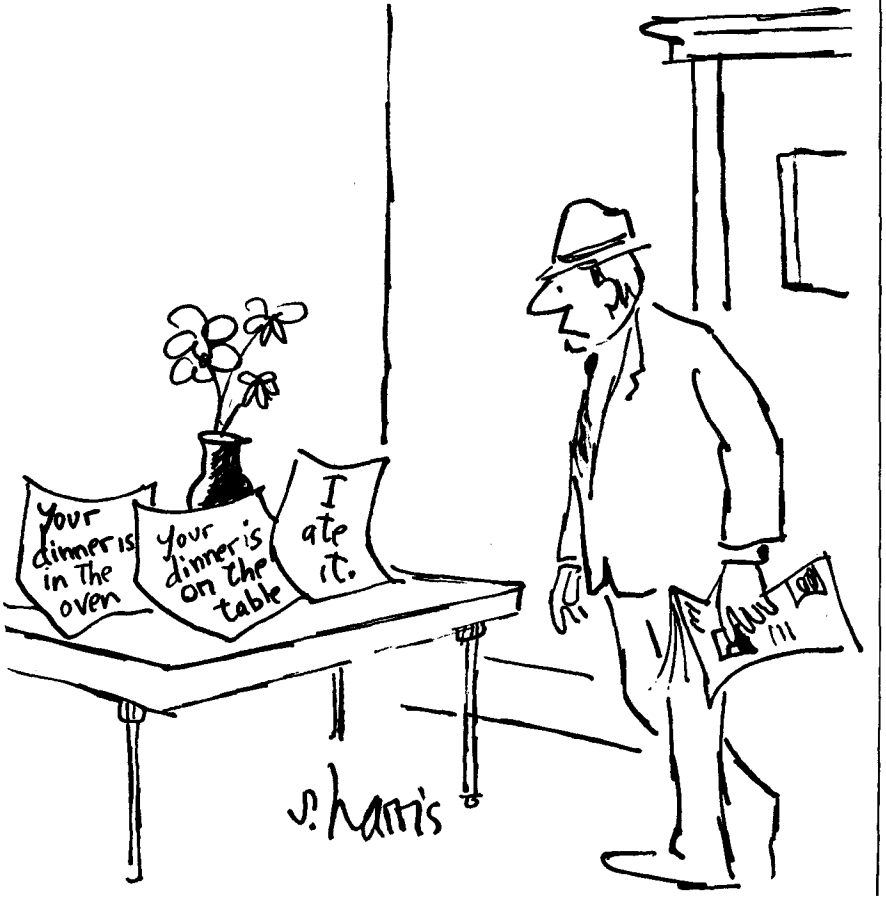
Pick of the Paperbacks

Continued from page 71

to women's liberation) back to Susan B. Anthony and Cary Stanton, Firestone is hip to today's events, blaming the media for overkill of the beauty ideal, for demanding that women *be* their face and their fragrance. After you've read Shulamith Firestone, those squirt commercials will never look the same again.

"The right to vote, or equal civil rights, may be good demands, but true emancipation begins neither at the polls nor in the courts. It begins in woman's soul," said Emma Goldman half a century ago, when that Russian-born, American-bred crowd-stirrer expanded her own rebellion against sexual and economic exploitation into political anarchism. *Red Emma Speaks: Selected Writings and Speeches* (Vintage, $2.45), compiled and edited by Alix Kates Shulman, tells in Emma's own words the life story of a woman who Theodore Dreiser said had "the richest life of any woman of the century." Boycotted by the American Communist Party, deported by J. Edgar Hoover to Russia (from which she returned), Emma Goldman was all but forgotten until only recently, when her belief in freedom, her specific and aggressive charge to women to get out and do something to improve their lot made her seem as timely as Germaine Greer.

Some thirty years ago Eli Ginzberg, director of Columbia University's Conservation of Human Resources Project, became interested in the occupational adjustment of educated women. His *Educated American Women: Life Styles and Self-Portraits* (Columbia, $3.95) consists of case studies of twenty-six women who, from 1945-1951, were involved in graduate study and whose stories reveal to what degree their various aspirations were realized. It's a fascinating book because of what the interviewed women have to say about themselves and because what they say tells so much about the society that molded them. A corollary to Ginzberg's book is Robert W. Smuts's *Women and Work in America* (Schocken, $2.45), which Smuts wrote while involved with the Conservation of Human Resources Project. In his introduction to it Ginzberg points out some of the changes that have taken place since the 1950s, when this report was made: then one in four mothers worked, now two of every five are employed. Society is much less critical than heretofore of women who combine raising a family with pursuing a career. On the other hand, women are still mainly employed as clerical workers, teachers, nurses, and factory hands. Both Ginzberg and Smuts hold out hope, projecting a shared man-woman culture.



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(Continued on page 82)

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 81)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1972

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Messenger of the gods; son of Zeus and Maia	7 15 30 123 143 152
B. Adventure, exploit	158 167 184 188 196
C. Ignores an I.O.U.	3 8 27 38 52 62 69
D. *Rudimentary*	87 125 136 145 173 185 40 49 56
E. Not to be endured	60 90 101 159 18 36 53 83 131 195 43 68
F. Simple promise or contract involving no legal considerations (2 wds., Latin)	97 164 41 44 130 11 35 71 78 82 146
G. Inhuman; without reason or intelligence	45 54 85 91 99 174 72
H. Flay, abrade; censure scathingly	93 55 112 118 128 138 156 162 172
I. Balderdash	175 29 63 74 84 108 142
J. Unified whole (*psychol.*)	140 151 163 170 4 57 70
K. Tremble with agitation	75 95 103 116 119 127 137
L. "He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes / Among the ___ bright.'" ("Through the Looking-Glass")	189 193 12 19 76 96 113
M. Younger son of Joseph and Asenath (Gen. 41:52)	114 32 86 150 47 106 192

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Actual wording, as opposed to implied intent	80 100 104 135 154 191
O. Subscribe to	58 117 65 115 197 102 9 23 94 124
P. Short-legged hunting dogs	126 33 46 59 122 141 198
Q. Something inconvenient	147 165 34 81 194 22 187 109 120 177 132
R. Make a mosaic of	2 10 111 148 160 166 66 24 179
S. Entered in a stately manner (2 wds.)	168 180 16 67 149 1 133
T. Treat as a pet	42 17 153 157 183 14
U. Result or consequence of any act, process, or event	20 39 13 182 26 48 98
V. "Some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the boldest ___, be Yank!" (Kipling, "Rhyme of the Three Sealers")	25 92 110 28 61 37 161
W. Without delay; at once (3 wds.)	134 73 6 31 186 178 77 50 88
X. Causes to hold together or adhere	64 139 144 107 176 169
Y. Heads	121 105 89 21 79 5
Z. Lifts; jobs; capers	171 190 181 129 51 155

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 S	2 R		3 C	4 J	5 Y		6 W	7 A	8 C		9 O							
10 R	11 F	12 L	13 U	14 T	15 A	16 S		17 T	18 E		19 L	20 U	21 Y		22 Q	23 O	24 R							
25 V	26 U	27 C	–	28 V	29 I	30 A	31 W	32 M	33 P		34 Q	35 F	36 E	37 V	38 C		39 U							
40 D	41 F		42 T	43 E	44 F	45 G	46 P		47 M	48 U		49 D	50 W		51 Z	52 C	53 E							
	54 G	55 H	56 D	57 J	58 O	59 P	60 E	61 V	62 C		63 I	64 X	65 O	66 R	67 S	68 E	69 C							
70 J		71 F	72 G	73 W	74 I		75 K	76 L	77 W	78 F		79 Y	80 N	81 Q	82 F	83 E	84 I							
85 G	86 M	87 D	88 W		89 Y	90 E		91 G	92 V	93 H		94 O	95 K	96 L	97 F	98 U	99 G							
100 N	101 E		102 O	103 K	104 N	105 Y		106 M	107 X	108 I		109 Q	110 V	111 R	112 H	113 L	114 M							
115 O	116 K		117 O	118 H	119 K	120 Q	121 Y	122 P		123 A	124 O	125 D	126 P	127 K	128 H	129 Z								
130 F	131 E	132 Q		133 S	134 W	135 N		136 D	137 K	138 H	139 X	140 J		141 P	142 I	143 A	144 X							
145 D		146 F	147 Q	148 R	149 S	150 M	151 J	152 A	153 T	154 N	155 Z		156 H	157 T		158 B	159 E							
160 R	161 V	162 H	163 J		164 F	165 Q	166 R	167 B	168 S	169 X		170 J	171 Z	172 H	173 D		174 G							
175 I	176 X		177 Q	178 W	179 R		180 S	181 Z	182 U	183 T	184 B		185 D	186 W		187 Q	188 B							
189 L	190 Z	191 N		192 M	193 L	194 Q	195 E	196 B	197 O	198 P														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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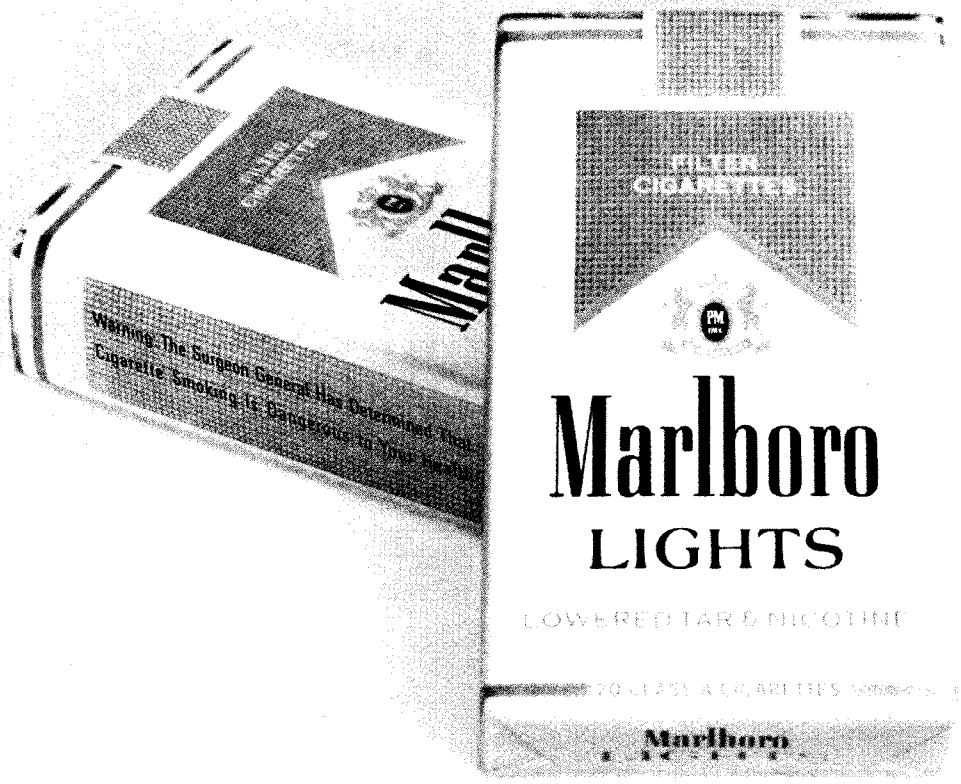
For the smokers of America who prefer low tar and nicotine cigarettes.

Marlboro Lights


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOW RED TAR & NICOTINE
Marlboro

Marlboro Lights, for those smokers who prefer the lighter taste of a low tar and nicotine cigarette. Made with the same famous quality as full-flavored Marlboro Red, America's fastest-growing brand.

Marlboro Kings: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71
Marlboro Lights: 14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

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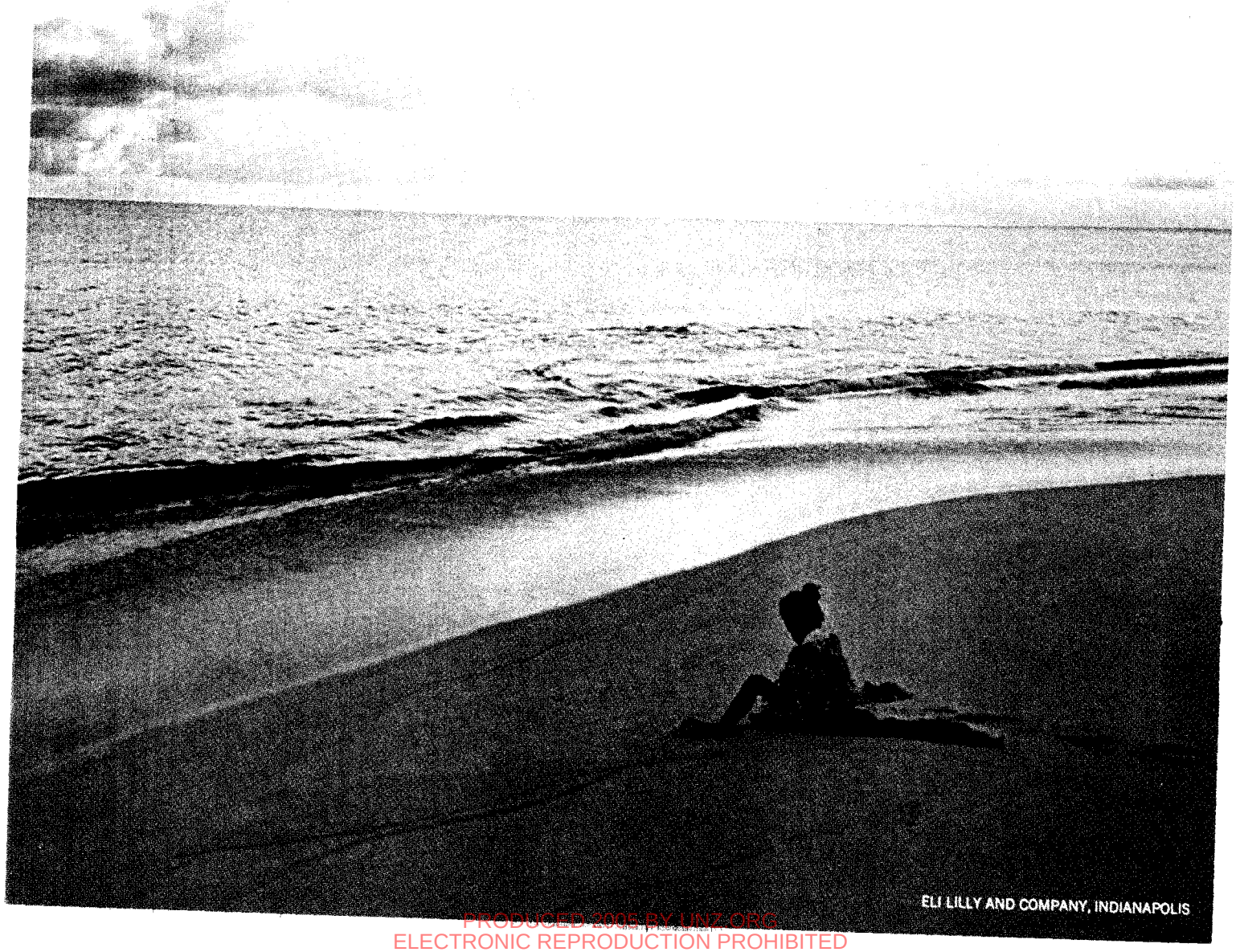
For four generations we've been making medicines as if people's lives depended on them.



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